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Collier's

SEPTEMBER 6, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

THE KOJE SNAFU

What Really Happened on the Korea Prison Island

GABBING WITH THE GABORS

(See Page 28)

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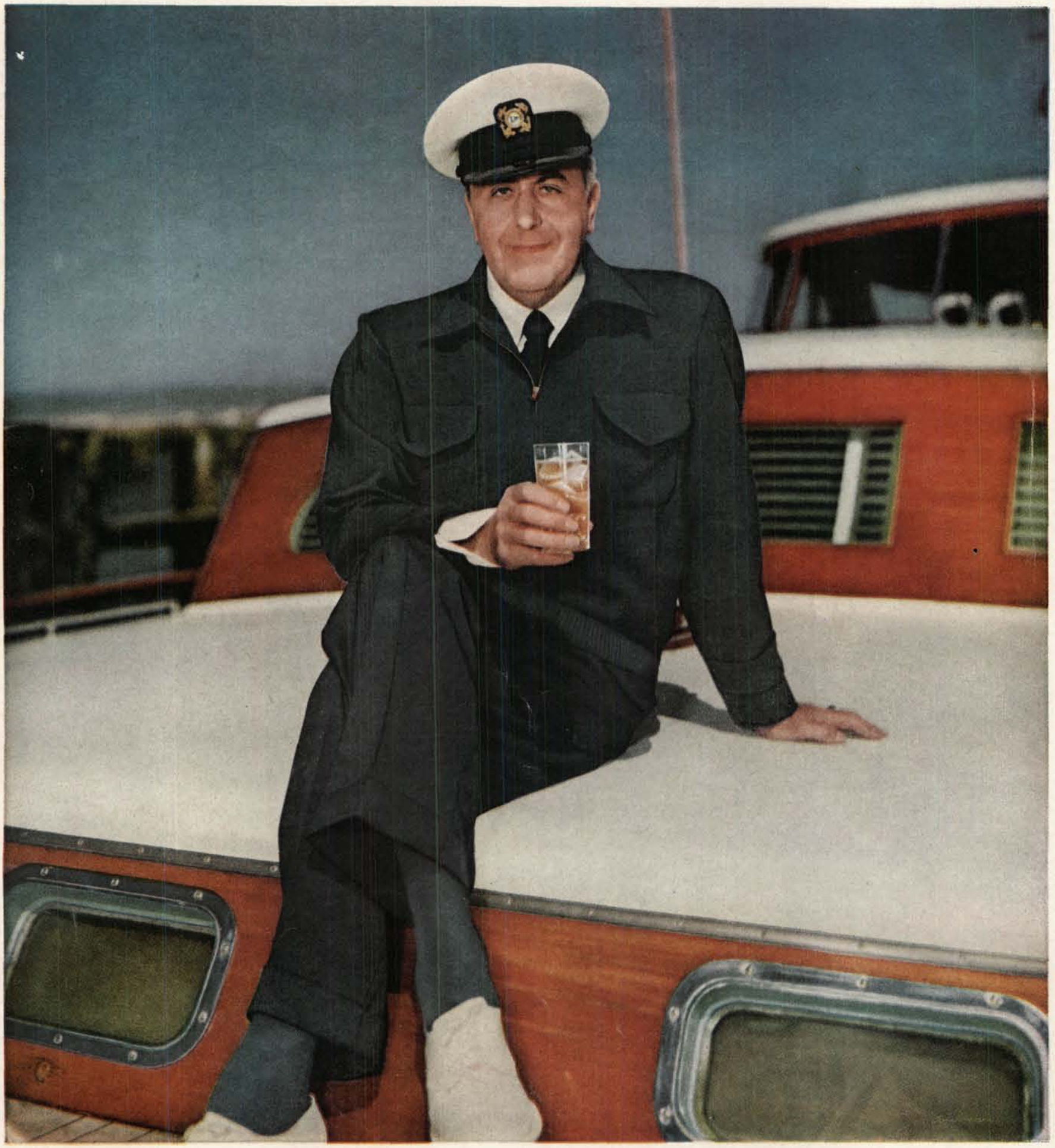

Mr. Henry Doelger—distinguished builder—made his first $300 at age ten, salvaging sash-weights from the San Francisco fire. At 26—after a night school education—he bought acres of neglected sand dunes along the Pacific. Four years later the $8,000 lots were worth $70,000 apiece. On the site he built 12,000 homes. Later Mr. Doelger constructed several 500-home villages. He is now building 8,000 outstanding homes near San Francisco. He is pictured, above, on his yacht "Westlake", one of the largest on the West Coast.

It is for men like Mr. Doelger who seek a finer whiskey that Lord Calvert is *Custom Distilled* and blended . . . to achieve an outstanding combination of rare taste and distinctive, satin-smooth lightness. So jealously is Lord Calvert's *Custom Distilled* quality guarded that each bottle is numbered and recorded at the distillery. Here, truly, is America's "whiskey of distinction". . . smoother, lighter, more enjoyable. Tonight, discover how *Custom Distilled* Lord Calvert can make *your* next drink a far, far *better* drink.

For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

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They wrote an ad about him when he retired

pletely mapped by the U. S. Ge- ological Survey.

remedial classroom.

on the return trip.

THANK YOU "DENY"

We have known you, Deny Hartnett, thru all these 45 years of splendidly rendered service to the local telephone companies and to their patrons.

For our personal use you have installed business and residential telephones and extensions, have replaced service wiring, changed phones, added, repaired and replaced needed parts. Through all these 45 years you have expressed no words of irritation or criticism. Your after-service words "It's all right now, Mr. Crandall" has left a glow of cheerfulness.

In fact, your accented, booming, happy tone of big-hearted, courteous, good nature has been of great value to us, to your telephone company, and to thousands of individuals through the years.

If, as we believe, "real friends and their appreciation makes one rich" then we know of no one who is wealthier than you, Deny.

The wires you have kept pulling for us for the last 45 years have helped us to "change the address of thousands".

We thank you, Deny Hartnett, and may future joy and comfort "ring you up" for many healthy years to come and your priceless laugh continue to echo happiness.

Cordially.

Crandall Real Estate Agcy.

DENIS HARTNETT WAS "MR. TELEPHONE" TO THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE IN THE TOWN

There was many a word of praise and affection for Denis Hartnett when he retired in Homer, N. Y.

In fact, a local businessman walked into the newspaper office and said he'd like to run an ad about him.

"Good idea," they said. "Everybody around here knows Deny."

The advertisement is reproduced above—a tribute to forty-five years of faithful service.

The story of Deny Hartnett illustrates the local character of the telephone business.

For the telephone company isn't something far away but right on the main street... managed and operated by home-town people.

Their spirit of service makes them good neighbors and good citizens as well as good telephone men and women.

Nearly 97% of all Bell Telephone calls are local . . . **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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50 seconds' brisk massage with tingling Vitalis Hair Tonic and you FEEL the invigorating difference in your scalp. Vitalis not only prevents dryness, but refreshes your scalp as no other leading hair tonic can. What's more . . .

10 seconds to comb and you SEE the difference in your hair. It's far handsomer, healthier looking—and it *stays in place longer.* (Vitalis contains new grooming discovery.) Use Vitalis Hair Tonic—you'll FEEL and SEE the difference!

PROOF: VITALIS ALSO KILLS DANDRUFF GERMS
Laboratory tests prove Vitalis kills germs associated with infectious dandruff on contact, as no mere oil dressing can.

use
VITALIS®
HAIR TONIC
and the
"60-Second Workout"

A Product of Bristol-Myers

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September 6, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

Zsa Zsa Gabor is one of four Hungarian women who have made their family name famous in the U.S. simply by being glamorous. She is talking to Mama and her sisters, Eva and Magda, on a four-way telephone call. You can see these fascinating ladies and find out what they are chattering about on page 28.

Week's Mail

The Big Room

EDITOR: I have just read Clarke Newlon's Most Important Room in America (July 19th). It is a thrilling account of Air Force operations.

However, no room, anywhere, could be as important as the rooms in the Capitol. Here is the brain of democracy—the intellect that figures compromises between the factions of our country, and what would be the best for all, and how to accomplish it.

It could be decided in the Capitol to abolish the Air Force Command Post which you call most important room in America. It would be done because it would be the citizens' choice.

RAY L. O'CONNOR, Ithaca, N.Y.

. . . I have read with wonder, befuddlement and outrage the article Most Important Room in America.

I am not befuddled for lack of clarity in the article. The content is easily understood. But why tell the world—including world Communism—in detail about "The U.S. Air Force Command Post, heart, eyes and ears of our flying service and focal point of our defense system against enemy attack"? Are you so naïve as to believe that Russia does not want those very details which you tell to all?

Is this article about which I am so concerned a phony? If it is, then how do you justify Collier's lie to its readers? If it sticks to the truth, how much more difficult to justify.

GEORGE F. PLATTS, Macclenny, Fla.

Most Important Room In America was written by a lieutenant colonel of the U.S. Air Force, with the Air Force's cooperation and approval. It was read and cleared by the Defense Department. Apparently our military leaders do not share reader Platts's fear and concern for the fact that Russia knows this country is prepared to meet an air attack.

. . . May I, through you, congratulate Clarke Newlon on his informative article, Most Important Room in America. All asides discounted when the truth is presented, it represents something that we of the Air Force are proud to represent. May there be many more like our Roger (The Man) Ramey.

MAJOR H. W. DE WALD,
c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

. . . Concerning the article, Most Important Room in America: I may be wrong, but the armed guard in the insert picture was identified as T/Sgt. Roy Swatts. However, the officer's uniform and major's insignia contradict this.

BARBARA J. STICHNOT, Oceanside, Cal.

In spite of the side arms and cartridge belt, it was indeed a major who posed for the guard's picture. The photographer had him wrongly identified.

Past Olympics

EDITOR: With the article 10 Biggest Olympic Thrills (July 19th) the drawing of Fanny Blankers-Koen shows her

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A WED·IN·THE·WOOD

instead of being bottled immediately after blending, Old Thompson is put back into barrels to assure uniformity.

A MADE BY GLENMORE

the famous distillery that has made more Kentucky Bourbon than any other distillery. There is no substitute for experience.

A BLENDED IN KENTUCKY

by Kentuckians whose "touch-of-quality" has been a family tradition for three generations.

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 37½% straight whiskies—62½% grain neutral spirits.

© G. D. Co.

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Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

STOPS BAD BREATH

AND

STOPS DECAY BEST!

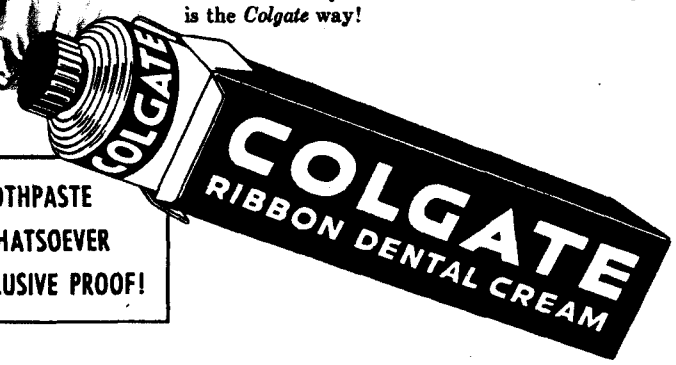
Colgate Dental Cream Instantly Stops Bad Breath
In 7 Out of 10 Cases That Originate In the Mouth!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER!

Colgate Dental Cream cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth! Yes, brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream gives you a *clean, fresh* mouth *all day long!* Scientific tests *prove* that in 7 out of 10 cases, Colgate's *instantly* stops bad breath that originates in the mouth. No other toothpaste has proved so completely it stops bad breath. And no other cleans teeth more effectively, yet so safely!

AND THE COLGATE WAY STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Yes, the best way is the Colgate way! Brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today. In fact, the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! Yes, to help stop bad breath and tooth decay at the same time, the *best* way is the *Colgate* way!



NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER OFFERS SUCH CONCLUSIVE PROOF!

PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

jumping over the hurdle using opposite hand and foot. Shouldn't she be shown using her left arm and left foot?

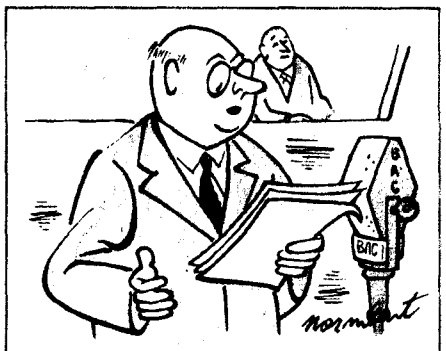
PVT. DEE L. HARRIS, Fort Bliss, Texas

Perhaps she should. But the drawing was copied from a news photograph. So if there are any faults of form they belong to Mrs. Blankers-Koen, not to Collier's artist.

. . . Concerning the article 10 Biggest Olympic Thrills, it seems to me that I remember a young man named Jim Thorpe who gave quite a thrill to the Olympic games one year? Of course, his honors were taken from him because of a silly ruling, but still he gave the crowd quite a thrill.

C. C. PULTS, Lake Worth, Fla.

Backfired Gag



"You'll get a large charge from Hoffman's Teen-Age Clothes. So get on the stick with these real fat, real cool, really crazy clothes. Don't be a Party-Pooper or a nerd. Yes, everybody is bashing ears about Hoffman's Teen-Age Clothes. They're Frampton. They're pash-pic. They're MOST! Everybody from Jelly-tots to Cool Jonahs gets a big tickle from Hoffman's threads. These suits are really made in the shade, and when your Dolly, or double bubble, sees you wearing a Hoffman she'll give you an approving Mother Higby and say, 'That has it!'. So don't get squishy and be a schnookle. The geetafrate is reasonable and we'll make it Chili for you. Remember, don't be an odd ball. The name is Hoffman's Teen-Age Clothes"

COLLIER'S JOHN NORMENT

EDITOR: John Norment's recent Collier's cartoon of a bald-headed announcer reading a satirical radio commercial on Hoffman's Teen-Age Clothes had radio station WKY, Oklahoma City, going round in circles.

It started when WKY disk jockey Tom Paxton commented on the cartoon and read part of it on his show. The transmitter engineer, hearing a trade name, logged it as a commercial. The accounting department, on receipt of the log, tried to track down the "Hoffman" account so it could bill them. When no such account was located, Paxton was called on the carpet for giving an unauthorized commercial.

He rescued himself by producing the cartoon. RAY SCALES, WKY & WKY-TV, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Happy Accompaniment

EDITOR: I read The Quarter-Pound Loss, by Hazel Heckman (July 19th), accompanied by vocal titters, chuckles and just plain girlish giggles. Thoroughly and utterly delightful as any story in some time.

Thank you so very much for brightening my week. I look forward to getting my copy of Collier's because of its vast range of subject matter, drawing out of these four walls and rather dull routine a tired housewife who sometimes feels the world is passing her by.

ROSEMARY PALMER, Detroit, Mich.

How Fresh Can It Get?

EDITOR: There's good news this season for Parke Cummings, who penned the poignant essay Gangway—Fresh Corn! (July 19th). Growers in one corn area after another are learning to deliver ears to market field-fresh by chilling them in ice immediately after harvest. Maturity is halted, and the flavorsome sugar content is prevented from turning to tasteless starch.

A just-developed method makes the ice protection continuous from farm to grocery store. The corn is first plunged into an ice-water bath, then packed with ice in wet-strength paper bags for the journey into town. Repeat-sale-conscious grocers ice the ears during their time on display. The process pays off in quality, as purchaser surveys show.

JOHN G. POOL, JR., National Association of Ice Industries, Washington, D.C.

. . . After careful study of Parke Cummings' article, I have concluded that there is still too much time lost between the corn picking and the kettle, so here are some suggestions for improvement.

Take a small camp stove, a camp stool, knife, kettle of water, butter and salt, and proceed in a leisurely fashion to the corn patch. Place the stove and kettle of water under the ear of corn chosen for the occasion. After water has been brought to the boiling point, husk the corn and plunge into the water without removing from the stalk. When corn is cooked, spread on butter and salt, and eat.

In this method you not only have corn at its best, but there is no fuss, no muss, no dishes to wash, and no cobs and husks to be carried to the garbage can when the meal is over. Any corn that should fall on the ground will be left to fertilize and improve the soil.

LESTER B. LAWRENCE, Newark, Ohio

Multistoried Acreage

EDITOR: What does John Denson mean when he describes Roosevelt Hospital as being 1,000 acres of stone, concrete, brick—and suffering? (Emergency Ward!, July 19th). That would be larger in land area than Central Park.

JOHN O'LEARY, Cortland, N.Y.

Mr. Denson meant floor space, not the area covered by the hospital buildings.

Wounded Male

EDITOR: Is Collier's so desperate for good material as to resort to printing the article The U.S. Male . . . Is He First-Class? (July 19th issue).

Having read many excellent articles in Collier's, it was a real disappointment to encounter such a self-contradictory, insulting, pseudoscientific work.

H. R. BRESNAHAN, East Hartford, Conn.

Slightly Different Views

EDITOR: I wish to take issue with your editorial Which One Can We Believe? (July 19th). You have not only heckled Mr. Truman in this issue but in many issues, giving slanted, prejudiced and often untrue statements concerning him.

As to your asking the thoughtful voter to disregard his whistle-stop oratory, I will be the one that will not disregard it, as he has never let the little people of America down. This was proved beyond doubt when he went before our great television audience and was counted on labor's side.

GLADYS TAYLOR, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . My most hearty congratulations on your editorial of July 19th. You and others like you seem our only salvation at this time. ANDY O. CAMPBELL, Oklahoma City, Okla.

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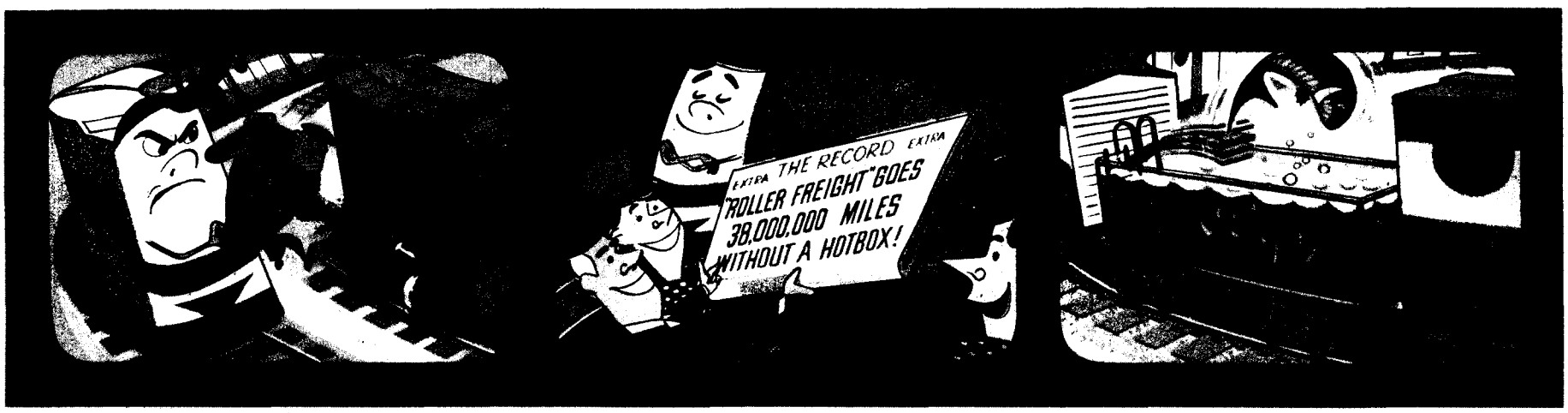
See the grandeur of the West from a train to match

IF YOU CATCH YOUR BREATH at this little picture, think what it's like to ride the Great Northern's Western Star so close to mountains like this that you want to reach out and make a snowball. This is Marias Pass in the Rockies.

EVEN WHEN YOU leave your window, the sightseeing goes on. Northwest scenes from the train's Chicago to Seattle-Portland route decorate its interior. Dining car walls picture native wildflowers from Glacier National Park.

COWBOY AND INDIAN paintings bring the old Wild West to life in the observation lounge. But the ride is strictly modern, with Timken® roller bearings to speed you smoothly, as they smoothed the way for the streamliner age.

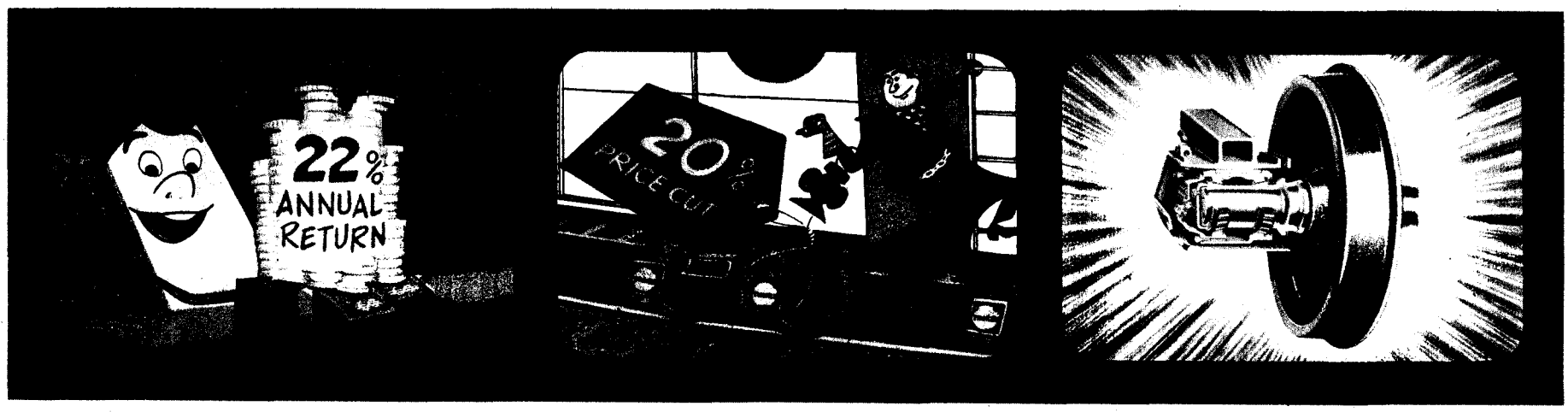
Now look at the next great step in railroading



TO IMPROVE FREIGHT SERVICE, too, railroads have waged a ceaseless fight against the "hot box"—main cause of train delays. Today they are finding the answer in "Roller Freight"—freight cars on Timken roller bearings.

THE "HOT BOX" PROBLEM is licked when Timken roller bearings replace friction bearings. "Roller Freight" on one railroad has gone 38,000,000 car-miles without a "hot box". Friction freight averages only 212,000 car-miles.

BECAUSE "ROLLER FREIGHT" gets goods to the consumer faster and fresher, it can be the railroads' big attraction for tomorrow's freight business. For one road it has upped livestock hauling business 30%.



RAILROADS CAN MAKE big savings with "Roller Freight". It reduces terminal inspection man-hours 90%, cuts lube bills up to 89%. And when all railroads go "Roller Freight", they'll save an estimated $190 million a year, net a 22% yearly return on the investment.

COMPLETE ASSEMBLIES of cartridge journal box and Timken bearings for freight cars cost 20% less than applications of six years ago. Applications available for converting existing cars. Other products of the Timken Company: alloy steel and tubing, removable rock bits.

NOT JUST A BALL ○ NOT JUST A ROLLER ⊂⊃ THE TIMKEN TAPERED ROLLER ⊂⊃ BEARING TAKES RADIAL AND THRUST—LOADS OR ANY COMBINATION

Copr. 1952 The Timken Roller Bearing Company, Canton 6, Ohio
Cable Address: "TIMROSCO".

Watch the railroads Go...on **TIMKEN** *Tapered Roller Bearings*

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"BILL'S A GREAT DATE, but he's a square about his hair. Man, he's got all the signs of Dry Scalp! Dull, stringy hair that a rake couldn't comb. Loose dandruff on his collar, too. He really needs a date with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . and I'm going to see that he gets one . . ."

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

NEAT SOLUTION, this 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! Try it! You'll be amazed at how quickly it checks loose dandruff and those other annoying signs of Dry Scalp. Just a few drops a day do the job . . . and work wonders in the looks of your hair, too. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . and it's economical, too!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

ANNIVERSARY

By MARTHA BLANCHARD

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THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT
IN YOUR COMMUNITY
IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

It was years later

that Henry Jones learned

the price of a pony

"ONE GOOD THING about *us* is that we don't have to worry about keeping up with the Joneses. We *are* the Joneses!"

That was one of Oscar Jones' favorite little jokes, and my Dad said he'd heard Oscar tell it a dozen times or more. But Dad also said it didn't keep Oscar Jones from doing his best to keep up with the Smiths, the Browns and a lot of other people in town.

For instance, when one of Oscar Jones' friends bought a big house down on Church Street, it wasn't long before Oscar bought an even bigger one. When another traded in his old car for a big, low-slung foreign car, Oscar Jones went right out and did the same. And when his son Henry left for the university in 1936, nothing would do for Oscar but to send his boy off in style in a shiny new roadster of his own. I went along with Henry, and was convinced—as I'm sure everyone else in town was—that Oscar Jones was a pretty rich man.

It was during our junior year that Henry got word that his father died. He went home for a week or so to look after things—and never came back.

As I learned afterwards, all Oscar Jones left his family was a big house they couldn't keep up, a powerful car that didn't bring much at the used car lot, and a good many miscellaneous debts that Henry and his mother were hard-pressed to pay.

I lost track of Henry Jones for quite a few years after that, so I was a little surprised to find him waiting for me when I got to my office one morning last week. After a few minutes of general conversation he looked around and said, "I was in this office once before. That was back in the days when your father was an agent for New York Life, as you are now. I was only a kid then, but I still remember it. When we started out that morning, Dad had some money with him to pay the first premium on a policy your father had sold him.

"Well, on the way down we passed a place where they had a pony for sale. I wanted that pony more than anything—and that's where the money went. Dad wouldn't take the policy that day in spite of everything your father said.

"It wasn't until I had to leave the university that I understood why your Dad had urged mine so strongly to change his mind about the policy. Then I realized how much that pony of mine had actually cost. I decided then that if I ever got married and had a family, I wouldn't make the same mistake."

Henry and I started working out his life insurance program then and there. A couple of days later he stopped in again and handed me a check for the first premium. "I didn't see any ponies this morning," he said.

I laughed and thanked him. He grinned and said, "Don't thank me—thank your father. He made this sale for you over twenty years ago."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

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Lions of Masai Game Reserve, near Nairobi, Africa, work industriously upon the carcass with which photographer Ylla coaxed them into camera rang

Well-fed pair holds an after-dinner purring session

LIONS CLUB LUNCHEON (Kenya Style)

THE great tawny lion of Africa's velds and jungles, according to many safari-wise hunters, considers everything fair game. But will the aristocrat of the animal kingdom, if he is well-fed, attack humans? Some maintain that he will, others claim that with a bellyful of meat Leo, like any other cat, becomes lazy and playful, completely ignoring human beings.

Recently, to see for herself if Leo's roar was worse than his bite, photographer Ylla went hunting with a camera in the dangerous wilderness of the Masai Game Reserve 200 miles from Kenya's capital of Nairobi. The Ylla party soon found a "pride" or group of foraging lions who at first eyed them defiantly, then bounded off for cover. A dead gazelle was dropped from the hunting car, but the huge animals refused to touch it until the strangers had left.

The lions were baited again during the next two days, but the pride remained suspicious. Finally the carcass of a zebra was trailed behind the hunting car. Suddenly a sleek lioness darted for the meat. Immediately the car was stopped, and the animal pounced on the zebra. One by one the other lions approached and joined in the feast.

For ten days the lions were fed in this manner and became so accustomed to the hunting car and its occupants that photographer Ylla was able to get within a few yards of the group for the rare pictures on these pages.

Was she afraid of the lions?

"No," she says, "but their table manners were horrible." ▲▲▲

Collier's for September 6, 1952

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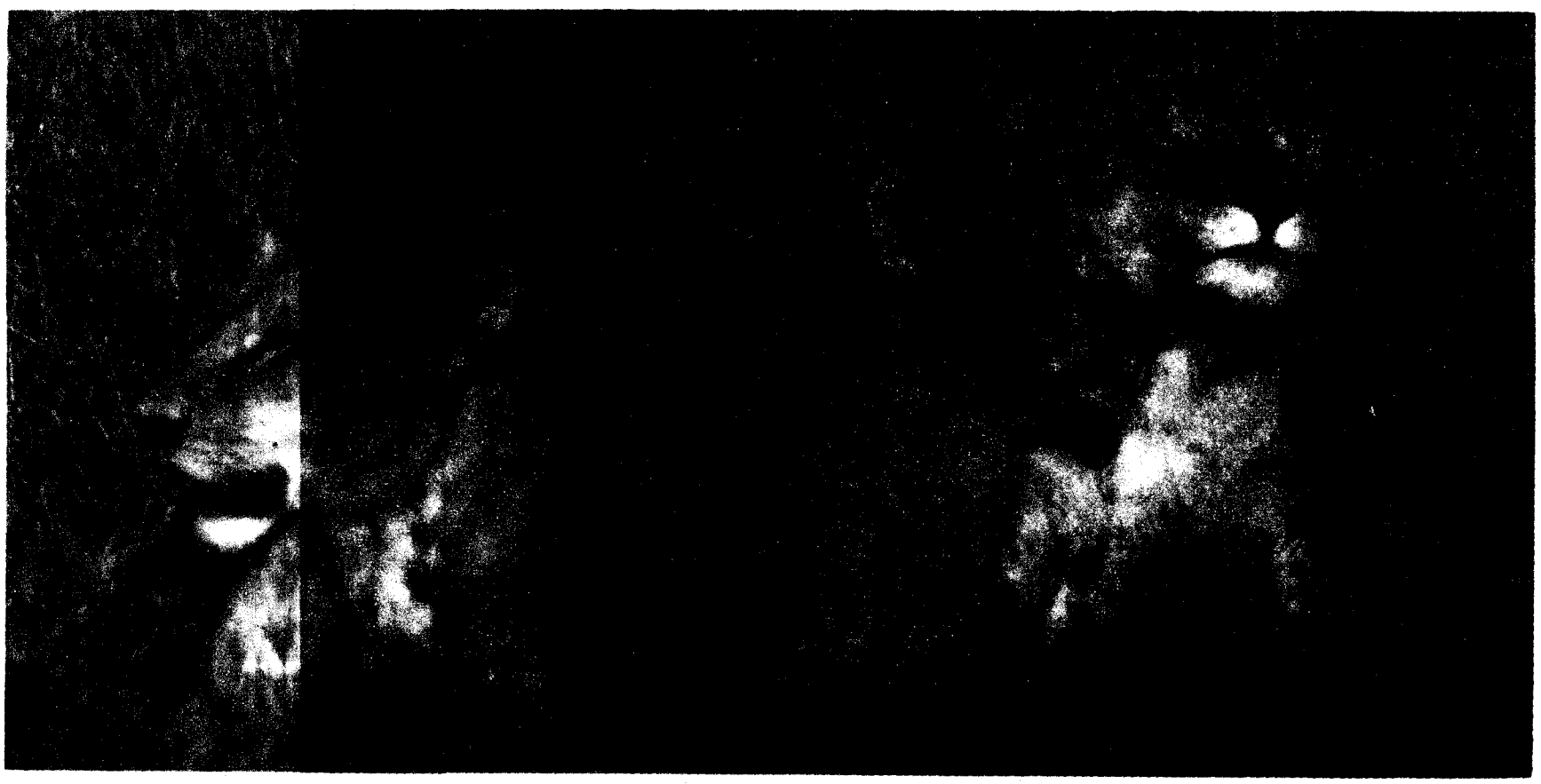
Glutton lingers over remains of its repast

Lion rests contentedly in concealing grass

Big cats get playful after meal, frolic with the rope which kept them from dragging bait away



Smugly indifferent to cameras, kings of the jungle relax in African sun. Photographer says they won't attack unless hungry

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY YLLA

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

A scientist tells us that the planet Mars is losing brilliance. As if we didn't have enough problems, foreign and domestic, to worry us. Probably means increased taxes, too, to rewire the place. Sometimes we're tempted to throw up our hands —just quietly give up.

★ ★ ★

That deafening uproar you may have heard recently in the San Francisco Bay area was not in response to the utterances of a popular political candidate. It was merely the reply of a gentleman's second wife to his suggestion that his first wife move in to do the cooking.

★ ★ ★

Things getting tough all over. Miss Colorado of 1951 refuses to hand over the Junior Chamber of Commerce trophy to her successor, Miss Colo-

IRWIN CAPLAN

rado of 1952. Says she wants to keep it to show her grandchildren. Jaycees say that if Miss Colorado of 1952 wants a trophy—a loving cup—she'll have to buy it herself.

★ ★ ★

A word of solace to you kids who are soon to romp disconsolately back to school: In Ohio, the State Highway Patrol has opened a school to teach examiners of driver's license applicants how to handle cars. And in Virginia, they're sending teachers to school to study geography. This latter on the theory that quite a few Old Dominion teachers haven't got around to finding out that the map has changed some in the past few years.

★ ★ ★

A recent ad in the Casey County News, Liberty, Kentucky, had this to say: "NOTICE to the person who was so destitute as to be forced to take two lengths of garden hose and a sprinkler from the lawn of the First Christian Church. If you will call at the pastor's study, he will give you the five-year guarantee for the hose, give you your dinner and any religion that might rub off on you."

★ ★ ★

Perhaps you've been getting along somehow for years without knowing that Vermont was the first state (1777) to grant universal male suffrage. We have. Anyway, our informant is Captain George Steary Belcher, of Montpelier.

★ ★ ★

We regret to tell you that Professor Bixby's Political Cliché Stopper will not be available this fall. Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock of Sarasota, Florida, sends this depressing news. Inner councils of both parties met recently behind closed doors (there's a sample for you) and brought pressure on the government to withhold needed construction materials from Professor Bixby's laboratory. When completed, the cliché stopper will impart a mild but memorable electric shock to any orator who tells you he "yields to no man" or shouts "without fear of successful contradiction." The list of shockable clichés is just about endless. Numerous orators would be wholly eliminated. If any spieler gets completely out of hand, he will not only receive the aforesaid electric bump, but bells will ring, multicolored lights will flash on and off around his head, guns will boom and loud cries of "No! No!" will be heard. But not, alas, this year—although Professor Bixby, who lives in Boston, is going to demand, and will doubtless get, a Congressional investigation.

★ ★ ★

Almost forgot to tell you that, in the general excitement, our country failed to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of our mightiest institutions. Actually, it was born in Frankfurt, Germany, in 1852. But it has attained to its greatest celebrity in the United States, where it is beloved from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C., to the last one-room log cabin up Salvation Branch way in Tennessee. It's the hot dog, nee frankfurter or wiener. We are about to have one now—with mustard and some of that pickle stuff. No, no sauerkraut, thank you.

★ ★ ★

We hadn't noticed it, being somewhat that way ourself, but Mrs. Bessie Ellen McFahey, of Topeka, Kansas, thinks there are "entirely too many shirtless heroes in the movies these days." Maybe things are tough in Hollywood, too.

★ ★ ★

Homeward plodding his weary way, Mr. Dan Whelpheiser, tourist, stopped for lunch in Cranbrook, British Columbia. "Didn't know whether the place had good food but the sign over the door offered an unusual lure. It read: No Juke Box."

★ ★ ★

While waiting for someone to get himself elected President, Al Atwegg, editor of the Arlington, Texas, Journal, is pretty involved in whether chlorophyll tablets are helpful to hunters by destroying odors which warn game of the approach of human beings. Certainly worked a while back in the case of a Dallas group gunning for deer. Only fellow who didn't bag a deer was the one who didn't take any tablets.

★ ★ ★

Seems there were two ladies talking in an elevator in Toledo, Ohio. They attracted the attention of Mr. George J. Baumgartner, who seems to think that the ladies were not what you'd call bosom pals. Said one lady: "I don't have any luck teaching my children good manners." Said the other, coldly: "Ever try exposing them to some?"

★ ★ ★

We invite your attention to a teen-ager who clearly is going places. They call him Buddy Perry. He lives in Linden, Alabama. Early last spring he bought some tomato seeds. Investment of 80 cents. He built a hotbed with materials salvaged from dumps. He heated it with manure obtained for the asking. He planted the seeds. Next he was selling tomato plants—sold them as fast as he could raise them. With the proceeds he bought calves. The latest information we have from Mrs. M. F. Law, of Linden: Buddy has four steers, three heifers and one cow. Also a couple of pigs. That's putting 80 cents to work, kiddies. Young Mr. Perry also goes to school where, in addition to being a star student, he builds scenery for the school shows and spends his shop periods turning out tables, screens and so forth. You'll probably hear more in time from young Mr. Perry.

★ ★ ★

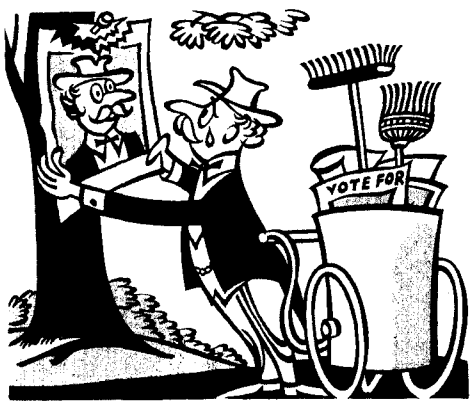
Incidentally, some of your tax money apportioned to France has been used by the French to produce an armored car which has a driver front and back, facing in opposite directions. If the driver up front decides the forward going is getting too hot, the guy in the rear takes over and in a split second starts retreating. What happens if the two drivers fail to agree is now keeping Mr. J. Pochlack, of Dallas, Texas, awake nights.

★ ★ ★

Just been talking to an Internal Revenue man. Hate to bring up the subject of income taxes while you're all so carefree and happy, but our calendar notifies us it's September. He told us to be careful not to write anything in that top space labeled "Remarks." That space is for the return examiner. But, the IR fellow said, we'd be surprised at the number of people who do make remarks in that space. "And such remarks," he said, rolling his eyes and lifting his hands in horror. "You wouldn't believe it." We told him we would too.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Beth Smith Grindle, president of the League for the Wayside Beautiful, asks us from Palo Alto, California, to do what we can to help



her put over a law, or something, which would require all candidates, successful and otherwise, to "remove all posters about themselves from all walls, signboards, trees and wherever else they may be after election." In other words, she wants them to clean up after themselves.

★ ★ ★

Just this side of Portland, Pennsylvania, there's a sign aimed at being helpful to tourists. It reads: "You are now approaching."

★ ★ ★

And this is merely to let the outrageously busy chairman of the Democratic National Committee know why he has not received a substantial cash contribution from the mayor of Little Rock, Arkansas, as requested in his letter for radio and TV funds to fight "Republican confusion." The mayor of Little Rock, the Honorable Pratt Remmel, is a Republican. ▲▲▲

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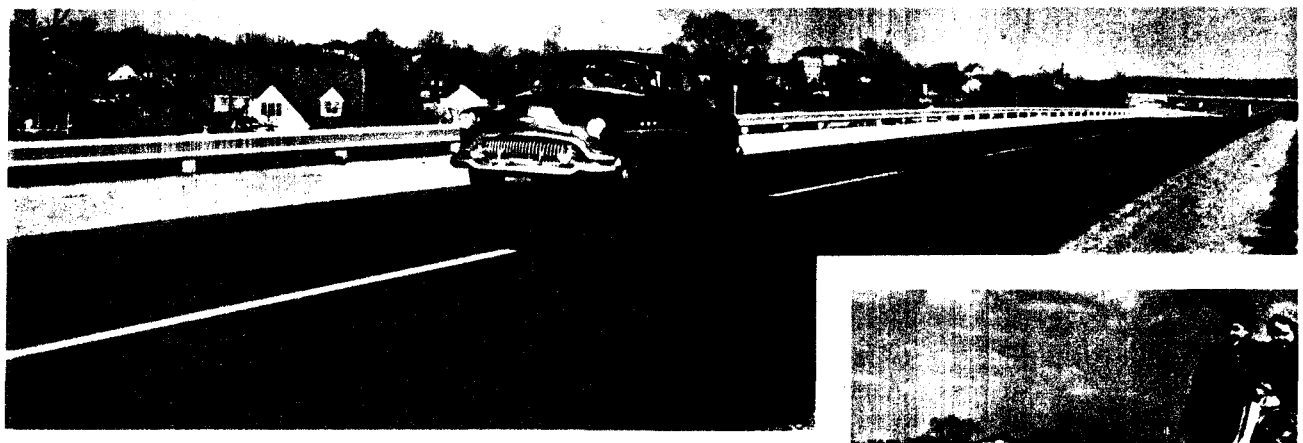
Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well

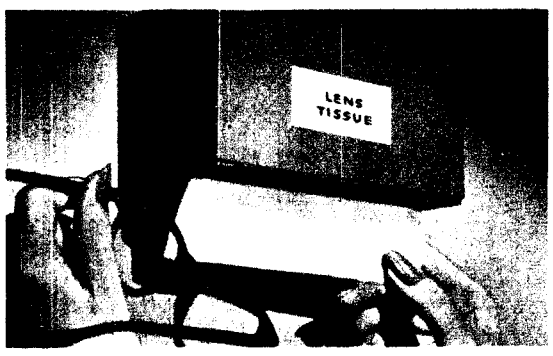
"NOW I CAN HEAR just like the other kids!" Thousands of youngsters and adults, handicapped by deafness, find they are able to live happy normal lives . . . thanks to hearing aids like this. Here, the hearing aid case is of stainless steel . . . chosen for its good looks, its rugged strength and durability, its dent-resistance. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.

STEEL AND ELECTRICITY work hand in hand to speed Production for Freedom, as suggested by this picture of a steel transmission tower in the Golden Gate area near San Francisco. Since the war, U. S. Steel has spent more than a billion dollars in expanding and improving its facilities, and a continuing program will help to assure America a plentiful supply of steel in the future.



TURNPIKE PROTECTION. That white guard rail you see edging the road as you drive across the Jersey meadows on the recently completed New Jersey Turnpike is made of U·S·S MAN-TEN High Strength Steel. This guard rail is strong, sturdy, safe . . . designed to deflect the cars that strike it, with less chance of injury to car or occupants.

FACTS [illegible]—The present steel industry expansion program will call for approximately 200,000,000 refractory bricks to line the furnaces. That number of bricks would be enough to build a small city.



READY TO HAND. The array of dispensing devices used by Americans is characteristic of our passion for convenience, time-saving and cleanliness. Whether you want cigarettes, steak, or a tissue to polish your eye-glasses, you can usually get it out of a machine. (And the machine is usually made of *steel* . . . for strength and good looks!)

UNITED STATES STEEL

Helping to Build a Better America

MANUFACTURED FROM USS STEEL UNITED STATES STEEL

This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

AMERICAN BRIDGE . . . AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE *and* CYCLONE FENCE . . . COLUMBIA-GENEVA STEEL . . . CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL . . . GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING . . . NATIONAL TUBE
OIL WELL SUPPLY . . . TENNESSEE COAL & IRON . . . UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS . . . UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY . . . *Divisions of* **UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY, PITTSBURGH**
GUNNISON HOMES, INC. · UNION SUPPLY COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY

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BLOWOUT-SAFE! PUNCTURE-SAFE!
THE ONLY 100,000-MILE RE-USABLE PROTECTION!

Sequence photograph of a blowout. Car is equipped with New LifeGuard Safety Tubes.

Blowout occurs here ↑ **Tire still holds enough air to come to a safe, controlled, straight-line stop!**

Safe against all blowouts! *Only the LifeGuard double air-chamber principle gives you complete safety in any blowout emergency!*

If outer chamber blows out, inner chamber still holds enough air to let you come to a safe, controlled, straight-line stop.

In 17 years, in millions of miles, we know of no case of failure of the LifeGuard principle in a blowout!

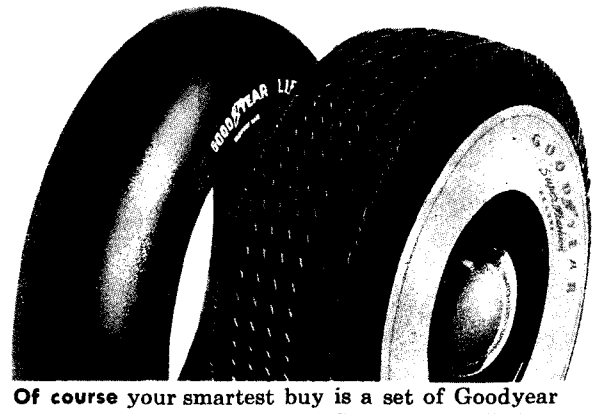
Seals its own punctures! Why spoil a trip by having to change a punctured tire? This tube mends its *own* punctures. If a nail or other object penetrates, the puncture-sealant automatically seals it up without loss of air pressure.

And these New LifeGuard Safety Tubes by Goodyear hold air more than 5 times longer than natural-rubber tubes.

Costs less because it's re-usable! This is the only protection against both blowouts and punctures that doesn't wear out when your tires wear out!

You can re-use your LifeGuard Safety Tubes in at least 3 sets of tires for 100,000 miles or more of blowout-safe, puncture-safe driving. You save 20% to 43% per wheel!

You can have this double protection now *for the price of the tubes alone!* If your tires are still good, just have your Goodyear dealer equip them with a set of New LifeGuard Safety Tubes.



Of course your smartest buy is a set of Goodyear tires equipped with New LifeGuard Safety Tubes. No other tires give you the same comfort, safety and mileage as Goodyears. No wonder more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.

NEW LIFEGUARD SAFETY TUBES
by GOODYEAR

LifeGuard, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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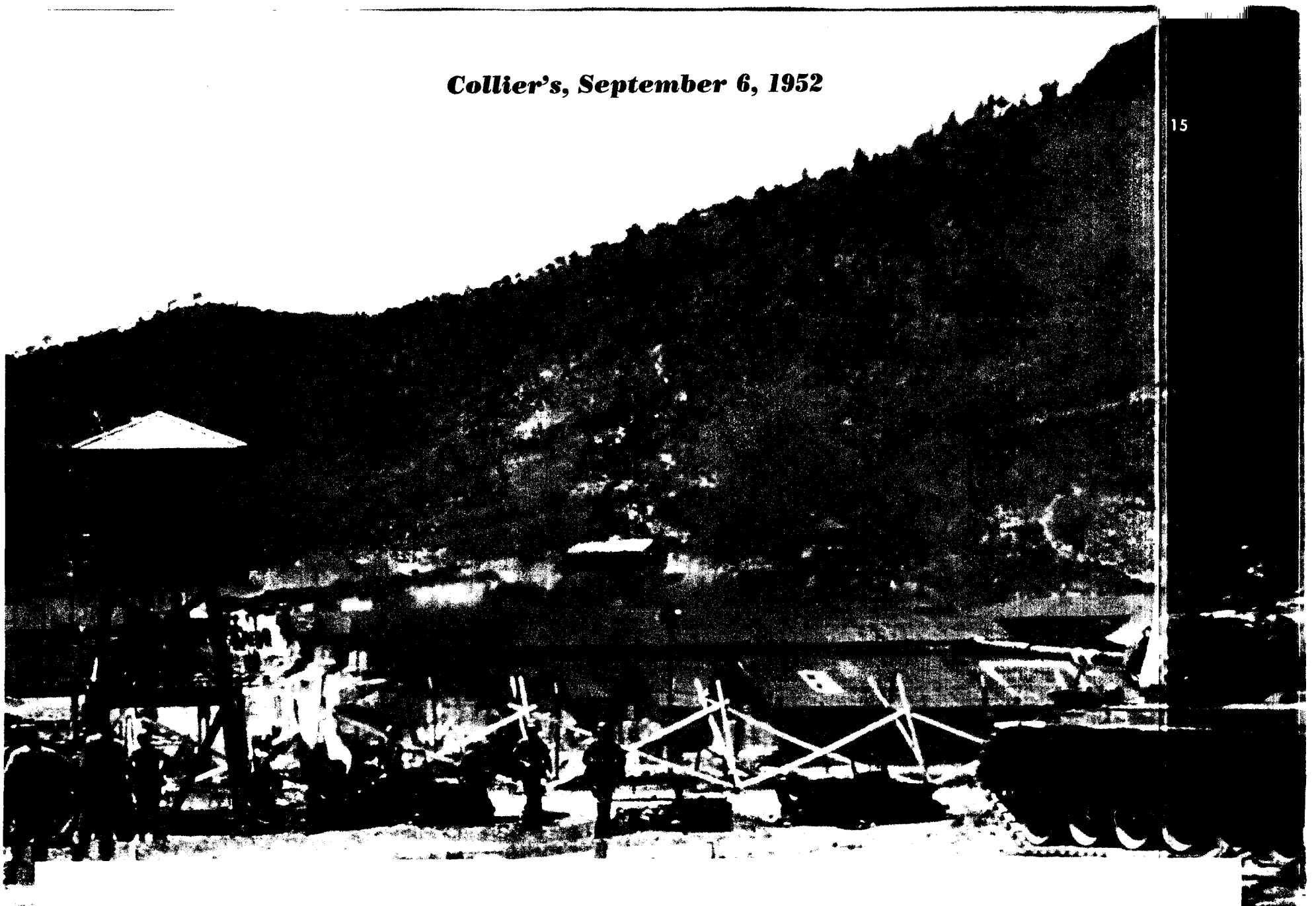

THE KOJE SNAFU

By PETER KALISCHER

A U.S. general seized by his captives; another lured into signing Red propaganda; the UN forced to reconquer its prisoners of war. . . . How did it all happen? Here's the astonishing inside story

General Dodd went down by the compound,
Everything was dull inside
When all at once two Commies grabbed him,
James Van Fleet sat down and cried . . .

THE inspiration for this ballad, sung by Allied war correspondents and GIs to the tune of The Little White Cloud That Cried, was a boner unique in American military history. On May 7th, Brigadier General Francis Townsend Dodd, commanding a prisoner-of-war camp on Koje Island, off the southeast tip of Korea, was seized and held captive by his own prisoners. If General Van Fleet did not actually shed tears, he was certainly unhappy. The sound of gnashing teeth was audible at every level of command from Seoul to the Pentagon.

More was involved than the embarrassing capture of a one-star general 300 miles behind the front. Millions who had never heard of Koje knew that the year-old Korean truce negotiations were deadlocked over the exchange of prisoners of war. Now 70,000 Communist prisoners on Koje had dealt themselves a hand in the game.

While a flabbergasted world peered through chinks in Army censorship, a new Koje commander, Brigadier General Charles F. Colson, threatened and dickered for Dodd's life. After 78 hours, Dodd was released unharmed in exchange for an incredible document signed by Colson. It implicitly admitted nearly every charge in the Communist propaganda manual, and made promises wholly outside the jurisdiction of a prison-camp commander to grant.

The agreement was angrily repudiated by General Mark Clark, who had replaced General Matthew B. Ridgway as Far East commander two days after Dodd's release.

Colson was relieved, and he and Dodd were broken to the rank of colonel. Their immediate superior, Brigadier General Paul F. Yount, 2d Logistical Commander in Pusan, was officially reprimanded and Ridgway, en route to his new European Command, was closely questioned about the affair in Washington.

How did the Dodd kidnaping happen? How come that prisoners of war could equip themselves with spears, knives, flails, gasoline bombs and crude gas masks, establish a combat headquarters linking 17 fenced and guarded compounds and force their captors into a brief, but shameful, capitulation?

The answer, I found, lay only partly on the powder-keg island of Koje itself. The Dodd incident was the almost inevitable result of months of careful Communist planning—and our almost total lack of it. Had we been more alert, we would have seen the storm warnings, which were as many and obvious as the Communist flags the prisoners began flying over their stockades last January. In two major riots and a score of incidents between September, 1951, and Dodd's capture, some 230 prisoners, four South Korean guards and one American soldier were killed and twice that many prisoners wounded. Nearly half of the prisoners who died by violence were murdered by their comrades. About 600 prisoners escaped, of whom 350 were recaptured. There was even a dress rehearsal of the Dodd kidnaping eight days before it took place.

Koje, a hilly island shaped like a badly drawn shamrock, was picked as the site of UN Prisoner of War Camp No. 1 in January, 1951. The plan was to shift 60,000 to 90,000 prisoners there from

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

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"No more incidents at all costs." That was our Koje policy, and it led to disaster

WIDE WORLD

Two generals, captive Dodd (r.) and liberator Colson, were broken to colonel for Koje roles

camps around Pusan. But the prisoners poured into Koje faster than accommodations could be built. By the beginning of 1952, about 170,000 were crammed into 29 sprawling compounds near the center of the island. Many stockades designed to hold a maximum of 4,500 men bulged with more than 6,000—although nobody knew for sure. There was no attempt at a nose-count.

Prisoners in Compounds Classified

When war prisoners became a major issue at the Korean truce talks, Koje's compounds held approximately 112,000 prisoners from the North Korean Peoples Army, 20,000 Chinese and 37,000 Korean civilians. Some of the "North Koreans" were really South Koreans impressed into the Red Army during the first Communist invasion drive of 1950. Most of the Chinese "volunteers" were ex-Nationalists whose commanders had switched from Chiang Kai-shek to Mao Tse-tung in the final stages of the Chinese civil war, taking their troops with them. The civilians were a grab-bag lot from North and South Korea—guerrillas, infiltrators, suspected Communists and innocent refugees. There were also 400 women prisoners—Red nurses and WACs—and 200 suspected war criminals.

At the Panmunjom talks, the Reds, in exchange for *all* these, regardless of classification, promised to return about 12,000 Allied prisoners, 3,000 of them Americans. That was the lot, they said, although 11,000 Americans had been listed as missing in action and 50,000 other troops—mostly South Korean—were unaccounted for.

Now Communists, since Lenin's day, have never regarded a prisoner of war as completely out of the fight. A captured enemy soldier becomes a potential Communist convert. A captured Communist is expected to carry on the battle inside the enemy prison camp.

On Koje, this inside-the-compound warfare was not left to chance. Our intelligence belatedly discovered that 200 men and 80 women, trained for two months at a special school in North Korea, had allowed themselves to be captured late last year, just to get inside UN prison camps. Their mission was to organize tough, hard-core Communist cells which would harass camp authorities, and to propagandize fellow captives.

The UN Command was also trying its hand at influencing Koje's prisoners. Having bagged large numbers through attractive surrender leaflets, it decided to follow through with a Civil Information and Education Program intended, in the words of the field operations commander, Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. O'Brien, "to show the POWs that they would be better off socially, politically and economically under a democratic regime."

Since boredom is generally a prisoner's chief complaint, the educational program went over big. Classes held by South Korean and Nationalist Chinese educators were attended by 80 per cent of the prisoners. The U.S. Army's Chief of Staff, General J. Lawton Collins, along with Generals Ridgway and Van Fleet, strolled through the stockades last October. There was no trouble then.

But a change came when the UN introduced the principle of voluntary repatriation of war prisoners into the Korean truce talks. In effect, this left it up to the prisoners themselves whether to return to life under Communism after an armistice.

A number of prisoners had already been polled on the subject when, on February 18th, the Koje camp authorities made their first major attempt to find out who was who in a hostile compound. At dawn that day, a battalion of troops moved into Compound 62 to supervise the screening of the enclosure's estimated 6,000 civilian internees. The prisoners formed a phalanx of hundreds and charged, pelting the troops with rocks, and swinging clubs and flails made of barbed wire. The soldiers fell back until they were trapped against the stockade fence. Then they fired. The Army later announced that a number of prisoners and one American were killed in that affray. There was no screening.

The Reds now had Army figures to back up their propaganda that prisoners of war were being mistreated in UN compounds. In the Panmunjom conference tent, North Korean Lieutenant General Nam Il raved against the "wanton massacre." Americans with relatives in North Korean prison camps shuddered at the thought of reprisals. The press of the free world viewed with alarm.

At that point, Colonel Maurice J. Fitzgerald was relieved as Koje camp commander, although he remained as deputy commander. To replace him, General Van Fleet appointed his own chief of staff, Brigadier General Francis T. Dodd, fifty-two. The naming of a general officer to take charge at Koje reflected a growing sentiment that all was not well on the island. This sentiment had long been held by those officers and enlisted men of the Eighth Army who were assigned there.

To them, Koje was the end of the line—isolation, no glory, fewer rotation points and living conditions that quite literally stank. No matter which way the wind blew, it brought the odor of open latrines, of prisoners who had not moved out of the same compounds since they went in, and of a refugee-swollen population of 170,000 employing Korea's familiar land-fertilizing techniques. For recreation, the garrison had movies, volleyball courts, a beer hall or so and a handsome officers' club which, in the words of one member, "has a fine view and a terrible phew of the bay." On Saturday nights, a Korean dance band competed with the voices floating in from Compound 62, where the prisoners passed *their* evenings singing hymns of hate against the Americans.

General Dodd's Unenviable Position

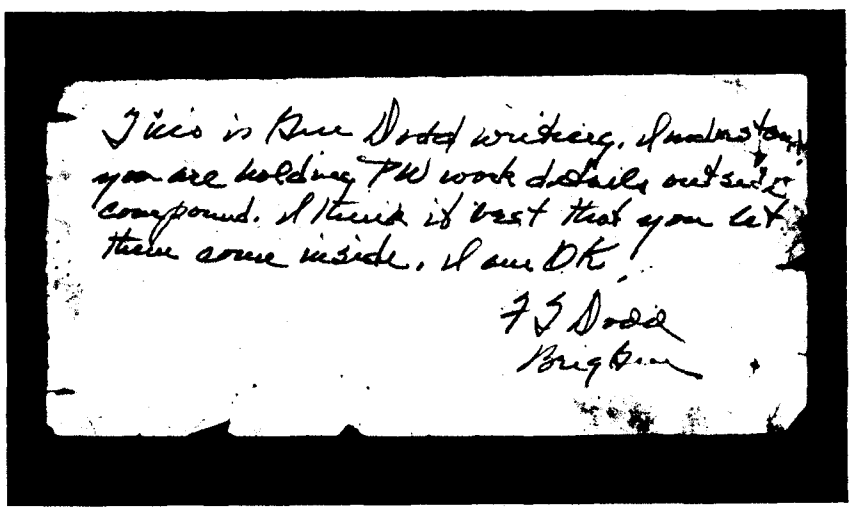
Morale was low, and Dodd had two strikes against him from the start. One was the lack of a firm directive telling him how far he might go to re-establish dwindling control over the rebellious compounds; and the other was a debilitating "no-more-incidents-at-all-costs" psychology that reached all the way back to the Pentagon.

When the UN stand on repatriation became common knowledge throughout Koje, civil war erupted inside the compounds. The anti-Communists broke out American, United Nations, Chinese Nationalist and South Korean flags made from rice bags and dyed with Mercurochrome, tooth paste and atabrine, among other ingredients. Seven thousand Chinese signed "death before repatriation" petitions in blood and tattooed themselves with anti-Communist slogans. The Communist-run compounds put up North Korean, Red Chinese and Russian banners and huge portraits of Red Chinese leaders. Both sides tried to smash dissension in their ranks, and a steady stream of anti-Communists risked being shot, by escaping in order to be recaptured and sent to another enclosure.

Early in April, the United Nations Command told the Communists at Panmunjom that it was going to screen all prisoners to find out how many would resist repatriation. The Communists—believing (as did the UN) that the number of prisoners who would refuse repatriation would be small—hinted this would be satisfactory.

On Koje, the screening got under way in all the anti-Communist compounds, but the leaders of eight others defiantly told General Dodd that *every* prisoner inside their stockades was a good Communist and consequently screening was unnecessary and would be resisted. Dodd had roughly

Within minutes after Dodd was captured, 25 of these signs, obviously prepared long in advance, sprang up in prisoner of war Compound 76


This is Gen Dodd writing. Understand
you are holding PW work details outside
compound. I think it best that you let
them come inside. I am OK!
F T Dodd
Brig Gen

One of the nine notes Dodd sent out of the prison compound. Later, he asked for a telephone and used it for communication with Colson

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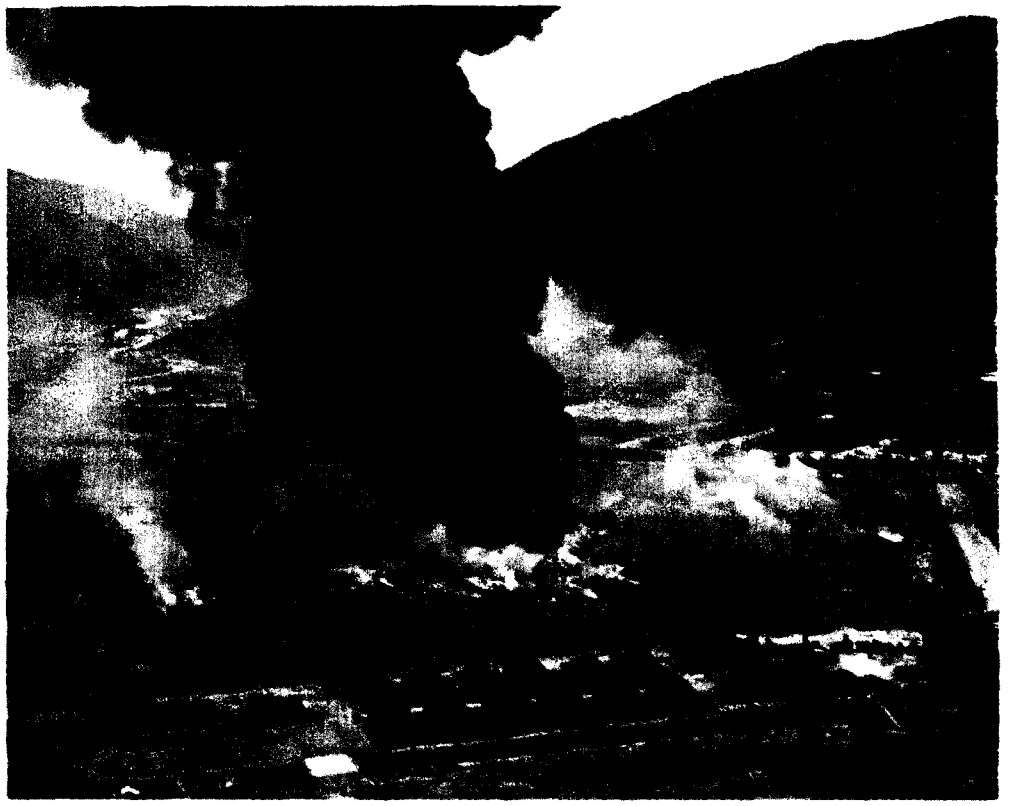
Gen. Mark Clark (l.), UN commander in Korea, Eighth Army's Gen. James Van Fleet and Gen. Haydon L. Boatner (r.), the man who cleaned up Koje

American paratroopers, heavily armed, wearing gas masks, and supported by tanks, prepare to smash resistance in compound 76

Quelled by tear gas, prisoners surrender inside littered enclosure. Some fought to the end, suffering 40 dead, killing one American, injuring 14



Aerial view of island, showing blaze started in Reds' hidden gasoline store by American concussion grenades during cleanup

5,000 troops to enforce the interrogation and fingerprinting of 45,000 men, many of them desperate. It was decided, for the time being, to take the leaders' word for it. Nevertheless, the screening tally showed that only 70,000 prisoners wanted to return behind the Iron Curtain—including the unscreened 45,000.

The 100,000 anti-Communists were promptly shipped to new camps on the Korean mainland, the hard-core Reds remained on Koje, and the truce talks went into their worst deadlock in months.

The Communist organizers had lost the "election" in the screened compounds, but they still controlled eight unscreened stockades and nine others which held 25,000 screened prisoners desiring repatriation. They held daily close-order drills and bayonet practice (with wooden staves), and operated a remarkable intelligence network that kept them in touch with one another and Communist headquarters in North Korea. Koje's hundreds of bays and inlets afforded excellent landing places for agents who slipped ashore at night from fishing boats. Messages wrapped around rocks were tossed in and out of compounds by sympathetic Koje civilians. One compound flew a kite with a message streamer for a tail. A favorite ruse was to report sick and meet representatives from other compounds in the 3,000-bed 64th Field Hospital, which at one time was partly staffed by prisoners.

Unruly Inmates' Rations Reduced

On April 29th, the spokesman for Compound 76 asked to see Lieutenant Colonel Wilbur Raven, the enclosure commander. No. 76 had refused to send out work details for a week and had been dumping offal into the ditch between the outer and inner barbed-wire fences. As punishment, Raven had stopped their daily cigarette allotment of 10 per man (a privilege, not a right, under the Geneva Convention) and had cut rice from their grain ration, substituting an equivalent amount of barley.

A stocky man with half-rim glasses and a cigar stump always in his mouth, Raven marched into the compound, as he had many times before, accompanied by a South Korean lieutenant as interpreter. They went into the Quonset hut just inside the gate, where they found the prisoner spokesman standing by a long table.

"He brought up a lot of other demands," Raven recalled recently, "—new toothbrushes, more soap, more gasoline for the kitchens, new tents—it's never one thing with them. While I was talking, about 150 prisoners rushed into the room. They were the battalion and company commanders. They pushed me into a chair and blocked me off from the one window facing the road. Four of them spoke pretty good English. Someone pushed a bowl of bean soup under my nose and told me to drink it—it wasn't fit for human beings, they said. When I wouldn't, they tried to force it down my throat and spilled it over my uniform. "If they'd asked me politely, I would have swallowed it all and asked for a second helping—even if it killed me."

Outside, a jeep with a mounted machine gun, summoned by Raven's worried driver, covered the

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"I'll court-martial the first man who shoots!" shouted Gen. Dodd to his GIs as the Re

compound while the prisoners subjected Raven to three hours of fist-shaking, shoves and threats. Finally, they insisted that Raven transmit their demands to General Dodd. They brought out a phone—a relic of the days when GI guards used the Quonset—and hooked it into the line that connected with the main Koje switchboard. Raven got Dodd in his office.

"I'm in Compound 76," Raven said slowly. "I have a lot of guests here with me, and they're demanding full rice rations and cigarettes. I told them when they get back to work, the cigarettes and the rice will be forthcoming."

Dodd said that was correct.

"They're demanding it now, General," Raven said.

"Tell them to go to hell," Raven remembers Dodd as replying.

"I'm in Compound 76 and—I—have—a—lot—of—guests," Raven repeated deliberately. Apparently Dodd didn't catch on, and the conversation ended soon afterward. For some reason, however, it satisfied the prisoners, and they let Raven go.

"I didn't tell General Dodd on the phone that I was being held prisoner," Raven explained, "because I didn't want the Commies to get that idea." The Commies got it anyhow. Eight days later General Dodd was on Raven's end of the Compound 76 phone.

No disciplinary action was taken against the compound leaders for their treatment of Raven. The UN truce team was demanding a roster of the unscreened prisoners on Koje, and Dodd was under terrific pressure to get one quickly—and without incident. When 76 sent out word that its leaders wanted to confer with Dodd on May 7th, the general went down to the compound with Raven, instead of ordering the leaders brought to his headquarters. Two soldiers were on guard at the gate, with rifles. Dodd and Raven were unarmed.

Like all compounds on Koje, 76 had an outside gate, fastened with a chain and padlock opened by the guard, and an inside gate opened by the prisoners. Dodd and Raven stood in front of the outer gate, listening as the compound leader demanded everything from weekly conversations with women prisoners to new shoes and fountain pens. At one point, the spokesman invited Dodd inside, but Raven warned against it.

An hour and 15 minutes later, a 14-man prisoner detail marched up under guard, carrying recently emptied latrine buckets. One of the guards opened the outer gate to let the detail in, and Dodd, who was whittling a piece of wood, stepped aside. After a few prisoners had marched past, the others grabbed Dodd. He dug his heels in and fought, but a swarm of prisoners swept him into the compound. Some of the prisoners lunged for Raven, but he seized the right-hand gatepost and kicked free, while a GI bayoneted one of the Communists through the cheek.

As Dodd was carried struggling into the compound, he was heard to shout, "I'll court-martial the first man who shoots." Thus started the biggest commotion to hit the Far East Command since the Chinese entered the war.

Raven raced across the road to the guard tower, called headquarters and alerted the 38th Infantry Regiment, which, along with a battalion of Dutch troops, had arrived on Koje two weeks before. Within minutes, the news was phoned to Brigadier General Yount in Pusan and to General Van Fleet in Seoul, who relayed it to General Ridgway in Tokyo.

Ten minutes after his capture, Dodd sent out a note, the first of nine he sent before phone connection was established. "This is General Dodd," it said. "I am O. K. Do not send in troops." Almost simultaneously, the compound blossomed with 25 five-foot signs announcing in English that Dodd was a captive and would forfeit his life if force were used to rescue him. The signs had obviously been prepared in advance. (The prisoners told Dodd that all the compounds had been set to seize him if the opportunity arose.)

Dodd later described his 78 hours as a prisoner of his prisoners in a 1,500-word statement. Immediately after his capture, he was hustled into a barracks near the center of the compound, where he was searched and his personal possessions removed. Soon afterward the real leaders—the ones Dodd had talked to at the gate were stooges—came in with the compound doctor. Dodd's valuables were returned. The doctor gave him a medical examination and treated his scratches.

The prisoners asked that two representatives from the other compounds on Koje—including the women's—be brought to 76 to join in discussing terms for Dodd's release. Dodd sent a note to the gate recommending that this be done. The representatives were brought in the same evening and then began a series of meetings held, ironically, in the same CI&E building formerly used for pro-democracy classes.

When not attending meetings, Dodd remained in a guarded tent, with rice mats on the floor, a built-in bunk, a table with artificial flowers and a clothes rack. "During my entire stay in the compound I was treated with the utmost respect and courtesy, and my personal needs were looked out for," Dodd said.

On his third night, Colonel Lee Hak Koo, the POW spokesman, told Dodd that UN troops apparently intended to force their way into the compound. He warned that such a move would mean Dodd's death and a simultaneous breakout by all the compounds on the island. But he agreed to speed up the negotiations, which the prisoners originally had scheduled to take a leisurely 10 days.

While Dodd was negotiating for his own release inside the prisoner-of-war enclosure, there was great excitement outside. Barely an hour after the compound gates closed behind Dodd, Colonel William Craig, General Yount's chief of staff, arrived from Pusan by light plane to take command of Koje. He promptly went to the compound and ordered the prisoners to release Dodd unconditionally. They laughed at him. A short time afterward, two notes came from Dodd—the recommendation that representatives from other compounds be permitted to enter Compound 76, and a request for a telephone. Craig granted both requests (during subsequent phone conversations with Dodd, it was assumed that the line was tapped).

The next morning, Brigadier General Charles F. Colson, a much-decorated World War II veteran, arrived to take command. The fifty-five-year-old chief of staff of I Corps had been hand-picked by Ridgway and Van Fleet for the job of subduing Koje. With him came an infantry battalion. A company of tanks was on the way.

Colson went at his job "like a ball of fire," according to one of the officers on Koje at the time. He put the entire island on the alert and ordered every American to carry a weapon. He was going to stand for no nonsense—Dodd would be released immediately or else the troops would go in and get him, alive or dead.

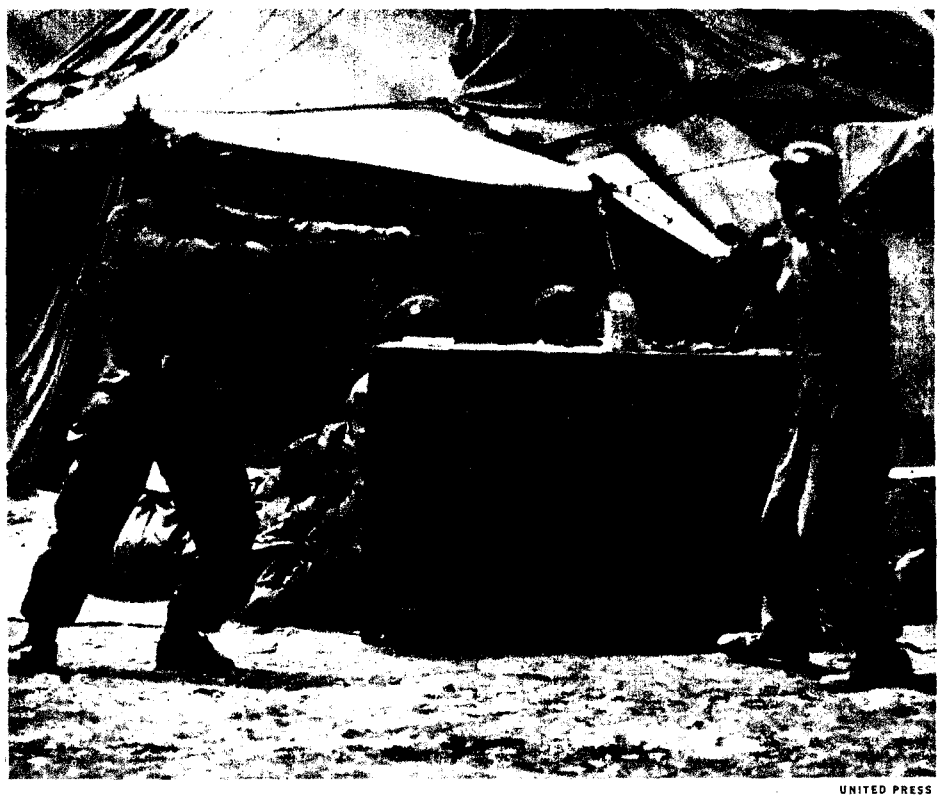
But there was a dreamlike unreality to the situation. Dodd was a prisoner, but Colson could see three hot meals a day being passed into the compound for him, along with cigarettes, blankets, mail and a daily change of clothing. The prisoners stood cockily on top of the barracks with flags, semaphoring signals to other compounds. Until the tanks arrived, there was a chance that a mass breakout might be attempted—and it would be a messy business to put down. (The chief intelligence officer on Koje reported officially that the prisoners had the capability of running the garrison right off the island.)

General Van Fleet visited Koje on May 9th, Dodd's third day of captivity. After he left, Colson ringed the compound with the newly arrived infantry battalion, backed by half-tracks mounting .50-caliber machine guns; and he set a deadline of 7:00 P.M. for Dodd's release. He let that deadline go by when Dodd told him the prisoners would submit their final demands that night.

They handed over their demands, but not until early the next morning. The demands were: (1) the immediate cessation of "barbarous behavior, insults, torture, forcible protest with blood writing, threatening, confine, mass murdering, gun and machine-gun shooting, using poison gas, germ weapons, experiment object of A-bomb by your command"; (2) no more voluntary repatriation; (3) no more screening and "re-arming" of prisoners (this referred to an old Communist charge that POWs were being sent to Chiang Kai-shek's army on Formosa); (4) recognition of the POW representative group and "close co-operation to it by your command."

By the time the demands were delivered, Colson had tired of waiting. The delivery of the demands virtually coincided with a second ultimatum, read to the prisoners over the public-address system: Release Dodd by 10:00 A.M. or "all necessary force will be taken to effect his release regardless of the consequences to you."

At this point, Dodd, possibly for the first time, was resigned to the idea of death. A little before dawn, he phoned the command post across the road from the compound gate to ask the officer on duty if the message containing terms for his release had been received before or after the ultimatum. The officer replied that the two had crossed.



UNITED PRESS

Cocky Communists, almost completely out of control, openly engaged in bayonet practice with wooden guns before Gen. Boatner took charge

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...agged him into the stockade

"Well, so long, fella," Dodd said; "it was nice knowing you."

Before the deadline, Dodd again spoke with Colson, who told him that he now had no alternative but to enter the compound by force and rescue him. He must make the prisoners understand that he, Colson, was in command of Koje, and Dodd was just a prisoner without authority. "*I* understand, General," Dodd replied, "but *they* don't." The two discussed the terms, and Dodd pointed out that, after all, incidents had occurred in which UN guards *had* shot prisoners. To admit that was only to recognize facts.

"I'll call you back," Colson said.

Terms Accepted After Much Haggling

Colson let the 10:00 A.M. deadline lapse and sent in a draft agreement. It omitted one point raised by the prisoners. Dodd immediately phoned to say that the prisoners would not accept this version, and asked if the omission was intentional or inadvertent. Colson paused. "Inadvertent," he said. A 5:00 P.M. deadline was set. It, too, expired while a new draft was written by Dodd, haggled over in translations, and finally accepted.

The agreement, as signed by Colson, read: "I do admit that there have been instances of bloodshed where many prisoners of war have been killed and wounded by UN forces. I can assure you that in the future the prisoners of war can expect humane treatment in this camp according to the principles of International Law. I will do all in my power to eliminate further bloodshed and violence. If such incidents happen in the future I will be responsible." Colson also agreed to recognize the POW representatives and promised that if Dodd were released unharmed there would be no more "forcible" screening on Koje and no "re-arming" of prisoners. The principle of voluntary repatriation, he said, was something over which he had no "control or influence."

According to a subsequent investigation, at least two of the four damaging prisoner demands were approved by phone by Brigadier General Yount, in Pusan. Yount's headquarters claims the demands were relayed by phone to General Van Fleet's headquarters in Seoul. Neither Van Fleet nor anybody else at Eighth Army recalls receiving them. (The investigation was dropped there, to avoid having a number of high-ranking officers calling one another liars, long after the damage was done.)

One condition was observed that did not appear in writing. The prisoners asked that when they released Dodd the tanks now drawn up around the compound be ordered away. At 9:30 P.M. Dodd was seen walking across the mud in the rain. The first words those at the gate heard him say were, "Are those tanks moving, Colonel?"

"Tanks are moving, General," replied Colonel William F. Kernan. He gave the signal, and the Pattons started off.

More than 1,000 troops were in position, but only a few saw Dodd as he shook hands briefly with the compound leaders, returned their salute and walked out a free man.

In the subsequent investigation of the Koje incident, there was less mystery over what happened to Dodd than over how such an agreement could have been signed by Colson. General Ridgway had ordered him to use whatever force was necessary to free Dodd. How was Colson led down the garden path?

Undoubtedly the greatest psychological factor influencing him was his conversations with Dodd on the phone. The men called each other by their first names. Dodd did most of the talking, in a firm, unhurried voice, explaining the reasons for delay, the interminable prisoner pow-wows, the language difficulties. Dodd was convinced he would be killed if the troops tried to force their way into the compound—and he convinced Colson of it, too, without pleading or dramatics. It was one thing for Colson to order men into battle, not knowing how many of them would die; it was another to pronounce the death sentence on one man with a wife and two children, for the stated purpose of rescuing him.

The profane, scholarly Brigadier General (now Major General) Haydon L. Boatner, who looks like a schoolteacher and roars like a mule skinner, replaced Colson as Koje's commander on May 14th. He shook his command up sharply, clearing out most of the garrison Old Guard and moving Koje civilians away from the compounds. A regiment of paratroopers was added to his force, along with three companies of British, Canadian and Greek troops.

He ordered the rebellious compounds to haul down their flags and signs. Most of them obeyed meekly. Troops wearing gas masks entered those that didn't submit and, using tear gas to subdue the prisoners, ripped down the signs while tanks knocked down the flagpoles. Not a shot was fired and nobody was hurt—and when the troops marched out, dozens of anti-Communist prisoners followed.

New prisoner pens, smaller and easier to control, were prepared. Boatner chose to break up Compound 76 first, because it was the largest and meanest. He disposed two battalions of paratroopers and tanks around the fence and called out Lee Hak Koo, the compound leader. He explained to Lee what was about to happen, adding, "Resist, and you do so at your own peril." The Communist started to argue, but Boatner walked away ("Prisoners don't negotiate," he had said on his arrival at Koje).

After Lee returned to the enclosure, prisoners were observed settling into newly dug trenches, armed with tent-pole spears and clubs. Half an hour went by. Then Boatner ordered his men in.

Concussion Grenades Wreak Havoc

Hundreds of tear-gas grenades burst over the compound. Methodically, tanks and paratroopers knocked down one side of the enclosure. Soldiers wearing masks hurled concussion grenades; one of them touched off a hoarded cache of gasoline which exploded in a burst of orange flame. Slowly the prisoners staggered out, first by the dozens, then by the hundreds. A last-ditch battalion, holding out to the end, stabbed a number of prisoners who wanted to surrender.

Finally, after three hours, the last prisoner marched out of the wrecked compound and headed for the new stockades. Forty prisoners had died, at least a dozen of them at the hands of their comrades. One American had bled to death from a spear wound; 14 others were injured. But the battle for Koje was over.

One by one, during the next two weeks, the remaining compounds met their moving-day schedule without resistance.

In the ruins of Compound 76, soldiers found a 40-foot tunnel almost through to an adjoining stockade, thousands of spears and knives forged from scrap metal and garbage cans, and a well-drawn map of Koje showing the location of every Allied unit on the island. Plans for a co-ordinated breakout were sketched in.

More tragic remains were discovered in other evacuated compounds—the bodies of prisoners tortured to death in the last hours before the Communist cells were scattered.

Today, every prisoner in Allied hands has been screened; many who had been counted in the pro-Red column have declared they will resist repatriation. Some 30,000 prisoners have been moved off Koje to three small islands nearby. Whatever happens in Korea, *these* prisoners, as prisoners of war should be, are finally out of the fight. ▲▲▲

ASSOCIATED PRESS

American officers in tower give directions as soldiers herd wounded prisoners out of compound after battle. Many anti-Communist POWs were killed by rabid Reds before GIs could save them

North Korean Col. Lee Hak Koo, captor of Gen. Dodd and boss of the rebellious Reds

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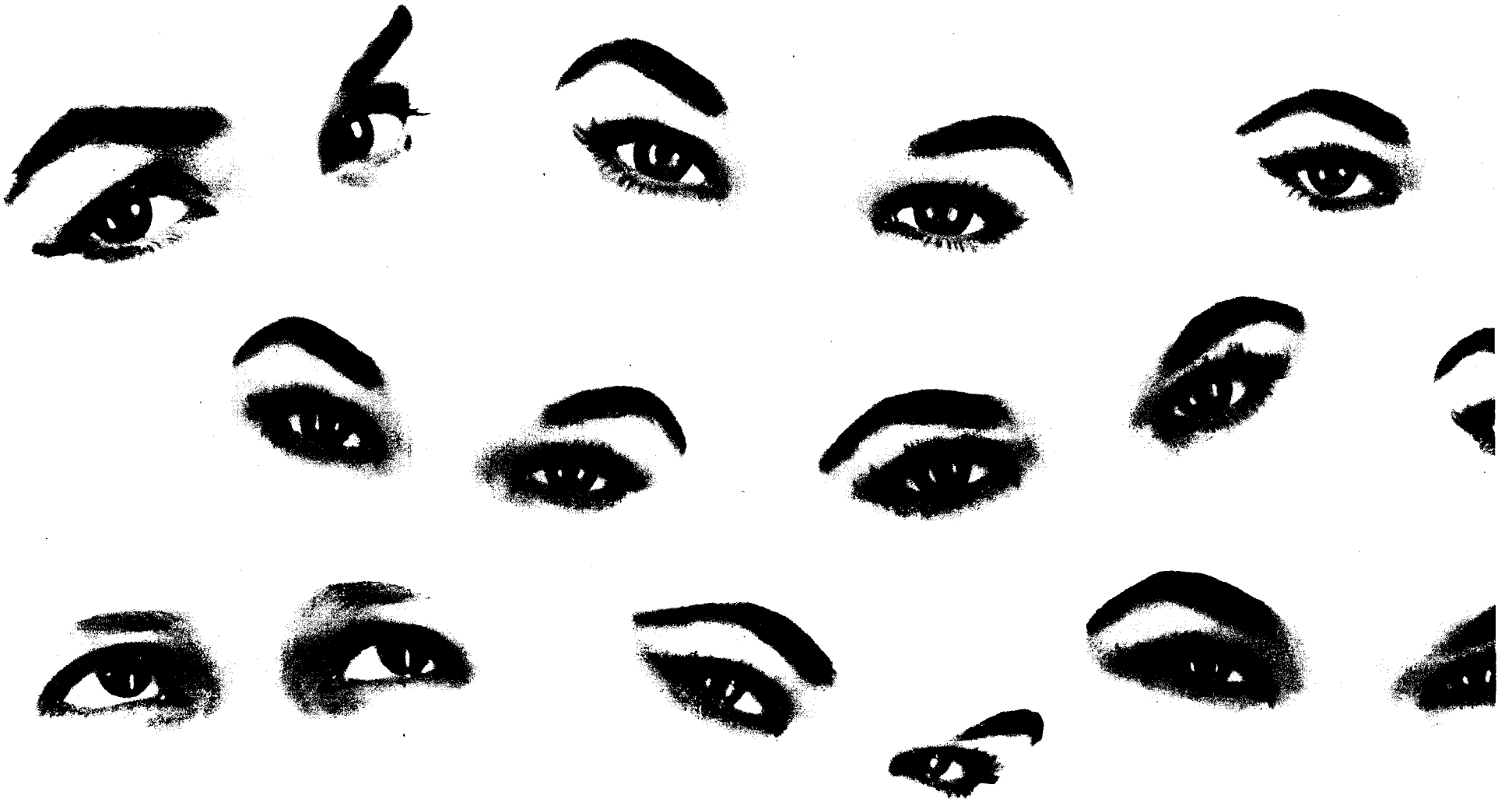

What You Don't Know about YOUR

Everybody agrees they're vital, yet they're our most neglected, misunderstood organ

OUR eyes may inspire poets and song writers, but the rest of us pay little attention to them. So long as we can see, our eyes are likely to be the most ignored parts of our bodies.

Such indifference is a boon to the people who paint canes white. Each week some 420 Americans go blind; at least half of this darkness could be avoided.

There was Mr. T., for example. A few years ago, he was able to read his morning paper without trouble. But day by day the type seemed to become more blurred. Then he noticed that when he looked at lights they appeared to be circled by colored rainbows. Wisely, he went to a doctor, who diagnosed his trouble as glaucoma.

But Mr. T.'s wisdom stopped there. Perhaps he wasn't told what a creeping assassin of sight glaucoma can be. Or, more likely, he didn't take his eye trouble seriously. After all, there was no pain, and he still could see. The doctor ordered eye drops, but Mr. T. skipped his medicine. By the time he repented, it was too late. He will never see again.

Disregarding one of the body's most important organs as Mr. T. did, and as most of us do, is serious enough. To make matters worse for all of us, the business of seeing is also fogged up by myths and pseudoscientific hokum.

For example, how often have you heard people speak of eyestrain? The fact is, there is no such ailment.

To begin with, we do not literally see with our eyes at all, but with our brains. The eyes are like the opening in a camera. Light rays pass through them to reach the part of the brain that acts as photographic film does. This process does not permanently strain healthy eyes any more than taking pictures wears out a camera—or any more than hearing wears out our ears. What most doctors call (or allow their patients to call) eyestrain is usually a sign of a minor weakness in the structure of the eye itself. It has nothing to do with eye fatigue. True, tremendous nervous energy is needed for seeing, and the part of the brain that does the work may grow weary. But that's brain strain, not eyestrain.

Watching movies or television, or reading in dim light (especially if the book is dull) may sap your strength and sting your eyes. But these activities will not damage your eyes. A Baltimore ophthalmologist told me, "The only patient I've seen whose eyes were hurt by TV was a woman who stumbled and fell against her TV set. Her glasses broke, and she got a sliver of glass in one eye."

Books, Movies, TV Don't Injure Sight

There simply is no evidence to support the legend that books, television, movies or other products of civilization, in any of its forms, are ruining our eyes. Anthropologists say that isolated Australian bushmen—people without a written language, let alone television—are no more keen-eyed than Americans.

Our eyes have been bad all along, the scientists tell us. The long looking and fast driving of the Chrome Age just demand sharper seeing.

Another fallacy is that our eyes can be permanently hurt by "wrong glasses." Ill-fitting spectacles, even the ready-to-wear store kind, do no real damage, although they may cause great discomfort. Nor can well-fitted lenses *cure* an eye condition (excepting some cases of cross-eyes). Glasses serve merely as a vision corrective for people with myopia (nearsightedness), hyperopia (farsightedness) or astigmatism (a slightly misshapen cornea)—none of which are curable.

Perhaps the misconception about eyes which has stirred the most false hope is the widely held idea that a useless eye can be readily replaced at the nearest eye bank.

That's not so. Medicine still can't put in a whole new eye, and connect up its intricate lacework of nerves, bloodlines and muscles.

What skilled eye surgeons *can* do is to cut a tiny piece out of the clear front, or cornea, of the eye of a dead person and transplant it to the damaged eye of the living one.

When corneal transplantations work, the results are often spectacular. Last year, Hendrik Botha, a thirty-year-old South African who had been sightless for ten years, flew to New York for a transplant operation. Three months later he was on his way home with new corneas on both eyes—and his sight restored.

Stories like Botha's are dramatic. They are also deceptive, for they lead people to believe that transplantations offer a simple, permanent cure for all damaged corneas. Unfortunately, corneal transplantations succeed less than a fourth of the time. After the operation, the transplanted cornea often clouds up; scientists aren't always certain why. This problem may someday be licked. Scientists are trying to fit rabbits with a plastic cornea. But, although the results have been cheering, it will be years before man-made corneas are tried on humans.

The average man may suffer from misconceptions and indifference about eyes, but not the doctors. They are devoting more time and money to research on that subject than ever before; a little more than a million dollars is going into the eye labs this year alone. That's five times as much as was spent five years ago.

But no price tag can be tacked on the sight that

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY MILTON GREENE—FRANK VAN STEEN

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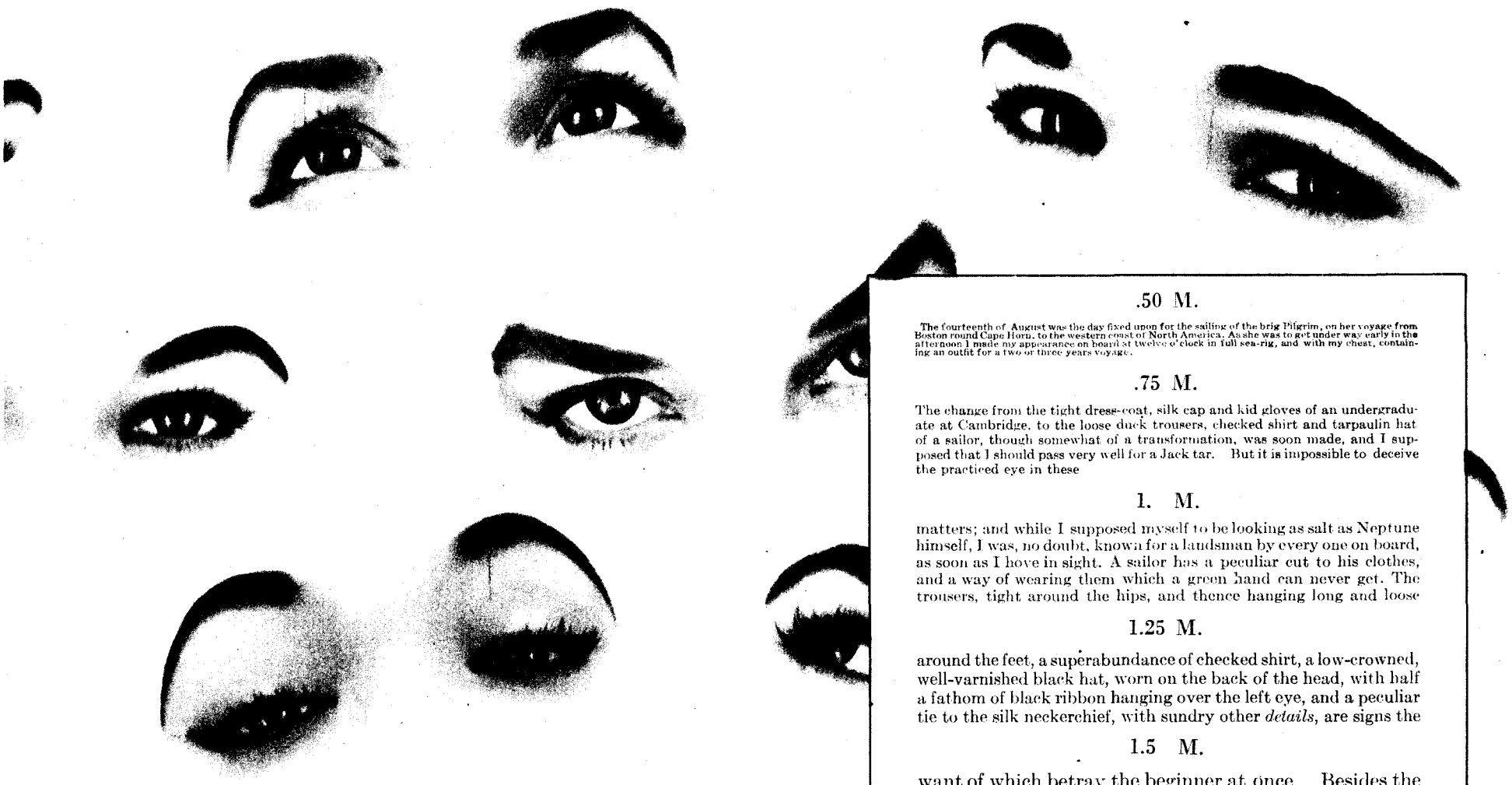

EYES.

By CARLE HODGE

We just take them for granted—until it's too late

research buys. The antibiotics are working wonders with ailing eyes, and the new hormone drugs are saving sight in some eyes which without them would be doomed. An eighteen-year-old New York boy was stricken two years ago with sympathetic ophthalmia—the unexplained fading out of an eye after the other eye is injured—but cortisone is preserving his sight. Sympathetic ophthalmia used to be considered almost hopeless.

Probably the most significant research is aimed at conquering glaucoma, our No. 1 sight killer. Glaucoma is hardening of the eyeball, or what one specialist calls "plumbing trouble in the eye." As mysterious as it is treacherous, it usually attacks people approaching mid-life.

Normally, the eye's lens and cornea, which contain no blood vessels, are fed with a colorless fluid called aqueous humor. The liquid forms behind the colored iris, flows forward into the front part of the eye, and then drains back into the blood system.

In glaucoma, however, the eye's drainage system clogs up. The aqueous humor, with no place to go, jams against the retina, a membrane at the back of the eyeball whose job it is to pick up light rays and pipe them back along the optic nerve to the brain. As the pressure pushes the retina and nerve, sight is slowly squeezed out.

Because glaucoma first affects side vision, often without pain, it is a stealthy villain. The National Society for the Prevention of Blindness says that a million Americans—one out of every 50 people over forty years old—have glaucoma, many of them without knowing it. The society's suggestion to the middle-aged is a thorough eye examination every other year.

Vision once blotted out by glaucoma can never be restored, but physicians can keep the disease from spreading with miotic drops, which open the drainage channels, or with surgery. One of the newest of the miotics is DFP (diisopropyl fluorophosphate), a compound the Army developed as a poison gas.

Researchers all over the world are following up clues to glaucoma's causes and possible cures. They are studying the rate of the aqueous flow and comparing it with the troublesome swelling; measuring the resistance in the eye to the drainage; investigating the make-up of the fluid itself, and the way it is produced; and trying to determine what nourishment is needed to keep the lens optically clear.

Dr. V. Everett Kinsey, one of the country's top ophthalmic investigators, has rigged up test tubes in which he can simulate the conditions under which the lens of the eye normally lives. He has kept the lenses of animals alive for weeks in these tubes.

Experimenting with Aqueous Humor

This research has led Dr. Kinsey into the related field of cataract, a more prevalent but less damaging disease than glaucoma. By taking away or adding, one at a time, the 70-odd substances which make up aqueous humor, Dr Kinsey hopes to determine the chemical changes which may be the cause of this disease.

Cataract is a clouding of the eye's lens which may afflict a person at any period of his life —even before birth. The most common form, however, afflicts the aged. Cataract can develop because of an injury to the eye, shock, as the result of disease, or because of atomic radiation. X-ray workers and atomic scientists are especially susceptible. American doctors found that as many as 10 per cent of the Japanese who had been within one kilometer of the Hiroshima atomic blast center suffered cataracts. But whatever the cause of cataract, the patient can see again after an operation which now is almost always successful. The clouded lens is removed, and glasses are prescribed to compensate for its loss.

Drawbacks remain, of course. Cataract glasses are heavy and awkward. An eye from which a cataract has been removed will not see as a team with an eye in which the natural lens still is clear, and the afflicted eye can't see objects close up unless they're straight ahead.

A plastic lens was recently developed by an English eye surgeon, which is inserted at the time the natural lens is removed, and does away with the need for glasses. The plastic lens seems to work, but it will take several years to confirm the up-to-now excellent results.

While much time and effort are devoted to glaucoma and cataract, the troublemaker over which ophthalmologists are fretting most is retrolental fibroplasia, a disease recognized only a few years ago. Its victims are premature babies, about 500 of them a year. At birth, these babies have

.50 M.

The fourteenth of August was the day fixed upon for the sailing of the brig Pilgrim, on her voyage from Boston round Cape Horn, to the western coast of North America. As she was to get under way early in the afternoon I made my appearance on board at twelve o'clock in full sea-rig, and with my chest, containing an outfit for a two or three years voyage.

.75 M.

The change from the tight dress-coat, silk cap and kid gloves of an undergraduate at Cambridge, to the loose duck trousers, checked shirt and tarpaulin hat of a sailor, though somewhat of a transformation, was soon made, and I supposed that I should pass very well for a Jack tar. But it is impossible to deceive the practiced eye in these

1. M.

matters; and while I supposed myself to be looking as salt as Neptune himself, I was, no doubt, known for a landsman by every one on board, as soon as I hove in sight. A sailor has a peculiar cut to his clothes, and a way of wearing them which a green hand can never get. The trousers, tight around the hips, and thence hanging long and loose

1.25 M.

around the feet, a superabundance of checked shirt, a low-crowned, well-varnished black hat, worn on the back of the head, with half a fathom of black ribbon hanging over the left eye, and a peculiar tie to the silk neckerchief, with sundry other *details*, are signs the

1.5 M.

want of which betray the beginner at once. Besides the points in my dress which were out of the way, doubtless my complexion and hands would distinguish me from the regular *salt*, who, with a sun-browned cheek, wide step

1.75 M.

and rolling gait, swings his bronzed and toughened hands athwartships half open, as though just ready to grasp a rope. "With all my imperfections on my head," I joined the crew, and

2. M.

we hauled out into the stream and came to anchor for the night. The next day we were employed in preparation for sea, reeving studding-sail gear, crossing royal

American Optical

3556 1991

If you can't read top lines from 13 to 16 inches away, your eyes need correction. Need increases as you read down chart

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A million of us suffer from sight-killing glaucoma, often without even knowing it

apparently normal eyesight. But sometime after birth the blood-vessel structure of their eyes suddenly breaks down. Their retinas swell, snap loose from the back of the eye, and jam up behind the lens. After four months, most of the children have little vision left or are blind.

No preventive steps are known, and there is no real remedy. But physicians are sure that there is a definite tie-up between fibroplasia, the length of pregnancy and the birth weight of the child. The smaller the baby, the more danger of fibroplasia.

One of the newest theories, according to researchers, is that the cause has something to do with the oxygen which must be supplied to premature infants. They may be getting too much oxygen or too little, or the cause may be too rapid a change in their supply. Hospitals are keeping careful notes on the application of oxygen, while laboratories experiment with animals in oxygen incubators.

Before the onslaught of fibroplasia, blindness among children had been gradually falling off thanks mainly to the power of new drugs over infectious maladies. Silver nitrate, prescribed by law for the eyes of newborn infants, has all but stamped out "babies' sore eyes"—a scourge which, passed on by mothers infected with venereal or other germs, once blinded babies by the thousands.

A Warning About Drops

Unfortunately, silver nitrate itself can be a lurking evil. Even weak solutions irritate a baby's eyes. Left standing for any length of time, the drops can become strong enough to blind the hapless new arrival. Most physicians agree that penicillin is safer and just as effective. Yet the aged, gaslit laws of most states insist that only silver nitrate be used.

Another blight on young lives is no longer the problem it once was. Orthoptic exercises, corrective glasses or simple surgery usually can help cross-eyes if treatment begins early enough. (A child never *outgrows* cross-eyes unaided.)

But too many young eyes—about 750 a year—still are lost to playtime accidents and the antiblindness organizations are not happy with the care the eyes of our children are getting. At least a fourth of the country's school-agers need glasses or eye treatment.

The doctors' advice is a complete annual ocular exam, starting at the time a child is three. Medical men always accent the word *thorough* when they talk about eye examinations, because there is as yet no good speedy test for vision. Nor is there any gilt-edged standard for deciding what is or isn't proper eyesight.

At present, the most used measure is the familiar Snellen chart, the one with the big "E" on the top line. Normal vision, as rated on this chart, is 20/20—which means a patient with normal sight can read an arbitrary line of letters, each a quarter of an inch high, from 20 feet away.

But this test, most doctors claim, doesn't prove enough. It fails to establish how well you see out of the sides of your eyes, or how well you see when your eyes are moving. And it certainly does not show whether your eyes are diseased.

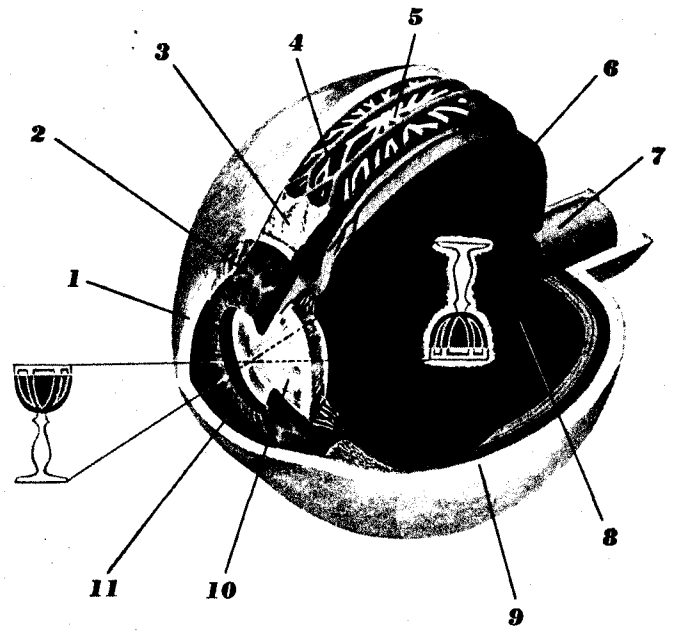
Furthermore, Dr. Elek Ludvigh of the Kresge Eye Institute has proved that many people with superb vision according to the Snellen standards cannot see moving objects as easily as others who falter at the chart-on-the-wall tests.

Unhappily, for all its shortcomings, the Snellen chart is the best test for vision screening the experts have been able to devise. At their recent convention, the optometrists—technicians who fit glasses but are not licensed to treat eye diseases—unveiled a new chart of their own, consisting of black numbers in white frames surrounded by gray. The chart, according to Dr. J. Ottis White, president of the American Optometric Association, "takes into account . . . light perception, contrast perception, resolving power, line perception and shape perception."

There has been no great enthusiasm for the new chart among eye doctors, however.

Another vision yardstick which fails to satisfy the experts is the present system of measuring color vision. One trouble is that the most common examination—in which the subject with normal color perception can see numerals on a page full of tiny colored dots—can be memorized. Experts have been working eight years on a chart which will be "simple, easily administered, unlearnable."

Like so many other eye terms, "color blindness" doesn't mean what it says. Total color blindness is almost nonexistent, but there are millions of people (about one man in 15, one woman in 100) whose view of colors is faulty. Usually, they simply confuse some shades of reds, greens and yellows with other shades. The condition, generally inherited, cannot be cured or treated.



BILL KASSO

1. Cornea
2. Iris
3. Ciliary body
4. Ciliary nerves
5. Blood vessels
6. Retina
7. Optic nerve
8. Blood vessels
9. Sclera
10. Lens
11. Anterior chamber

Eye acts like camera shutter, letting in light and sending it to brain to be "developed." The picture is turned upside-down by lens, but brain rights it

No one knows how the brain selects one color from another, except for the way the process begins. The retina contains two kinds of microscopic, nipplelike light-wave receivers, called rods and cones. The rods are for dim-light and night seeing, the cones for daylight and color. In the dark, when the rods go into action, we see no colors—and birds, who have no rods at all, must go to roost.

How We Are Able to See in Dim Light

In the rods, there is the remarkable substance rhodopsin. In the dark, rhodopsin is fiery red. But light streaming into the eye sets off an intricate chain reaction which bleaches the chemical and makes it possible for us to see in dim light. The process goes on continuously.

Last year, the Harvard biologist George Wald produced all these reactions in a test tube for the first time. It was Wald, in 1933, who discovered vitamin A in the retina. Without vitamin A, rhodopsin cannot form, and night blindness results.

In the past, lack of vitamin A (found mostly in liver and dairy foods) gave whole races of people night blindness. But with present diets, few Americans or Europeans are likely to be affected. The body stores up so much of the vitamin in fact, that Wald has found it difficult to bring on night blindness in human "guinea pigs."

Nevertheless, few of us make the best possible use of night sight. Most people simply do not know how to use their eyes in the dark. They can learn. The armed forces have worked out training courses to sharpen the night sight of pilots and other men who need it.

A military force which can see better than its enemy, even a little better, obviously has a whopping advantage. Our armed forces, recognizing this fact, have done research into the problems of seeing, some of it top-secret, that sounds like a chapter from Buck Rogers.

Take supersonic flying. Scientists at the Air Force School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field have figured that two jets a mile and a half apart, streaking toward each other at faster-than-sound speed, would crash before either pilot could turn, because each flier would zoom nine-tenths of a mile before he could see and recognize the other ship and change course.

Dr. Heinrich Rose a former *Luftwaffe* flight surgeon now working at Randolph, found that a jet flier swooping 1,380 feet over an object at 500 miles an hour can see only half what he would if stationary. Dr. Rose has found, too, that one-eyed pilots make perfectly good landings.

What about the rest of us, who ask only the ability to see well at earthling speeds?

All this intensive research promises most of us that we will be able to see longer and better. Meanwhile, it is up to us to care for our own eyes.

Hints on Care of Eyes

Here are some sight-saving tips from the ophthalmologists:

Protect your eyes, if you work at a hazardous job, by wearing safety glasses.

Do not let your children play with dangerous toys.

Never rub your eyes with your hands, nor touch them with a towel that is not clean. A cinder or other particle in the eye calls for the skilled hand of an eye doctor.

If sun glare annoys you, almost any sunglasses, including some of the inexpensive types, will help. But never wear them at night, for they shut out light you need for seeing.

You can read in bed so long as you keep a comfortable posture and proper lighting. Don't read or work under a patch of light; the whole room should be evenly lighted.

Above all, keep your whole body healthy—and happy. Scientists are just beginning to study psychosomatic sight, but they know excitement and anxiety can cripple your eyes. An untold amount of vision is the victim of worry. There are even people, escapists, who are blind because they don't *want* to see.

For a long time, the case of a Hartford, Connecticut, schoolgirl stumped the experts. Her doctor couldn't decide why she needed glasses only at certain times, while at others she saw as clearly as a hungry hawk. Then he hit upon the truth—the girl's seeing slipped only after her parents had scolded her.

A woman I know worked as a secretary to a notably surly executive. She had held this job some time when her eyes began to ache. Even reading became a chore, and the movies were something to avoid. Yet an ophthalmologist's examination turned up nothing wrong with her eyes. Her vision is fine now, though.

She got fired. ▲▲▲

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Salt—the basic ingredient of life itself—is rapidly becoming industry's most

NOT long ago a research chemist employed by one of the nation's large industrial concerns was dining next to a plump, serious-minded clubwoman of the widely known Helen Hokinson type. When she learned his profession, her eyes went wide with concern.

"Isn't it terrifying?" she breathed.

"Terrifying?" said the surprised chemist.

She explained in tones heavy with doom that she had been reading about the depletion of our natural resources. How long did he think it would be before the world ran out of simply everything?

Somewhat relieved, the chemist picked up the salt shaker. "I'd judge we have a couple of hundred million years' supply of this stuff here," he smiled. "And so long as there's enough salt around, I'm not much worried about anything else."

The chemist admits he may have exaggerated a bit to reassure the lady. But it wasn't much of an overstatement. Salt always has been basic to life itself. Today it is rapidly becoming the most versatile raw material of modern industry. Altogether, authorities say, there are now at least 14,000 uses for salt. Nearly every food in your refrigerator and on your pantry shelves, the refrigerator and the shelves themselves, every piece of clothing you wear from the crown of your hat to the soles of your shoes, almost every useful item you would see if you glanced around you at this moment either is made partly of salt or requires the use of salt at some or every stage in its manufacture.

"You can sell salt wherever you see smoke coming out of a chimney," say the salt salesmen.

To learn why, I spent weeks visiting salt mines, wells and "blocks," as the refining plants are called, and touring some of the industrial plants which are the chief consumers. The story's interesting.

Our largest single source of salt is Michigan, which alone produces about 27 per cent of the national total. One awesomely huge Michigan salt mine is a quarter of a mile under the city of Detroit, with mile-long corridors and a current output of up to 400 tons per hour. Twelve other states, chiefly New York, Ohio, Louisiana, Texas, California and Kansas, also produce salt commercially. Every man, woman and child is a consumer, but about two thirds of the output goes to the vast chemical industry whose plants are scattered from Wilmington, Delaware, to Tacoma, Washington.

In 1950, the last year for which figures are available, U.S. production of salt reached a new high of 16,630,000 tons, nearly 40 per cent of the world's total. A good measure of salt's growing importance is the fact that our current use of it is nearly double the 1935-'39 average. But we can multiply our rate of consumption many times over without making a dent in the available supply. The oceans alone contain enough salt to cover the entire U.S. with a pile a mile and a half deep.

The reason for the salinity of the sea is that salt dissolves easily in water. When the hot newborn earth had cooled enough to permit water vapor to condense into rain, the rain fell on the high places, which were to become the continents, and cascaded down into the low places, which were to become the seas. On its way the rain dissolved salt out of the rocks and took it along. This process has been going on for aeons, and the seas gradually have become saltier and saltier.

When Seas Spread over Continents

Every once in a while, however, the process has been reversed. Shallow seas have spread out over the continents, then slowly evaporated, leaving their salt behind. Geologists believe that the vast underground deposits of salt in Michigan resulted from such invasions by the sea about 300,000,000 years ago. In the intervening period silt and gravel have preserved the deposits from being washed back into the sea by covering them to depths of a thousand feet or more.

In spite of the superabundance of salt around and under the continents men had to scrabble hard for it throughout most of history. Natural springs of brine which built up pure, crystalline deposits of salt, forming salt "licks," were causes of many prehistoric wars.

Eventually, the ancients learned to boil brine from wells or from the sea to drive the water off the salt, but it was such a tedious process that salt long was scarce and expensive.

But today, in the U.S. at least, salt is so plentiful and cheap that most of us blithely take it for granted. In 1950, the price of the various kinds of raw salt averaged only a little over $3.60 a ton. Salt can be taken from the great rock salt mines far more cheaply than coal from a coal mine. The veins of salt often are hundreds of feet wide and deep and are remarkably easy to work.

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POUND

versatile raw material

By
ROBERT FROMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

(Incidentally, the idea that a job in such a mine is akin to a sentence of death is long out of date. Modern salt mines are healthy places to work in. The temperature remains constant at around 60 degrees Fahrenheit the year round, the humidity is nil and the miners are remarkably free of colds and other respiratory ills. The accident rate minuscule.)

On the California coast near San Francisco and at the Great Salt Lake in Utah some salt is obtained by pumping sea or salt lake water onto wide, flat beds of sand and letting the sun evaporate the moisture. This process also produces a fairly inexpensive salt. One of the simplest and most economical saltmaking methods, which now accounts for about three fourths of our annual production and which is responsible for bringing the average price to its low figure of $3.60 per ton, was the bright idea of a Michigan man who nearly lost his shirt trying to drill a brine well.

By 1882, a few Michiganders had begun to suspect that they were blessed with vast subterranean deposits of salt. For years the citizens of Saint Clair, 40 miles north of Detroit, had been making salt from the brine of natural wells scattered around the countryside. But the wells were beginning to run dry. A local businessman, Crockett McElroy, was convinced that there must be a lot more salt where the brine came from and decided to drill a well.

He started in March. Four months later his drill had passed the 1,500-foot mark and the going was getting more and more rugged with no brine in sight, but he refused to quit. On July 8th at 1,633 feet he finally struck salt—the very dryest and hardest of rock salt.

How McElroy Solved Brine Problem

It was almost worse than failure. You can't pump solid rock, and sinking a mine shaft to that depth was enormously expensive. Then McElroy had his bright idea.

"If I can't find brine," he said, "I will make it."

Inside the large pipe he had sunk, he sank another smaller one. Then down the outer pipe and around the inner one he pumped water. The water dissolved rock salt at the bottom and became a saturated brine. Forcing water down under pressure, he could keep a continuous flow of brine coming up through the inner pipe.

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Always accumulating, the oceans alone contain some 4,800,000 cubic miles of salt, enough

By 1950 this process of pumping water into deep deposits of salt and forcing brine back out produced 12,000,000 tons of salt-in-brine at a price of less than 90 *cents* per ton of salt.

It's difficult to overestimate the importance to our standard of living of this enormous reduction in the cost of salt. Consider table salt, for example. As it comes from the ground, salt usually is laden with many impurities which must be removed by complicated purification processes if it is to be used as food. Then it must be neatly and handily packaged, shipped sometimes halfway across the country and distributed to grocers. Yet the raw material is so cheap that the average American's annual supply of about 8.3 pounds of the world's cleanest, purest household salt costs him less than 60 cents.

Indeed, it is so cheap and consequently so much taken for granted that the competition among the companies selling table salt probably is as intense as can be found in modern business. Their salesmen, who peddle the salt to grocers, are expert high-pressure artists. One legend of their prowess is told everywhere.

A customer walks into a country store. "Do you have any salt?" he askes the proprietor.

"Have I got salt!" screams the grocer. He points to his shelves. One whole side of the store is lined with boxes of salt. He takes the customer to the back room. It is stacked to the ceiling with cases of salt. They proceed to the basement. It, too, is jammed with salt.

"I guess you must sell a lot of salt," the customer hazards.

"Me?" groans the grocer. "I don't sell any salt. But the fellow from the salt company comes here once a month regular. *He* sells salt."

Salt is part of the protoplasm of all living things and no food is without it. But to make food more flavorful we usually have to add salt in cooking, even to sweets. Until it amounts to about one half to one per cent of the weight of a dish, the salt doesn't give it a noticeably salty flavor. Yet, salt is essential to bring out the other flavors.

One salt company gave the manufacturer of a new soft drink a neat lesson in this basic fact. Ever on the lookout for a new customer, the saltmaker analyzed the drink soon after it appeared on the market and discovered that it contained no salt. He approached the drink maker and offered to show him how to increase both his sales and his profits with the aid of a little salt. The drink man was inclined to scoff, but willing to be shown.

Trying the Drink on the Customers

A batch of the drink was made incorporating a small amount of salt and samples of it and of the original formula were sent out with a survey crew to test consumer preference. The salted batch won easily. "Tastes sweeter" and "Got more flavor" were typical comments.

Since the salt formula actually contained about 5 per cent less sugar and a bit less of the costly flavoring ingredients, the drink maker was gratefully convinced.

Because the mechanism by which we recognize flavor is extremely complicated—involving the senses of taste, smell and touch and a variety of obscure chemical, physiological and psychological reactions—just how salt performs its role is not yet fully understood. But it is clear that nature made that role important because of our bodies' need for a continuous supply of salt. We constantly throw it off via our kidneys and sweat glands, so we must replenish the supply frequently. Among the indispensable functions salt performs is to help maintain a proper pressure of fluids around the cells of the body.

One of the chief ways we put on weight is by adding to our bodies salt and water solutions. The water won't stay in the intercellular spaces without the salt, and the purpose of a "salt-free" diet for cardiac patients is to get the water out and prevent the accumulation of more. But "salt-free" actually is an exaggeration since no food is without at least a tiny fraction of salt. And persons on such a diet rapidly cut down on the amount of salt they throw off because the body can't do without a minimum of it.

Because all our body fluids are saline solutions, salt is of great value in treating many ailments and injuries. When a patient is unable to eat, he can be kept alive indefinitely by injecting nutrients suspended in salt water directly into his blood stream. Many drugs, such as cortisone, are administered similarly. And in the emergency of shock, plain salt water can even replace loss of blood temporarily.

Salt also has served as the medium for one of the greatest successes of preventive medicine. By 1934, medical researchers had traced the disease of goiter and other malfunctions of the thyroid gland to lack of iodine in the diets of the victims. In some areas of the country, particularly around the Great Lakes, where the water and soil have very little iodine, as many as two persons in five had goiter. Medical authorities asked the salt companies to try adding iodine, in the proportion of one part to 10,000 parts, to their table salt. They complied, and today goiter is a vanishing disease.

SMITH BROTHERS

Raw salt is trucked to crusher in huge quarter-mile-deep mine beneath Detroit

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...cover the entire U.S. with a pile a mile and a half deep

That success also pointed a way to better the health of domestic animals in many parts of the country. In some parts of the South even prize animals gradually lost their appetites and sickened, no matter how they were treated. Researchers finally tracked the cause of the puzzling phenomenon to a lack of cobalt in the soil, and consequently in the forage. Cattle, they found, needed cobalt in their feed in the proportion of only a few parts per million, but those traces were absolutely essential. Because iodized salt worked so well on humans, they decided to try cobaltized salt on cattle. It licked the problem.

Since then it has been found that various animals need other odd metallic elements in similar infinitesimal amounts, and that soil deficiencies in these elements occur here and there all over the country. Now farmers can buy salt that is not only iodized and cobaltized but also has traces of manganese, copper and zinc. But to date medical authorities feel that their knowledge of such minerals is insufficient to recommend the "trace mineralizing" of table salt.

Most of us tend to think that kitchen and table account for most of the salt we use. But its widest use is in America's great chemical plants which now consume 11,000,000 tons of salt a year, and year by year their appetite for it is growing more voracious. The ultimate products made possible by the magic of salt range from cake mixes to steel forgings, from fertilizers to big-city water supplies.

There are two chief methods of using salt chemically. One was developed by two Belgian brothers, Ernest and Albert Solvay. Fussing around with a lot of then newfangled chemical theories in 1861, they hit on one of the neatest and simplest industrial tricks of all time, so important to so many different industries that it has immortalized their name. It's called the Solvay process.

Borrowing several hints from the theoreticians, the Solvays mixed a tankful of ammonia and salt and passed through it a stream of carbon dioxide. They thus caused the sodium, carbon and oxygen to unite and gave the world a dependable and incredibly cheap supply of bicarbonate of soda and sodium carbonate or soda ash. What makes the process so neat is that the one moderately expensive ingredient, ammonia, at the end is distilled back out so that it can be used over and over. And what makes the process so important is that these chemicals, particularly soda ash, are essential to the manufacture of a host of the products which go to make up our standard of living.

Cost of Household Items Held Down

Thanks in part to the Solvay process, you can buy a drinking glass, a box of soap powder and dozens of other taken-for-granted but nearly indispensable items for only a few cents each. The drinking glass, for instance, is about 75 per cent silica or sand and 15 per cent soda ash plus small amounts of magnesium, calcium and other elements. It can be made and sold for a nickel or less, partly because the soda ash needed costs only an infinitesimal fraction of a cent. And common washing soda, one of the cheapest of cleansers, consists simply of large crystals of soda ash and water.

The other principal salt-processing method is more complicated and produces a wider variety of industrial chemicals. The great British chemist Sir Humphry Davy did the groundwork nearly 150 years ago. Davy discovered that passing an electric current through a liquid solution containing sodium compounds broke the compounds into their component parts. Today, electrolysis of salt, as the process is called, is the starting point for production of thousands of the ingredients of modern civilization.

Electrolyzed brine breaks down into three principal chemicals—sodium, chlorine and caustic soda, a combination of sodium, hydrogen and oxygen. Caustic soda is familiar to most of us as common household lye. But it is far more important to us in numerous other products in which it can't be recognized.

The fur, felt, feathers or straw which adorn your brow required a caustic soda bath to cleanse them before they could be worked by your hatter. The hides from which your shoes were made and the wool in your suit got similar treatment.

The cotton thread which probably holds together your dress, shirt and underclothes was mercerized for extra strength, which means it was dipped in a caustic-soda solution. Any rayon in your garments started as wood or cotton cellulose plus caustic soda, and the first step in making the plastic for your buttons was mixing a coal-tar derivative with caustic soda. This latter mixture, processed differently, also provided the dyes which color many of your garments.

Chlorine's Role in War on Typhoid

There are countless other similarly basic uses for caustic soda in the pharmaceutical, rubber, explosives, soap, paper and a long list of varied industries. Still more ubiquitous in modern industry is chlorine, the second product of salt electrolysis. A few whiffs of this greenish-yellow gas will kill you, but it also quite possibly has saved your life since it has almost eliminated the once fearsome plague of typhoid. Used only a few parts per million, it purifies more than 85 per cent of the nation's drinking water.

But water purification is only one of the many important applications chemists have found for chlorine in the last 50 years, although at the turn of the century the gas was a problem child. At that time the purpose of electrolyzing salt was to produce caustic soda. Chlorine was a mere by-product, and the only marketable use for it was in bleaches. Moreover, it was so virulently poisonous that it couldn't be released into the air as waste. Anyone who could put it to use was welcomed like a long-lost friend at the electrolyzing plants.

Typical is a story from the early days of one large chemical company. One summer day in 1908, some of the executives were sitting around the office of their plant on the outskirts of Detroit, moaning about their chlorine-disposal problem. A stranger was ushered in. He had been passing and thought he detected a faint odor of chlorine. Was it possible they had any chlorine for sale?

He went on to explain that he had developed a process for reclaiming tin from the scrap metal of tin-can manufacturing by treating it with chlorine and that he needed large amounts of the gas compressed into liquid form. Before letting him out of their sight the chemists drew up a contract to build a special compressing plant and ship to him in tank cars all the chlorine he could use.

Since then, this company's and the whole nation's output of chlorine has multiplied steadily, as have its uses. Today it goes into synthetic rubber and photographic printing paper, nylon stockings and cardboard matches, dry cleaners and fire extinguishers and thousands of other household and industrial products. The number increases almost daily. A year ago the National Production Authority estimated that our consumption of chlorine, then about 6,000 tons per day, would nearly double within three years.

One example of the seemingly magical effects of chlorine on other chemicals will help explain why. Benzene is a highly inflammable liquid consisting of six carbon atoms and six hydrogen atoms. If one of the hydrogen atoms is replaced with a chlorine atom, you get an ingredient of DDT. Two chlorine for two hydrogen atoms makes a mothproofing agent. Three chlorine atoms produce an excellent insulating oil for electrical transformers.

No uses have yet been found for the four- and five-chlorine atom chemicals, but they may turn up soon. Replacing all six of the hydrogen atoms with chlorine atoms makes an ingredient of a highly effective wood preserver. And there are so many other compounds eligible for such "chlorinating" and possessed of similar wonderful possibilities that it will take decades more for the chemists just to get around to trying all of them.

Pure metallic sodium, the third of the electrolyzed salt products, is the youngest, industrially

UNITED PRESS

Maze of patterns is left by caterpillar tractor in loading operations at plant of a salt company in Baumberg, California

speaking. It is also, from the layman's point of view, the most intriguing because it reacts vigorously when it comes in contact with water. This paradox seldom fails to fascinate beginners in the science of chemistry. Typical is a story which the head of research at one of the nation's largest chemical companies tells about his introduction to sodium in his freshman year at the University of Pennsylvania.

"Naturally," he reminisces, "we were skeptical about this business of burning in water. So a bunch of us swiped a one-pound bar of sodium from the lab and took it down to the Schuylkill. We tossed it in near one of the bridges. Then we ran like hell. Thought for a while we'd blown up the bridge. The stuff roared and hissed and steamed like all get out. I've never made a more convincing experiment in my life."

Because of sodium's inflammability chemists took a long time to learn how to handle it in large amounts, but they now put it to hundreds of uses. It is familiarly known as "the disappearing metal" because it is used in the intermediate stages of many manufacturing processes but seldom appears in the end product.

To make tetraethyl lead for antiknock gasoline, for example, you can't simply form lead tetraethyl. You must first combine lead with sodium, then the resulting alloy will react to form tetraethyl lead. The sodium persuades the lead to unite with the ethyl, then politely bows out. It plays a similar shy role in such diverse products and processes as detergents, the casehardening of steel and the refining of lead bullion.

Hundreds of other industrial products and processes require not one of the constituent elements of salt but the salt itself. It helps grow the molds which produce such antibiotics as aureomycin, and it stamps out the weeds in fields of beets. It helps cure meat and fish, churn butter, bake bread and make cheese. It cures lumber, glazes tiles, regenerates water softeners and makes dyes "set." It preserves hides for tanning and helps tan them. It helps make ice in a refrigeration plant and melts it from streets and sidewalks. Indeed, such a list could go on for pages, and it is constantly growing.

"For several hundred million years," one chemist recently pointed out, "salt has been indispensable to the life processes of all living things. Now it is becoming an equally indispensable part of the lifeblood of modern industry." ▲▲▲

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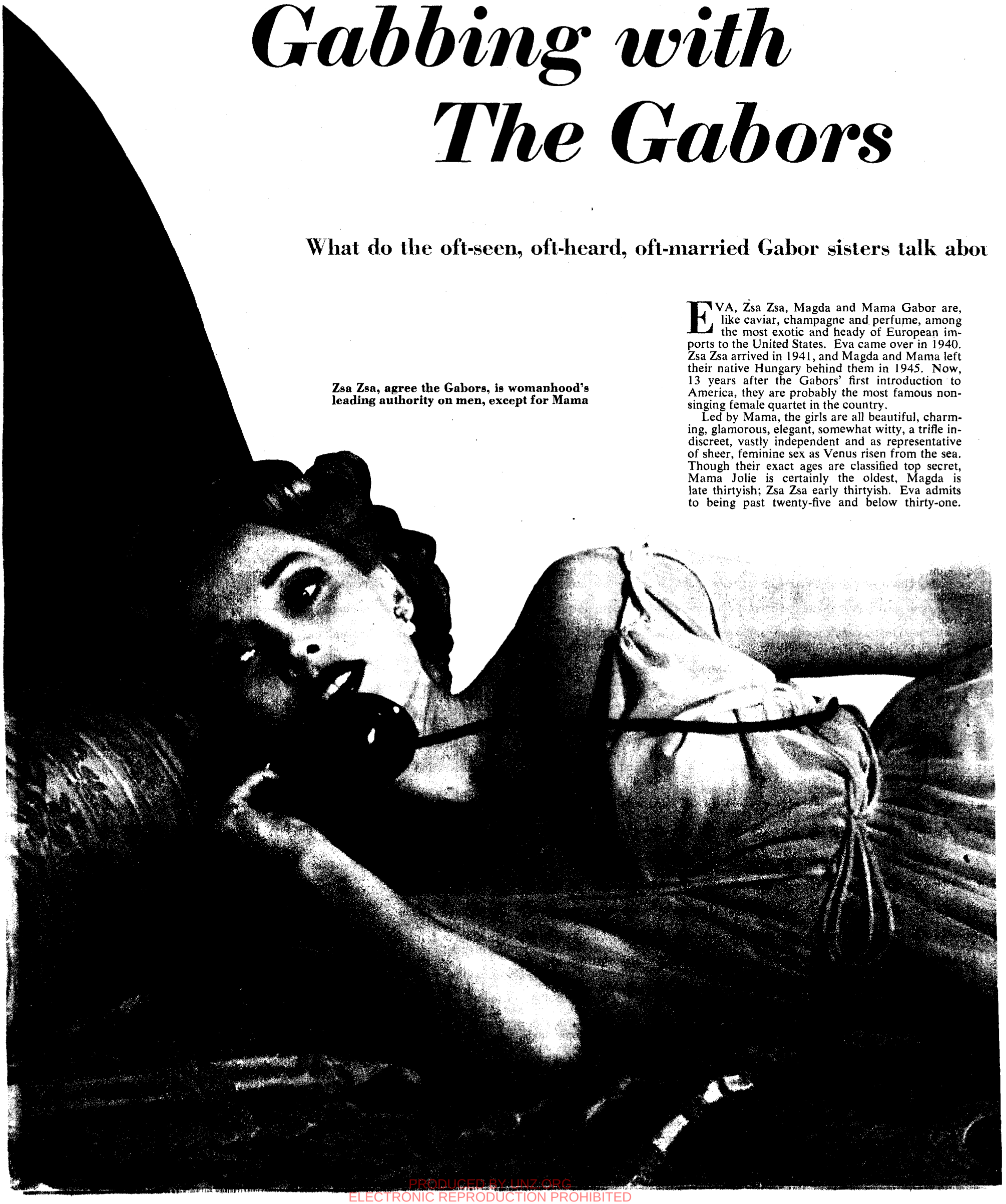
Gabbing with The Gabors

What do the oft-seen, oft-heard, oft-married Gabor sisters talk abou



Zsa Zsa, agree the Gabors, is womanhood's leading authority on men, except for Mama

EVA, Zsa Zsa, Magda and Mama Gabor are, like caviar, champagne and perfume, among the most exotic and heady of European imports to the United States. Eva came over in 1940. Zsa Zsa arrived in 1941, and Magda and Mama left their native Hungary behind them in 1945. Now, 13 years after the Gabors' first introduction to America, they are probably the most famous non-singing female quartet in the country.

Led by Mama, the girls are all beautiful, charming, glamorous, elegant, somewhat witty, a trifle indiscreet, vastly independent and as representative of sheer, feminine sex as Venus risen from the sea. Though their exact ages are classified top secret, Mama Jolie is certainly the oldest, Magda is late thirtyish; Zsa Zsa early thirtyish. Eva admits to being past twenty-five and below thirty-one.

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Magda, oldest of sisters, is "wise and very good," says Mama—"but sometimes she gets the poodle cut too much"

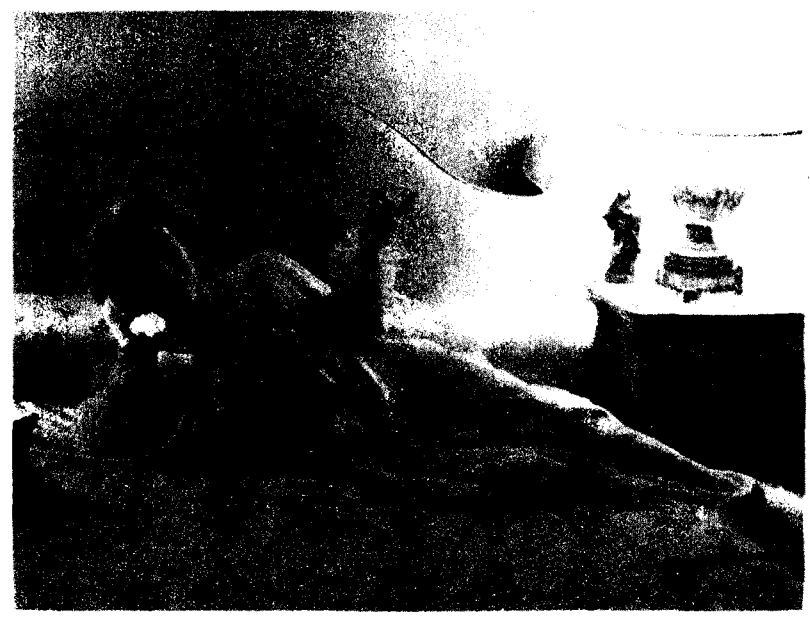
among them

The Gabors live in New York and Hollywood. Zsa Zsa, currently starring in a movie called Lilli, is under contract to M-G-M. Eva is play-acting on the road, and Mama and Magda have a jewelry shop on Manhattan's Madison Avenue. Among them the Gabors have had ten husbands. Zsa Zsa was once married to a Turkish diplomat, then to hotelman Conrad Hilton, and finally (and rather hectically) to actor George Sanders. She has a four-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Francesca.

Mama and Eva have been married twice; Magda, three times. All three are currently divorcées. They all own real estate, and know the full value of even an inflated Yankee dollar.

Their chief avocation is talking to one another on the telephone, which they do almost every day, occasionally on a four-way call, made possible by

"Some mothers," says Mama, "teach their girls how to handle cookbooks. I taught my babies how to handle men." Adds Eva (below): "If Mama does not like my dates, they are finished"



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"We are a very simple, average family"

two New York extension phones and a long-distance line from Hollywood. Their English-Hungarian conversations are amorphous, discontinuous, disjointed and utterly intriguing. The chatter most often revolves about three concentric orbits: men, themselves and one another.

Mama Gabor never bothered much with teaching her daughters how to use a cookbook. She taught them what to expect of men, and consequently their conversations abound in homely aphorisms concerning the human male. Mama will say while talking to her three daughters on the phone: "I would never try to make any of you marry rich men, only if you love them. Then it is good to marry a rich man." Like a chorus, the girls add their own embellishments to Mama's statement. *Magda:* "If a man should hold his knife wrong at the dinner table, it is worse for me than if he beats me up. Take Charles Boyer—he would never handle a knife wrong. He would never handle a woman wrong either."

Eva: "I would want a man who could put a woman in her place. This is good for me, because I have sometimes a big mouth."

Zsa Zsa: "A man has to be witty, handsome, have *savoir-faire* and money. (Who ever has *savoir-faire* without money?) But this type often have cold hearts. They turn out to be stinkers. . . ."

Mama Gabor trained her daughters to look upon themselves as they would upon a diamond—with cool appraisal for its value, brilliance and ultimate setting. Zsa Zsa might tell the trio on the telephone: "My trouble is I got my education not from a university but from my husbands, and I think I know it all. But there is much I can still learn." Before Zsa Zsa is through, Eva comments on her own personality: "So long as I am loved I am happy. I must have love. A lot of love. I love to love." But Magda who is the oldest of the sisters, is given to deeper reflections: "I am spoiled, you know. I expect a great deal from people. I speak five languages, am quite good on horseback. A man must speak six languages and ride better than I am able. But they expect even more from me. . . ."

The Gabors could not, by their own admission get along without one another. But like all women with abundant sex appeal, they are also a bit overcritical of their individual personalities. Almost any morning, on the phone, Mama might deliver herself of a lecture something like this: "Eva, you are a baby. You need a man who will take care of you. You do not always show too good sense in picking a man. And, Magda, you are the *Hausfrau* type. In the heart, you are in the kitchen. But Zsa Zsa, I think is most like me. She is wonderful, that Zsa Zsa. Not so beautiful, perhaps, as I was at her age, but still it is enough. I taught her well. I taught all my girls well, didn't I?"

The answers come rapidly.

Eva: "Zsa Zsa will say anything to be sensational, but she does not really mean it. She is so funny, that one. And Magda, she used to be stuck-up, but now she is growing almost as nice and wise as Mama. And Mama is Mama . . . simply wants us to be happy. If she does not like a man we are seeing, it is death to him. But really death."

Zsa Zsa: "Mama, you are very sweet, and Magda is sometimes a snob and my younger—but not much younger—sister Eva is quite pretty, but me, I am very, very lovable."

The Gabor phone calls, like more conventional feminine sessions of the same nature, are virtually endless, but they almost always wind up with a pertinent observation from Magda, who is given to pointing out: "Everybody makes such a fuss about us, but we are really a very simple, average family." ▲▲▲

Mama (in New York) speaks to Zsa Zsa (in Hollywood) on one phone. Eva and Magda (in New York) use extensions of the other. And the wires hum

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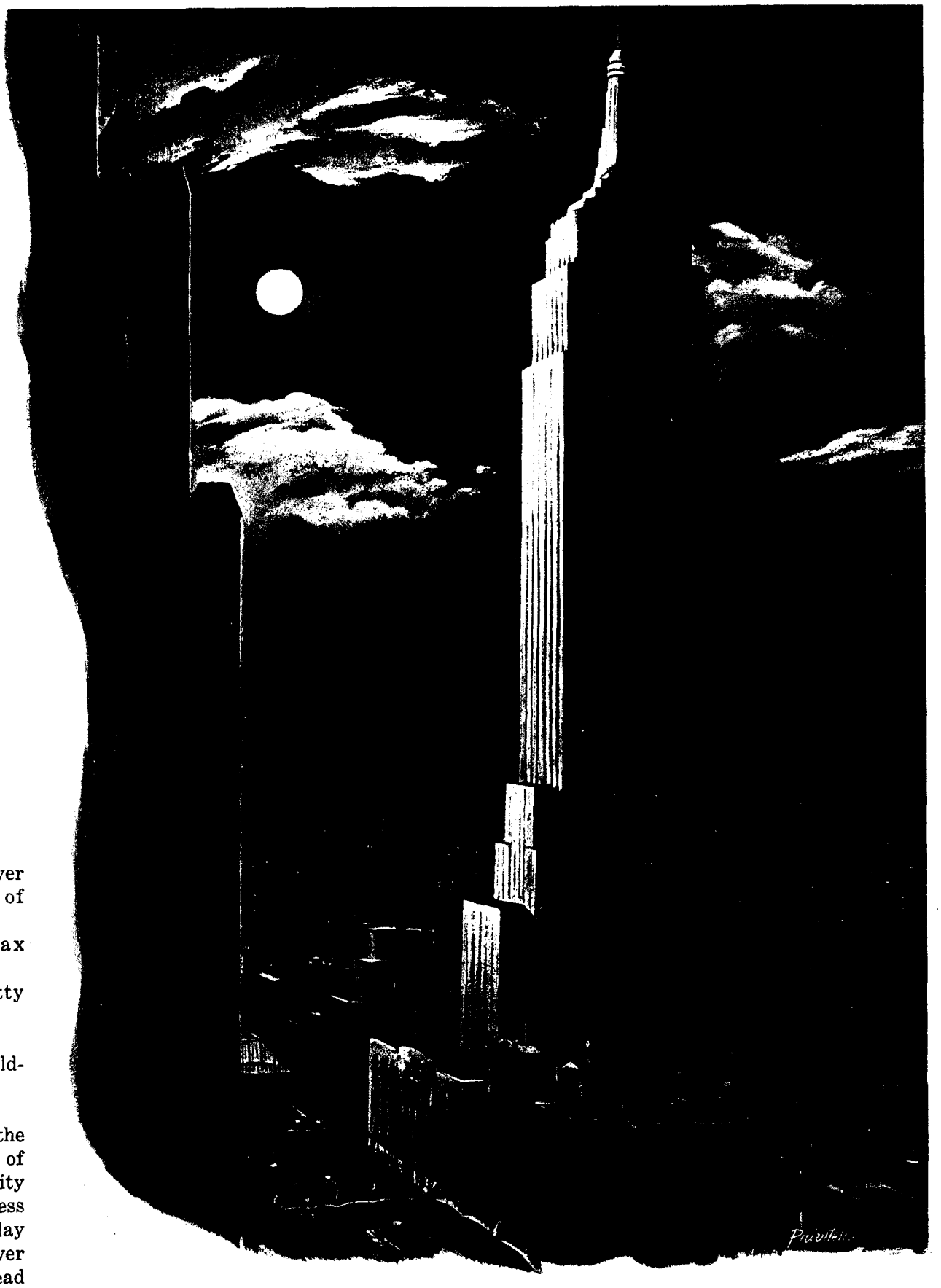

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The WINDFALL

By JOHN D. WEAVER

Miss Martha was an expert on the stars. She knew every fascinating detail of their lives. Now, suddenly, her life had become every bit as exciting

WHILE everybody else in town was wondering what in the world Miss Martha would do with all that money, Miss Martha was wondering whether Mickey Rooney would ever find true happiness. He's the prisoner of his own fame and fortune, she thought, leaning heavily on Pamela Pruitt, whose article, The Mick Faces Up to Life, had distinguished last month's Film World.

"She'll probably travel," most people said, because it was what most people would do if they came into sudden wealth, particularly after having been shut up for twenty years in a sickroom.

"All Mickey really needs is the right girl," Miss Martha told Mr. Barnett, who ran the cubbyhole newsstand between the All-Nite Café and the paint store. Mr. Barnett handed her the new Silver Screen with a picture of Cary Grant on the cover. He was worried about losing Miss Martha's trade, which for twenty years had been as regular as mortgage payments.

"Cary looks thin," Miss Martha said, as Mr. Barnett counted out her change. "You know, I'm afraid he's never really got over that yellow jaundice he caught in England. He went back to work too soon." Miss Martha buttoned her change in a small round purse and dropped it in her pocketbook. She clucked her tongue sympathetically. "Betsey should make him eat custards."

It was difficult to break the habits of so long a time, but as she walked down Main Street, Miss Martha tried to move in a leisurely fashion. She forced herself to look in shop windows, dawdling over displays of summer frocks and sun-tan lotions. She tried to realize that no one was fidgeting the hem of a counterpane, waiting to ask why it should take half an hour just to buy a magazine. Never again would she have to account for her time or adjust her reading to the hours of Mrs. Caskie's fitful sleep, reading always with her head cocked toward the invalid's open door, alerted for the slightest stirring of pain or fretfulness.

"If it was me, now," most people were saying, "I'd just get on a boat and go. I wouldn't care where, just as long as I kept going." Money, for most people in town, meant only an escape from a pattern of life determined by the absence of money.

Miss Martha paused in front of the Pioneer Theater to study the advertising display for the new Gary Cooper picture. She hoped Gary and his wife would patch things up. Pamela Pruitt had had a long, serious talk with them.

Those quiet ones feel things so deeply, Miss Martha thought, and suddenly she realized she could go to the movies in the afternoon now, any afternoon she wanted to. In fact, she could go to the Pioneer in the afternoon and to the Rialto that same night. She could even eat dinner at the hotel. She could do just about anything she wanted to, she supposed.

"She deserves it, every red cent," most people said, but they couldn't help wishing, with an envy like a spring malaise, that the windfall had come to them.

I hope he'll be happy with Ava, Miss Martha thought as she passed the Rialto, where a Sinatra musical was playing. Nothing since Ingrid Bergman had so upset Miss Martha as the Sinatras. She was devoted to Nancy and the children—such a sweet, wholesome little thing—and they had gone through so much together. It was the same with Kirk Douglas and his wife. Sometimes Miss Martha wondered what happened to a nice young couple who start out together with nothing (Kirk used to be a waiter in New York) and after all the scrimping and sacrificing finally reach the top, only to separate. It seemed such a pity.

"I hope she squanders the money shamelessly," Caroline Ransom had been saying ever since the reading of Mrs. Caskie's will, and Arthur attributed this unnatural attitude to his wife's interesting and expensive condition.

"She hardly left the woman's side for twenty years," Caroline said. "She's entitled to have a little fun."

Caroline was Miss Martha's niece, her only living relative and sole heir, and it worried Arthur to think of Miss Martha's legacy being frittered away when it could be wisely invested. He had one or two little suggestions of his own, which Caroline had forbidden him to broach to Aunt Martha. He slumped deeper into the wing chair they'd planned to have reupholstered until the doctor told Caroline she'd passed the rabbit test. The chair, like the new car, had yielded to biology.

"She ought to go out to Hollywood," Caroline said. "She'd have such a wonderful time seeing all the stars and everything."

"How's she going to see all the stars? They

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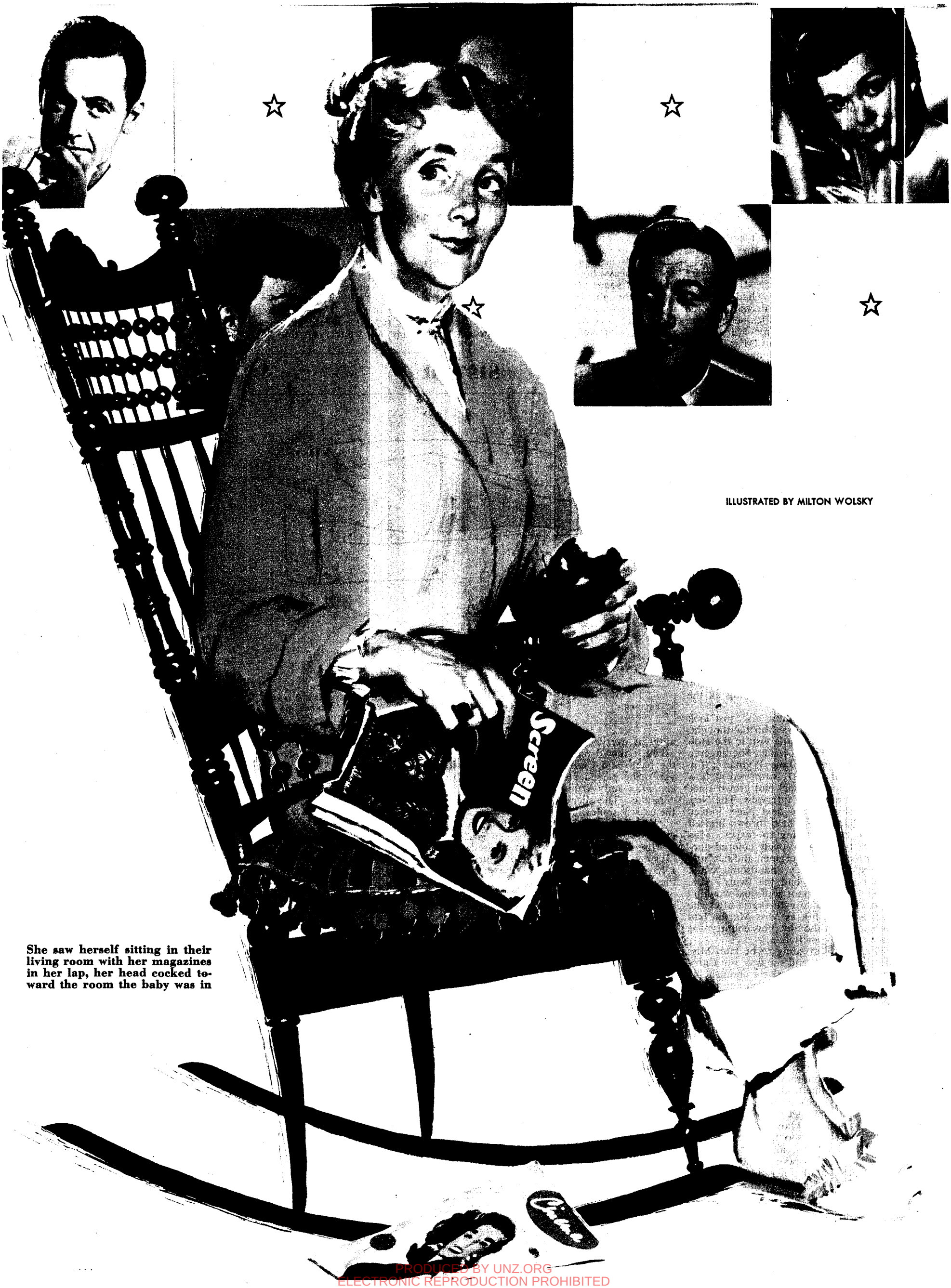

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

She saw herself sitting in their living room with her magazines in her lap, her head cocked toward the room the baby was in

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don't have them in cages, you know."

"People see them. In restaurants, places like that."

"Earl and Shirley didn't see anybody when they were out there."

"They saw Shelley Winters."

"Coming out of a drugstore."

"Well, at least they saw her."

"You don't blow twenty thousand bucks just to see Shelley Winters walk out of a drugstore," Arthur said, and Caroline said there was no need to shout at her, and Arthur said he wasn't shouting, and it went on from there.

MISS MARTHA hadn't bothered to fix up her room at Mrs. Lawson's yet, because she wasn't sure how long she'd stay there, and anyway it was very comfortable just as it was. Mrs. Lawson, like everybody else lately, had been awfully helpful, and Arthur had devoted most of last Saturday to helping her move. Caroline had come over to help with the unpacking, but Miss Martha hadn't let her do anything, not in her condition.

Such a sweet little couple, Miss Martha thought. She had Caroline's bridal portrait on her dresser, and a framed photograph of the wedding reception on the wall above the magazine rack. She hoped Caroline would be sensible and take care of herself. She wanted her to read that story, if she could locate it, about Jeanne Crain, such a lovely little thing, and that beautiful new baby girl, Jeanine. She thought the story was in last month's Cinema Secrets right after the two pages of pictures of Alan Ladd's ranch. It must be fun for Alan, after all those klieg lights, to get out to the ranch and play with David and Alana, and Sue was so clever with recipes.

Now, I mustn't be late for dinner, Miss Martha thought, because she knew how fussy Arthur was about eating on the dot of six thirty. She had time, though, to read Armand D'Utreau's story on Bill Holden (The Light That Didn't Fail). She was very fond of Bill and Brenda and the children. She hated it when they put Bill in mean parts and left him lying dead in a swimming pool, but they did that kind of thing all the time out there.

I won't read anything else, just look at the pictures, Miss Martha thought, delighted with her little visit in the Holden house in Toluca Lake. She lingered over a picture of Jane Wyman ("I'm Lonely," Jane Says), surprised at how Maureen and Michael had grown since Pamela Pruitt's last interview. The New Bob Taylor, on the next page, looked tired. Pamela said he'd thrown himself into his work, trying to forget. Miss Martha turned to a lovely colored photograph of Ingrid Bergman and her little boy, such a sturdy, handsome child. And now Ingrid had the twins. Mrs. Caskie, rest her poor soul, just wouldn't have a thing to do with Ingrid after she went to Italy, but as Miss Martha had pointed out at the time, this country was discovered by an Italian.

Oh, dear, I'm going to be late, Miss Martha thought, and she was, but Caroline and Arthur were sweet about it.

"We can put the steaks on any time," Caroline said, and Miss Martha hoped the children hadn't been too extravagant. They'd need every cent they could spare for the baby.

"How about a little drink?" Arthur said, which surprised Miss Martha. She knew the young people drank a cocktail before dinner, but they'd always forgone it when she came to dinner. She hadn't come often, of course, because it was so seldom she could get away.

"Well, I don't know," Miss Martha said. She wasn't too familiar with the names of cocktails, and liquor always made her think of poor Mr. Barrymore. "What do you all generally have?"

"An old-fashioned," Arthur said, and Miss Martha said that would be very nice indeed. It had a reassuring sound. She smiled and turned to Caroline. "And how are we feeling, dear?" Somehow, in saying it, Miss Martha was abruptly plunged back into the sickroom, and she wished she could stop sounding like a practical nurse. It must make other people feel uncomfortable too, as though she were about to pop a thermometer in their mouth.

"It's good for the constitution," Arthur told her when he handed her the old-fashioned cocktail. "An excellent amendment."

Miss Martha thought that was a very witty way of putting it, but Caroline seemed to have heard it before. The drink was in a squat glass with an unusually heavy bottom. It looked like a punch of some sort. It didn't taste like punch, though. It was kind of burny.

"It's delicious," Miss Martha said, and there was one of those awkward silences, with everybody smiling expectantly at everybody else. Miss Martha asked if they'd picked out a name for the baby, and Caroline said, "No, not yet." She passed a small glass tray of *canapés*, and Arthur lighted another cigarette. The silence came back, and the uneasy smiles.

"We're thinking of Linda, if it's a girl," Caroline said.

Miss Martha tried to seem pleased. "It's a very pretty name, but of course I haven't cared for some of the parts they've given her lately."

Caroline nodded blankly. Arthur cleared his throat. "Linda Darnell," he said, and Caroline said, "Oh."

"But I hear she's very good in that new island picture," Miss Martha said.

ARTHUR mixed a fresh drink for himself. Caroline and Aunt Martha smiled across the room at each other. Caroline was fidgeting with her gold locket. I declare, I think I'm feeling it, Miss Martha thought; it was a pleasantly warm and bolstering feeling. She waited until Arthur came back to his big chair and lighted another cigarette; then she smiled sweetly. "Aren't you going to ask about the money?" she said.

She helped Caroline pound the small of Arthur's back and he finally stopped choking, but his face was flushed and his eyes runny.

"I haven't really got it yet," Miss Martha said, "but Mr. Fields says it's a beautifully written will and there won't be a speck of trouble in court. He drew up the will, you know. I remember the day he came to the house."

The young people seemed restless, apparently not interested in that part of it. Mr. Fields had come into the living room afterward, she remembered, and drunk a cup of coffee with her. She'd made brownies that morning, and Mr. Fields, being a widower and eating at restaurants all the time, had just gone right through them. It had been one of Mrs. Caskie's better days, poor thing.

"You were saying . . .?" Arthur said, with a little cough.

"Oh, yes, about the will." Miss Martha hoped Arthur wasn't smoking too much. "Mr. Fields says there'll be taxes to pay."

"But even so—" Arthur said. He didn't go on with it. Caroline was frowning at him.

"Have you thought of traveling?" Caroline said. "Hollywood?"

"Yes, I've thought of that."

"Shirley says it's lovely out there."

"It rains all winter," Arthur said. He'd scrunched around in his chair so he couldn't tell whether Caroline was looking at him or not. "And of course there's that terrible smog."

Afterward, when Arthur got back from driving Aunt Martha home, Caroline was waiting at the door. "Well, you certainly made a spectacle of yourself," she said. "You did everything but go through her purse." Arthur said he was tired, he had to get up in the morning and go to work. "And I suppose I just lie around the house all day?" Caroline said. Arthur said he didn't mean that, he just meant— Caroline followed him up the stairs, still talking.

Such a lovely couple, Miss Martha was thinking, and she wanted to get them a baby present, perhaps a blanket, but the trouble with that was the color. She wouldn't know whether to get pink or blue. She hoped they weren't expecting more of a present, but of course once she got the money she might buy something else, maybe a silver spoon and fork and pusher. That would be real nice, she thought, and added a silver cup. It was the first time she'd got extravagant with the money. . . .

Arthur sat on the edge of the bed, stroking Caroline's hair. She'd stopped sobbing. "But, darling," he said, "of course I want the baby. I want a little girl with ribbons in her hair and starched dresses and skinned-up knees."

"Suppose it's a boy?"

"Boys are nice, too."

"It's easier to dress a girl. You can make things for them."

"But if it's a boy we can get him a paper route."

Arthur was smiling when he said it, but Caroline didn't notice that. She doubled up her fists and pounded the pillow. "Money, money, money, that's all you ever think about."

Arthur began to count to a hundred, very slowly, by twos.

YOUNG Mr. Carson, who reminded her a little of Jimmy Stewart, called on Miss Martha early next morning. He was afraid she'd neglected to take out fire and theft insurance since she'd moved from Mrs. Caskie's. "You know, I'd forgotten all about it," Miss Martha said, and Mr. Carson told her he'd see she was covered. He even talked like Jimmy Stewart.

"We handle all kinds of insurance," Mr. Carson said, and Miss Martha thought that seemed very sensible. "And annuities," Mr. Carson added. Miss Martha said it was so interesting she wished she could sit and talk all morning, but she knew how busy he was and it was so nice of him to worry about her and take the trouble to come by, and maybe sometime when he wasn't so terribly rushed they could have a long talk. Mr. Carson, without quite knowing how it had come about, found himself at the front door with his hat in his hand.

Now, wasn't that sweet of him, Miss Martha thought. She put on her hat and gloves and walked down Main Street, because the new Film World came out that day and she was eager to read the article on Bing Crosby they'd advertised last month. She was so pleased with the way Bing had settled down. He used to be rather wild, not so much wild as spirited, but he'd changed, thanks to Dixie and the children. Of course, playing priests had helped a lot too.

"You're late this morning," Mr. Barnett said, when she got to the newsstand, and Miss Martha explained she'd been tied up with a business appointment. She enjoyed being able to refer to her little talk with Mr. Carson as a business appointment, but most of all she enjoyed the luxury of being late.

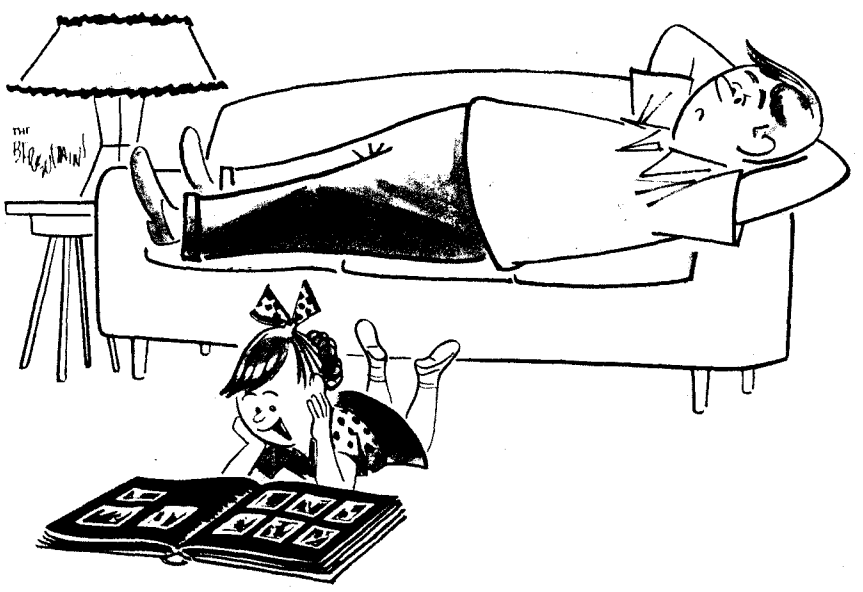
"Do you have any idea how much profit there is in an operation like this?" Mr. Barnett said, and Miss Martha said no, she didn't. It was very friendly of him to take the time and trouble to explain the running of his business, but she didn't want to take up too much of his morning. She could see he hadn't even sorted his Washington papers yet. She paid for the new Film World, and hoped he'd find a partner like he wanted, someone with working capital, whatever that was. Money, she supposed.

Mr. George Dodds was leaning up against the front fender of a new car, a yellow convertible with the canvas top down. He was wearing a striped shirt and gray gabardine slacks, and, like most men who sold cars, he always had a smile and a cheery word for everybody. He insisted on driving Miss Martha home, and offered to put the top up, but Miss Martha said she'd rather have it down. She was in that kind of mood.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Mr. Dodds asked, and Miss Martha said she thought it was a lovely car and so comfortable. He invited her to drive over to Weston with him next day. "We'll have lunch at the George Washington," he said, and Miss Martha thought that would be very nice indeed. It was always an adventure to eat lunch in a big hotel.

One of the nicest things about her new room, Miss Martha had found, was the way Mrs. Lawson always tried to make her feel completely at home. As she entered the house, Mrs. Lawson invited her to come sit in the parlor. "Mr. Lawson loved this room," Mrs. Lawson said, and Miss Martha wondered what

SISTER



COLLIER'S

"Boy, have *you* gone to pot!"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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sort of man Mr. Lawson had been. She could barely remember him. Getting out so seldom, it had been difficult to keep track of people.

"You don't find houses like this any more," Mrs. Lawson said. "They just don't build them."

Miss Martha was sure they didn't. She began to rock.

"I'd hate to part with it," Mrs. Lawson said, "but if I found someone who really loved the place and would take good care of it—"

"Oh, you shouldn't even think of selling it," Miss Martha said, and apologized for having kept Mrs. Lawson from her gardening. "It was very selfish of me, but I was having such a good time. Now you get right on out there to those flowers."

When she went up to her room, Miss Martha found that Mrs. Lawson had cut some red roses for the vase on her dresser and had even brought her mail upstairs. The manager of the Abingdon had sent a lovely colored pamphlet with pictures of the main dining room, the Sunswept Terrace, and the Zebra Room. Colonel Usher and his wife wanted her to come to dinner on Friday the twenty-fourth, and Mrs. Lawrence Shore had offered her name for membership in a book club.

I can't understand why we have all these awful wars, Miss Martha thought, marveling that cruelty of any sort could exist in such a friendly world.

WHEN Arthur took the front steps in a single leap, Caroline braced herself against some new scheme to get rich overnight. He strolled casually into the living room, adjusting his tie. He had the look, all right. Last time it had been raising chinchillas. "Had lunch at the Abingdon," he said, and before Caroline could protest, he added, "Myron paid for it."

"When did Mr. Williams get to be Myron?"

"At lunch. It was his idea." Arthur kissed the crown of her head, then moved over to the sideboard to mix himself a drink. "I had lobster thermidor. Two seventy-five, and the iced coffee was extra, also the napoleon. A napoleon's a kind of French pastry."

"I know what they are."

"I didn't."

Caroline began to get the first faint outlines of the picture. "I don't suppose all this could have anything to do with Aunt Martha's money?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, Myron figured she'd naturally come to me for financial advice, and since we're in business together—" Arthur spotted the overnight bag, and the mood was abruptly broken.

"Better not put the car away tonight," Caroline said. In time of crisis, Caroline always became intensely and, it seemed to Arthur, outrageously practical. . . .

Mr. Anderson was very interesting to talk to, Miss Martha found. He talked mostly about property values, which was natural, being in the real-estate business. Mrs. Anderson talked about her work at the Animal Shelter, and of course that was terribly interesting too, especially cats. James Mason and his wife had twenty-eight cats in their house.

"When you own a piece of land," Mr. Anderson said, as he carved the roast, "you own a part of your community. It gives you a feeling of stability."

"The girls want you to see what we're doing at the Shelter," Mrs. Anderson said.

"I'd love to," Miss Martha said, and she thanked Mr. Anderson for inviting her to take a drive with him Sunday after church.

"A couple little places I want you to see," Mr. Anderson said.

"If we only had a larger building," Mrs. Anderson said. . . .

Arthur wanted to carry Caroline out to the car, but she said she was all right now; she could walk. He ran back to the house for the overnight bag. He was sweating ice water. He got the car started and was backing it out of the driveway when Caroline asked if he'd locked the front door. That was Caroline all over.

"It won't take a minute," Caroline said, and he set the hand brake, wriggled out of the car, and ran up the front steps again, although at the moment he wouldn't have minded if all the crooks in town banded together and drove up in a moving van.

"It's going to be all right." Arthur started the car again. "Don't worry, darling. It's going to be all right."

"Be sure to put the milk bottles out," Caroline said.

Arthur drove as though he were carrying serum to Nome. He wondered how those cabdrivers managed to deliver babies all the time.

"And pick up the cleaning," Caroline said.

The cab companies ought to give their drivers a course in obstetrics, Arthur thought. It might be a good idea; might be money in it.

"Leave the key in the mailbox for Delia," Caroline said, "and don't worry about her lunch. There's plenty of meat loaf left."

Arthur wasn't at all worried about Delia's lunch. The first thing he was going to do was buy up all the flowers in town. And then toys. "And be sure to call Aunt Martha," Caroline said. Arthur had already planned to do that, but he hadn't mentioned it. Anything involving Aunt Martha was kind of touchy these days.

"Don't go wasting money on flowers," Caroline said as they started up the hospital steps.

Arthur kept looking around the lobby for the doctor. They were paying him enough. Caroline walked over to the desk and registered as though it were a hotel. Arthur sat in an imitation-leather chair. No wonder most babies were delivered by cabdrivers. The doctors were always out playing canasta.

"Now, don't worry, darling," Caroline said before she followed the nurse down the hall. "It's going to be all right."

Arthur kissed her and watched her walk away with a sickening sense of loss and loneliness. Nothing's going to happen to her, he kept telling himself. People have babies every day. He began to worry about where to leave the key for Delia. In a milk bottle, he thought.

MISS MARTHA finally gave up trying to get Arthur to read anything. He just sat there, staring at the blank wall, and after a while she stopped reading, too. She got to thinking about the money, probably because of Arthur. Sometimes she thought that other people, Arthur especially, worried more about the money than she did. Actually, when she thought about it, she was more puzzled than anything else, and a little frightened. It was such a lot of money.

So many people, even Caroline, had suggested travel, but Miss Martha couldn't think of any place she particularly wanted to go, Hollywood least of all. She knew every stick of furniture in Joan Crawford's house, but not until tonight had she known about Mrs. Anderson's lovely antiques, and Mrs. Anderson lived right here on Jackson Street. She knew the favorite recipes, books and shampoos of most of Beverly Hills, but she didn't know the girl who sold tickets at the Pioneer or the manager of the All-Nite Café next door to Mr. Barnett's newsstand.

I could get on a boat, one of those Mediterranean cruises, she thought, and twenty years ago she would already have written to the steamship company for literature, but twenty years ago she was still able to eat anything she wanted and was only just beginning to climb stairs more slowly. She'd entered Mrs. Caskie's sickroom the week Roosevelt closed the banks, when Caroline was cutting her first tooth, and she'd left it one Sunday night when Caroline and her husband had invited her to come hear Margaret Truman sing on television. The whole of that time, the war and Caroline's growing up, had been consumed with alcohol rubs and sponge baths, with bed changing, massages, double solitaire, reading aloud and endless rocking, and never once going to bed with any assurance of sleeping the night through. The money, for the first time, didn't really seem too much.

ARTHUR said, "They look kind of raw at first, don't they?" and Miss Martha roused up, momentarily startled by the sound of a voice in the hushed waiting room. She glanced at her watch. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning, an hour she'd come to know.

"Only other people's babies," she said. "Your own always look beautiful."

"Delia says their heads are soft. She made them sound so—so squashy."

"Oh, dear no, they're very tough little things. You'll see."

Arthur smiled gratefully out of a need which had nothing to do with her money.

"I suppose we ought to have a nurse," Arthur said after a while, "at least for the first couple of weeks." Being Arthur, he couldn't go too long without worrying about the cost of something.

"I'm sure Caroline and I can manage all right," Miss Martha said, and in saying it she knew what she was letting herself in for. She was trading the sickroom for the nursery, but she knew how much the young people would need her now, not only for the first week or two at home, but also for the months, even years, ahead. Unless they had somebody they could rely on to sit with the baby, they'd feel uneasy about going out, and once they let themselves be pinned down to the nursery, they'd start nagging at each other and no telling where it might end.

Arthur will like having a free baby sitter, Miss Martha thought, and Caroline won't worry about a thing as long as I'm there.

Already she was sitting in their living room with her magazines in her lap and her head cocked toward the room where the baby was sleeping. She was used to reading that way, and after so many years of ministering to helplessness, she would feel quite lost without someone depending on her. In a moment of complete honesty with herself, Miss Martha felt selfishly pleased that the young people needed her. Unlike the money, this was something she understood and could cope with.

As for the money, it would all go to the baby eventually, but until then she thought she'd leave it in the bank. Perhaps because there had been so little of mystery or interest in her life, she rather enjoyed the prospect of having people go right on talking about the money behind her back and wondering what in the world she'd ever do with it. She was sure the Andersons and the Ushers and all her other new friends weren't being nice to her just because of the money, but it did help. It made her interesting, like Mrs. Usher, who lived in the Philippine Islands, and Joyce Landrum, who'd been on the stage.

"Here comes the nurse," Arthur said, and they could see from her smile that everything was all right. Miss Martha got up from her chair with a feeling of enormous relief and satisfaction, a little like Greer Garson when she discovered radium.

Miss...

or Mrs.?

(This Tampax message applies to both)

The doctor who invented this *internally worn* Tampax did not have in mind married or single women, particularly. On the contrary, he designed this product for all women who are normal and fully grown and are looking for a more modern solution to the old problem of monthly sanitary protection.

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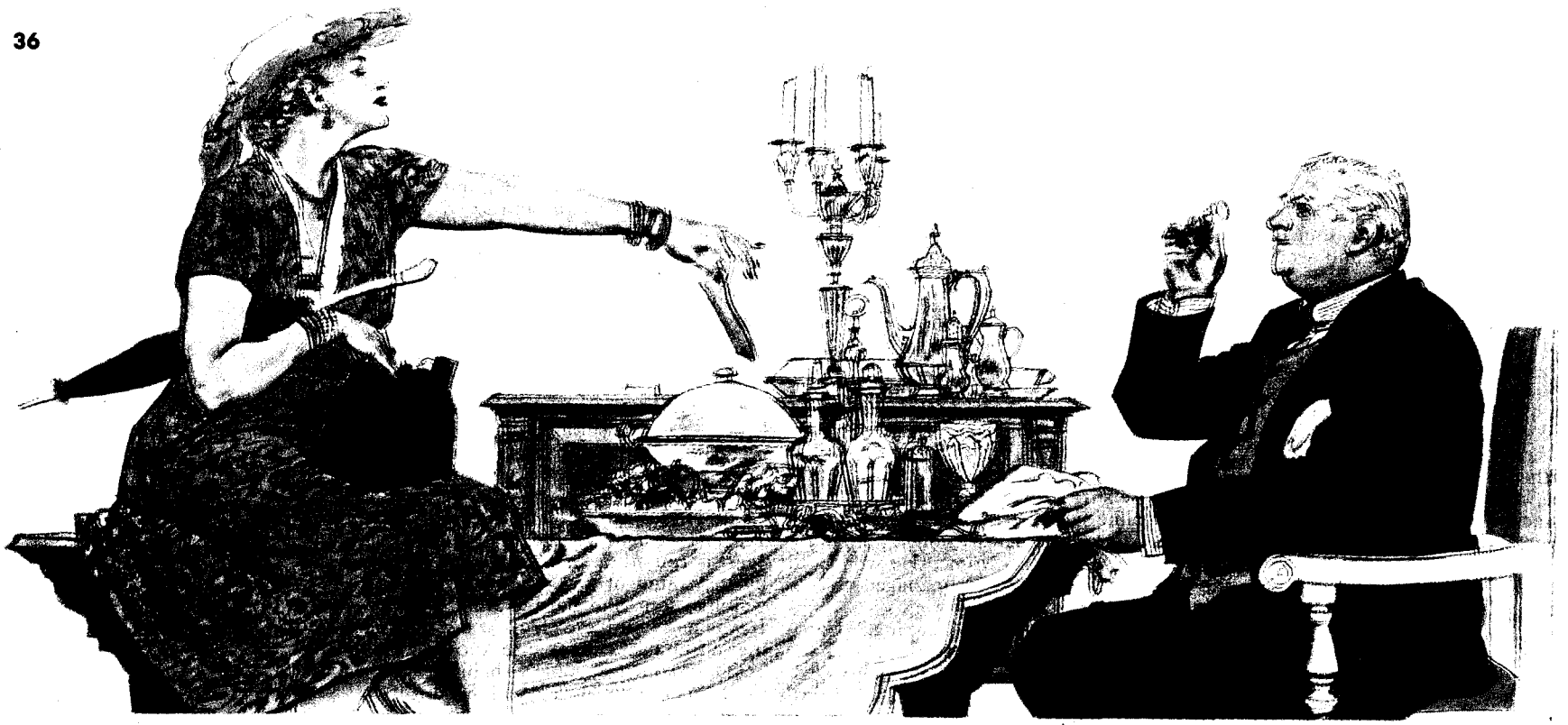

Maudie laughed bitterly. Trust Tubby Parsloe to try to wriggle out of it. Fortunately, she had come armed with evidence

PIGS HAVE WINGS

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

The Blandings Castle faction had pulled off a brilliant coup—kidnaping the rival pig. They might have known Parsloe's revenge would be swift and awful

The Story: Each day brought to Blandings Castle new complications in the fierce struggle to secure for that famous pig, Empress of Blandings, the coveted first prize in the Fat Pigs class of the Shropshire Agricultural Show. To GALLY THREEPWOOD, brother of CLARENCE, who owned the pig, and to SEBASTIAN BEACH, the Blandings butler, every moment provided new proof of the unscrupulous tactics of SIR GREGORY PARSLOE, owner of the Empress' chief rival, Queen of Matchingham.

Their own ranks were continually upset by emotional issues not strictly germane to pigs. PENNY DONALDSON, their young American guest, was in love with JERRY VAIL, a poverty-stricken writer who had got himself a job as secretary to Clarence in the hope of cajoling him into a loan of the two thousand pounds he needed to marry Penny. But she, because of a misunderstanding, had got herself engaged to ORLO, LORD VOSPER, who, while agreeably rich, was something of an ass. Orlo, in turn, was secretly pining for GLORIA SALT. And just to increase the tension, Gloria had become engaged to Sir Gregory Parsloe on the strict condition that Parsloe would reduce.

In spite of these complications and in spite of the haughty aloofness of LADY CONSTANCE, Gally's sister, Gally and Beach were heartened by one break in the tide of battle. Parsloe had issued an edict to WELLBELOVED, his pigman, that until Queen of Matchingham was safely assured of the prize no drop of liquor was to pass Wellbeloved's lips. In his parched state, Wellbeloved was an easy prey to Gally's wiles. Gally ordered Beach to get the pigman drunk so that the Blandings contingent could safely carry out its new plan of attack.

The plan had originally been conceived by MAUDIE STUBBS, Beach's niece, who now was proprietor of a detective agency. She had been introduced at Blandings as a fictitious Mrs. Bunbury, a friend of Penny Donaldson's father, with the idea of having her keep her trained eye on MONICA SIMMONS, the Empress' caretaker. Monica, it was feared, was allied with the enemy camp, and might slip into the porker's trough a draught of Slimmo, an antifat compound, known to have been purchased by BINSTEAD, Parsloe's butler.

Maudie's plan as she outlined it to Gally was beautiful in its simplicity: he was to steal Parsloe's pig.

IV

IT WAS some ten minutes later that Gloria Salt, who had been sitting silent and pensive in the amber drawing room, rose from her chair and said that if Lady Constance didn't mind, she would say good night.

For a long instant after she had left, Lord Vosper, who had gallantly opened the door for her, stood motionless, a strange light in his eyes. The sound of her voice, the scent of her perfume, the sight of her so near to him had affected him powerfully. Standing there, he was wrestling with an almost overmastering urge to dash after her and fold her in his arms and beg her to let bygones be bygones.

It is too often the way. A girl whom we have set on a pedestal calls us an overbearing louse, and love dies. Good-by to all that, we say to ourselves, wondering what we could ever have seen in her. And then she suddenly pops up at the house where we are staying, and before we can say "What ho!" love has sprung from the obituary column and is working at the old stand more briskly than ever.

Lord Vosper became calmer. What a writer of radio drama would have called the moment of madness, sheer madness, passed. He rebuked himself for having allowed his thoughts to wander in such a dubious direction. He had received his early education at Harrow, and Old Harrovians, he reminded himself, when they have plighted their troth to Girl A, do not go about folding Girl B in their arms. Old Etonians, yes. Old Rugbeians, possibly. But not Old Harrovians. Old Harrovians play the game. With a gesture of resignation he closed the door and returned to the piano. He began to sing once more.

"The sun is dark (*tiddle-om*) . . . The skies are gray (*tiddle-om*) . . . Since my sweetie (*pom*) . . . went away," sang Orlo Vosper, and Gloria Salt, in her bedroom above, clenched her hands as the words came floating in through the open window and stared before her with unseeing eyes.

Her lovely face was twisted with pain, her dark eyes dull with anguish. If she had appeared, looking as she was looking now, in one of the old silent films, there would have been flashed on the screen some such caption as:

But Came a Day When Remorse Gnawed Gloria Salt. Thinking of What Might Have Been, Her Proud Heart Aches

To Gloria Salt, as well as to Lord Vosper, the past few days had been days of severe strain, filling her with emotions so violent that she had become

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more like a volcano than a girl with a handicap of six at St. Andrew's. Arriving at Blandings Castle and finding herself confronted by a man whom in that very instant she realized that she loved more passionately than ever, she had received a severe shock. Nor was the turmoil in her soul in any way lessened by the discovery that, since last heard of, he had gone and got engaged to that saffron-haired midget answering to the name of Penelope Donaldson.

Forced, this afternoon, to play mixed doubles with Jerry Vail against her lost lover, partnered by the midget, she had drained the bitter cup, the ordeal being rendered still more testing by the fact that the midget had kept killing her warmest returns. And tonight she had been listening to Orlo Vosper's singing.

It was, in short, the last moment when a man with as many chins as Sir Gregory Parsloe should have thrust himself on her notice. And this he now unfortunately did. We have said that Gloria Salt's eyes, as she stared before her, were unseeing, but at this juncture the mists cleared, and her eyes began to focus. And the first thing they saw was the photograph of Sir Gregory on the dressing table.

Very imprudently, he had had himself taken side face and, eying those chins, Gloria winced and caught her breath sharply. She took another look, and her mind was made up. It might be that someday some girl, veiled in white, would stand at the altar rails beside this vast expanse of baronet while the organ played The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden, but that girl would not be G. Salt.

With a sudden, impulsive movement she snatched the photograph from its frame and sent it skimming through the open window. Then, hurrying to the desk, she took pen and paper and began to write.

Half an hour later Sebastian Beach, crossing the hall, heard his name spoken and, turning, saw a sinuous form clad in some clinging material which accentuated rather than hid its graceful outlines.

"Miss?" he said.

This, he knew, was the fiancée of Sir Gregory Parsloe of Matchingham Hall and as such was to be viewed with concern and apprehension. But twenty years of buttling had trained him to wear the mask, and there was nothing in his manner to suggest that he was feeling like a nervous character in a Gerald Vail story trapped in a ruined mill by a one-eyed gangster.

"I want this note taken to Sir Gregory Parsloe," said Gloria. "Could someone go over with it in the morning?"

Sinister, felt Beach, very sinister. Dispatches, probably in code. But he replied with his customary courtesy. "The communication can be delivered tonight, miss. Sir Gregory's pigman is at this moment in my pantry. I will entrust it to his care."

"Thank you, Beach."

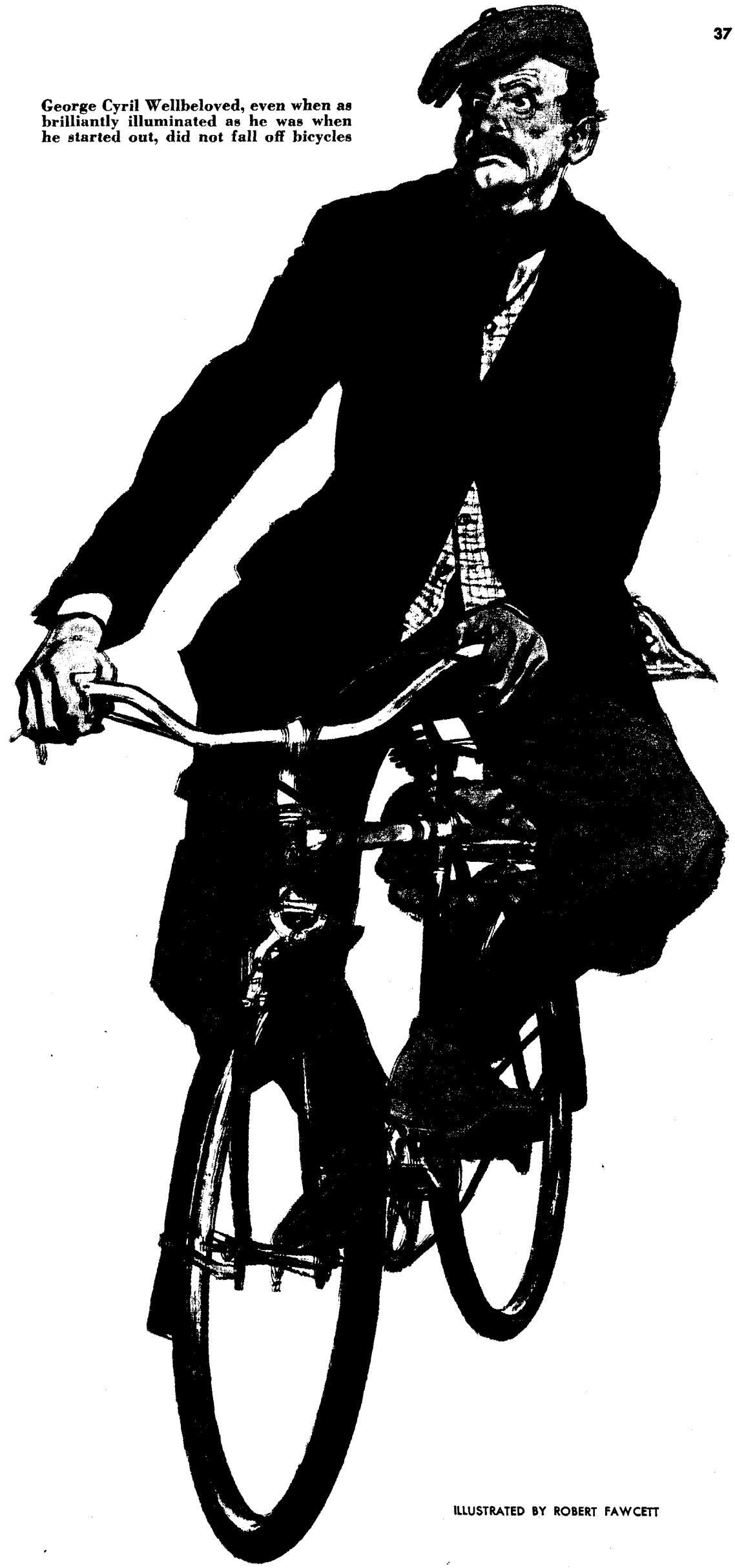
"Not at all, miss. The individual will be leaving shortly on his bicycle."

If, thought Beach, he is able to ride a bicycle with all that stuff in him. He moved ponderously off, on his way to the cellar for a bottle of Bollinger. Mr. Galahad's instructions had been that in the matter of entertaining their guest the sky was to be regarded as the limit, and George Cyril Wellbeloved had expressed a desire for champagne. He had heard it mentioned, he said, by Sir Gregory's butler, and had often wondered what it was and wished he could have a pop at it.

THE process of going to have a look at the Empress was always, when you did it in Lord Emsworth's company, a lengthy one, and nearly forty minutes elapsed before Maudie and her host returned to the terrace.

Lord Emsworth had employed these forty minutes shrewdly and well. Playing on his companion's womanly sympathy by telling her of the agonies he was enduring, having to make this dashed speech to these dashed Shropshire, Herefordshire and South Wales Pig-Breeder chaps, he had won from her a promise that she would accompany him next day and see him through his ordeal. It made such a difference to someone, he explained, if someone had someone someone could sort of lean on at times like this, and Maudie said warmly that she quite understood. In short, by the time they reached the terrace their relations were practically those of Tristan and Isolde.

They found the terrace empty, for Penny had



George Cyril Wellbeloved, even when as brilliantly illuminated as he was when he started out, did not fall off bicycles

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

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accepted Gally's invitation to go off with him in the car. She might be heartbroken, but she was not so heartbroken as to hold herself aloof from an enterprise which involved stealing pigs. Except for the winged creatures of the night, nothing was to be seen except a small oblong object lying in the fairway. It looked like a photograph, and Lord Emsworth, picking it up, found that it was a photograph.

"God bless my soul!" he said. "How very peculiar!"

"What is it?" asked Maudie.

"It is a photograph of a neighbor of mine, a Sir Gregory Parsloe. Somebody must have dropped it out of a window. Though what anyone would want with a photograph of Sir Gregory Parsloe I cannot understand," said Lord Emsworth.

Maudie took it from him, and as her eyes fell upon those once-familiar features, her bosom seethed with feelings too deep for utterance. Like Gloria Salt, she had become a volcano.

Her one coherent thought, apart from the reflections that this old love of hers had put on a bit of weight since she had seen him last, was that, even if it meant a three-mile walk there and a three-mile walk back, she intended to go to Matchingham Hall at the earliest opportunity and tell Tubby Parsloe what she thought of him.

BEACH need have had no anxiety as to his guest's ability to negotiate without disaster the three miles that separated him from home. George Cyril Wellbeloved, even when as brilliantly illuminated as he was when he started his journey, did not fall off bicycles. In due season he arrived at the back door of Matchingham Hall, and proceeded to Sir Gregory's study to deliver Gloria Salt's note. It would have been far more fitting, of course, for him to have given it to the butler, to be taken to the presence on a silver salver, but he was in a merry mood and welcomed this opportunity of a chat with his employer.

The latter was reading a cookbook as Wellbeloved entered. Some hold the view that a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things, but Sir Gregory found that it gave him a melancholy pleasure to be wafted back into the golden past by perusing the details of the sort of dishes where you start off with a dozen eggs. He was deep in the chapter about chocolate soufflé when he had a feeling that the air in the room had become a little close and, looking up, saw that he had a visitor.

"What the devil are you doing here?" was his kindly greeting, and George Cyril Wellbeloved, smiling a pebble-beached smile of indescribable suavity, replied that he had brought him a note.

"You've been drinking!" said Sir Gregory, an able diagnostician.

"Drinking, sir? Me, sir?"

"You're as tight as an owl."

Cut to the quick, George Cyril Wellbeloved sank into a chair and brushed a tear from his eye. "Sir," he said, "you will regret those words, regret 'em on your dying bed, you will."

"Stop driveling. What's all this about a note? Who from?"

"That I am unable to tell you, sir, not knowing. It was entrusted to me by Busch the beetler at Blandings Castle. Or, rather," said George Cyril Wellbeloved, for he liked to get these things right, "by Beet the bushler—"

"And might I ask what you were doing at Blandings Castle?"

George Cyril, though intoxicated, was able to dodge that one. "I was revisiting the scenes of the past, sir. I spent many a happy year at Blandings Castle, and I wanted to see what the old place looked like. I don't know if you are familiar with the poem that begins 'How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood.' I learned it at Sunday school."

There was something in the manner in which Sir Gregory damned and blasted not only his companion but the latter's Sunday school and the poems he had learned there that wounded the sensitive pigman afresh. He relapsed into a hurt silence, and Sir Gregory opened the letter. The next moment a startled cry was echoing through the room.

"Bad news, old man?" asked George Cyril sympathetically.

Sir Gregory had sprung to the telephone and was busy getting the number of Blandings Castle. "Beach? . . . This is Sir Gregory Parsloe. I want to speak to Miss Salt . . . Eh? . . . I don't care if she has retired to her room. Go and fetch her. Tell her I want to speak to her about her letter—"

"Let *me* see that letter," George Cyril Wellbeloved said curtly.

He twitched it out of Sir Gregory's hand and, with a little difficulty, for his eyes for some reason were not at their best, spelled his way through it, while Sir Gregory, at the telephone, continued his unsuccessful efforts to establish communication with Miss Salt.

"I tell you—Oh, hell!" shouted Sir Gregory, and banged down the receiver.

George Cyril Wellbeloved laid down the letter. "And now," he said, "I suppose you're waiting to hear what *I* think of all this."

Sir Gregory, aware for the first time that his private correspondence had been read by a pigman, and a smelly pigman at that, was able for the moment merely to stare with bulging eyes, and George Cyril proceeded.

"Well, I'll tell you. It's the bird, all right. What you've been doing to bruise that gentle heart, I don't know. But there's no two questions about it, she's given you the bird. If you've ordered your trousseau, cocky, cancel it."

An animal howl burst from Sir Gregory Parsloe. "What the devil do you mean by reading my letters? Get out! You're sacked!"

George Cyril's eyebrows rose. "Did I hear you employ the word 'sacked'?"

"Yes, you did. Get out of here, you foul blot, and be off the place first thing tomorrow."

It is at moments like this that you catch a pigman at his best. Nothing could have been more impressive in its quiet dignity than George Cyril Wellbeloved's manner as he spoke.

"Very good," he said, "have it your own way." He paused. "The Alligultural Show'll be along any minute now, and if you want to dispense with my services and see your ruddy pig fobbed off with an hon. mention, do so. But drop the pilot now, Sir Gregory Parsloe, and Queenermash'm hasn't a hope. Not a nope," said George Cyril Wellbeloved, and rested his case.

IF SIR GREGORY had had a mustache he would have twirled it in the style of the baffled baronet in old-fashioned melodramas. He recognized the truth of this man's words. Pigs are temperamental. Remove the custodian to whose society they have become accustomed and substitute a stranger, and they refuse their meals and pine away. Incredible as it seemed to Sir Gregory that a levelheaded pig could detect charm in George Cyril Wellbeloved, he knew that it was so, and when he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose, that fluttering handkerchief was the white flag.

"We'll talk about it tomorrow," he said. "Go away and sleep it off," he added, a little offensively, and George Cyril Wellbeloved zigzagged to the door and left him to his thoughts.

After that unpleasant scene with his employer, a few words with a personal friend like Queen of Matchingham were just what George Cyril Wellbeloved needed to restore his composure. He staggered to the Queen's sty and, grasping the rail, he chirruped. Usually the first chirrup brought the noble animal out with its foot in its hand, all eagerness for the feast of reason and flow of soul. But now all was silence. Not a movement could be heard from within the shed where the Queen retired for the night. He chirruped again. No response. A little annoyed at this absence of the get-together spirit, he climbed the rail, not without difficulty, and peered in at the entrance of the shed. The next moment he had uttered a wordless gasp. For the outstanding feature of the interior of that shed was its complete freedom from pigs of any description.

Nothing is more sobering than a sudden, severe shock. An instant before, George Cyril Wellbeloved had been a jovial roisterer, Bollinger swishing about inside him and the vine leaves in his hair. An instant later, it was as though he had spent the evening drinking the lime juice they had tried to push off on him at the Beetle and Wedge.

Bravely and forcefully though George Cyril had spoken to Sir Gregory Parsloe when the subject of the sack had come up, his words had been dictated by the beer, whisky, gin and champagne surging in his interior. Now that they had withdrawn their support, he quailed as he thought of what must befall him when Sir Gregory discovered that he was a pig short.

After an extended period of limp stupefaction, life slowly returned to his drooping limbs. His face pale and drawn, he tottered to the house and made for the butler's pantry. There are moments when a fellow needs a friend, and his best friend on the premises of Matchingham Hall was Herbert Binstead.

When a man has gone about Market Blandings offering five to one on his employer's pig and, having booked a number of bets at those odds, learns that the pig has vanished like a Cheshire cat, it is excusable for him to show a little emotion. When George Cyril arrived with the bad news, Binstead leaped from his chair as if a red-hot skewer had come through its seat.

"Pinched!" he gasped.

"R.," said George Cyril, and added, prefacing the man's name with some rather regrettable adjectives, that this was the work of the Honorable Galahad Threepwood. Having said all he could think of on the spur of the moment with reference to Gally, he paused and looked at Herbert Binstead with a faint touch of hope. Binstead was one of those fox-faced, quick-witted young men who generally have something to suggest.

Wellbeloved's trust had not been misplaced. A considerable time elapsed before his companion was able to point the way, but eventually a sudden gleam in his eye showed that he had received the necessary inspiration. "Look," said Binstead. "Do you know where this pig of old Emsworth's is?"

"Down by Blandings kitchen garden."

"And she knows you?"

"Of course she knows me. I looked after her for a year or more."

"So if you went and snitched her, she wouldn't make a fuss about it?"

"Coo!" said George Cyril, stunned by the brilliance of the idea.

Binstead was now the big executive, the man who gets things done. "Then come along," he said. "We can sneak the car from the garage. We'll load her in at the back."

George Cyril expelled a deep breath. The outlook was still a little dark, but one major point had been established. When on the morrow Sir Gregory Parsloe came to the sty for his morning visit, he was going to find a pig in it.

THE following day dawned bright and clear. The skies were blue, the birds twittered, all nature smiled. But nature's example was not followed by Lord Emsworth. Apart from the galling necessity of having to put on a stiff collar and a top hat and make an early start, he had caught a cold. Sneezes and snuffles punctuated the unmanly complaints with which he dampened all spirits at the breakfast table.

They got him off eventually, and Gally was restoring himself with a cigar on the terrace when he observed Lord Vosper approaching. It seemed to be Lord Vosper's wish to speak to him. And this was odd, for there was little in the characters of the two that could serve as a common meeting ground. Orlo Vosper, who was an earnest young man, thought Gally frivolous. And Gally thought Orlo Vosper, as he thought most of his juniors in these degenerate days, a bit of a poop and not at all the sort of fellow he would have cared to take into the old Pelican Club.

But though he was a man one would

KENNESAW

"It sure is good to eat a meal in peace, Kennesaw. I locked all the animals in the house"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

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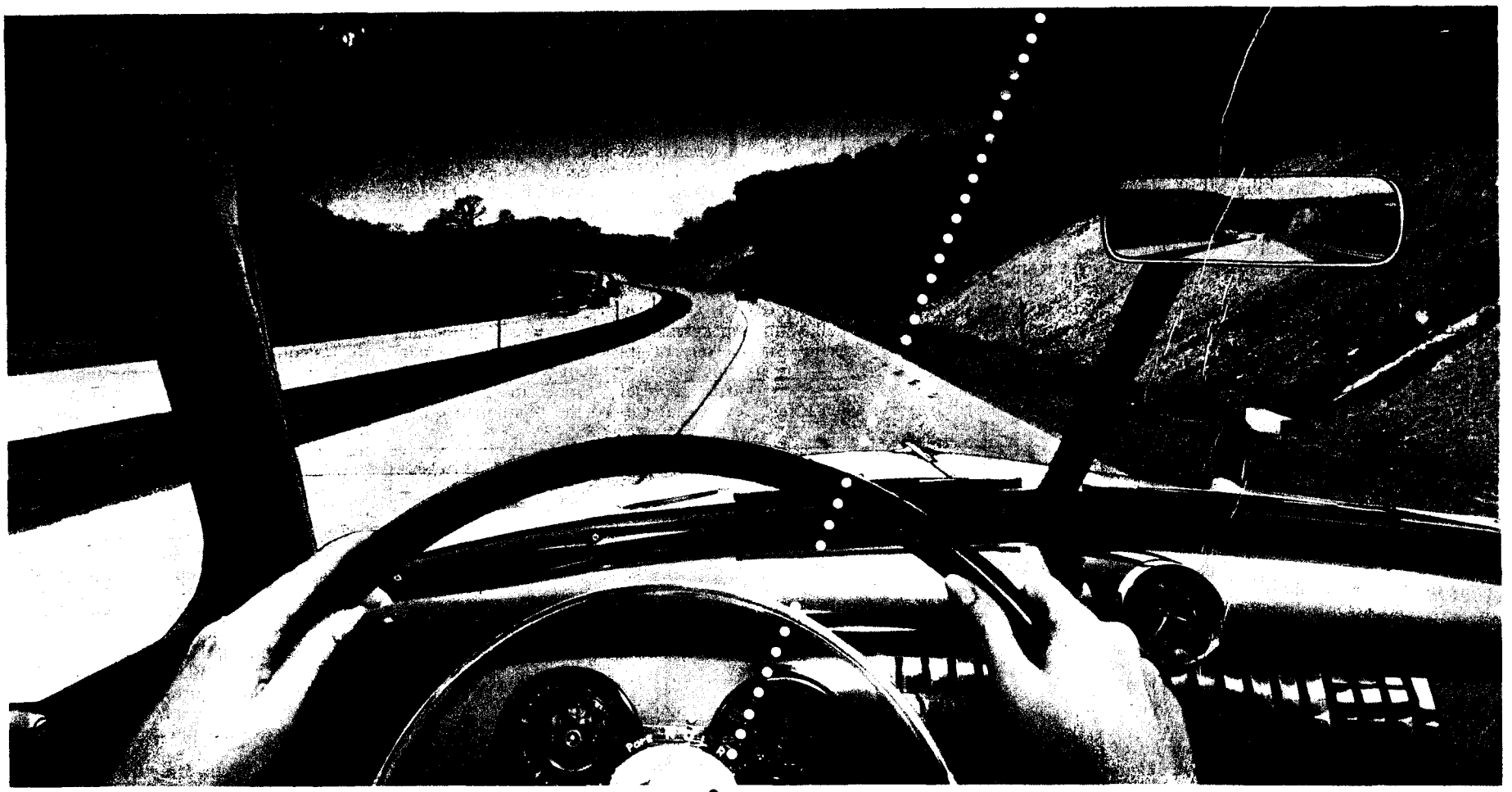

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have hesitated to introduce to Fruity Biffen, Orlo Vosper belonged to the human race, and all members of the human race were to Gally a potential audience for his stories. It was possible, he felt, that the young man had not heard the one about the duke, the bottle of champagne and the female contortionist, so he welcomed him now with a cordial wave of his cigar.

"Well, we got old Clarence off," he said. "Never an easy task. Launching Clarence on one of these expeditions is like launching a battleship. I sometimes feel we ought to break a bottle of champagne over his head. Arising from that, have you heard the one about the duke, the bottle of champagne and the female contortionist?"

"No," said Lord Vosper. "Have you any smelling salts on you?"

Gally blinked. "Smelling salts? I'm sorry. I seem to have come out without mine this morning. Careless. What do you want smelling salts for?"

"I understand one uses them when women have hysterics."

"Hysterics? Who's having hysterics?"

"That large girl in the trousers. Looks after the pigs."

"Monica Simmons, the pride of Roedean. Why is she having hysterics?"

Lord Vosper seemed glad that his companion had put that question. "Ah," he said, "that's what I asked myself. And, what's more, I asked her. I happened to be down by the pig bin just now and found her there, and it seemed to me rather peculiar that she should be crying and wringing her hands and all that, so I put it to her straight. 'Is something the matter?' I said."

"Came right to the point, didn't you? And was there?"

"Yes, as I had suspected from the outset, there was. She had had a bereavement. It appears that that pig of Lord Emsworth's, the one they call the Empress, is missing."

At any other moment, Gally would have said, "On how many cylinders?" for he liked his joke of a morning, but these devastating words put whimsical comedy out of the question. It was as though he had been hit over the head with a blunt instrument.

"Bad show, what?" Orlo said. "One needs smelling salts."

Gally spoke in a low, grating voice. "You mean the Empress isn't there? She's gone?"

"That's right. Gone with the wind. Or so this Simmons tells me. According to the Simmons, her room was empty and her bed had not been slept in. The pig's bed I mean."

He would have proceeded to elucidate the matter further, but Gally had left him. His dapper form was flashing along the terrace, and now it disappeared from view, moving rapidly.

OVER at Matchingham Hall, Sir Gregory Parsloe was in his study doing the Times crossword puzzle, his brow wrinkling as he tried to think what a word in three letters, beginning with E and signifying a large Australian bird, could possibly be. He liked crossword puzzles, but he was not very expert at them. Anything more abstruse than the Sun God Ra generally had him baffled.

It may seem odd that this jilted lover should have been occupying himself with large Australian birds on the morning after the shattering of his romance, but British baronets, like British pigmen, are resilient. A night's sleep had done wonders for the Squire of Matchingham.

When a man of Sir Gregory's age and temperament is informed by his prospective bride shortly before the date fixed for their union that she has made other plans and that there will be no wedding bells for him, he is naturally annoyed, but his chagrin is never so deep or so enduring as would be that of someone like Romeo in similar circumstances. Passion, as it is understood by the Romeos, seldom touches the Sir Gregory Parsloes of this world. What passes for love with them is really not much more than a tepid preference.

Sir Gregory was mildly fond of Gloria Salt, and had been on the whole rather attracted by the idea of marrying her, but it had not taken him long to see that there was a lot to be said in favor of the celibate life. What was enabling him to bear his loss with such fortitude was the realization that, now that she had gone and broken off the dashed engagement, there was no longer any need for all that bally dieting and exercising nonsense. For days he had been yearning for beer with an almost Wellbelovedian intensity, and he was now in a position to yield to the craving. A tankard stood beside him at this very moment, and in the manner in which he raised it to his lips there was something gay and swashbuckling. A woman is only a woman, he seemed to be saying, but a frothing pint is a drink.

And so, even more so, are two frothing pints. He pressed the bell, and Binstead appeared. "Hey!" said Sir Gregory. "Another of those."

"Very good, sir."

"Hey!" said Sir Gregory, when a few minutes later the butler returned with the life-giving fluid. He had just remembered something. "Where did you put that Slimmo stuff?" he asked.

"I placed it in the storeroom cupboard, sir. Should I fetch a bottle, sir?"

"No. I don't want—I've heard from my distant connection, and he doesn't want the stuff. Pour it down the sink."

"Or should I return it to the chemist, sir? He would possibly be willing to refund the money."

"All right. Do that, if you like. If you can get anything out of him, you can keep it."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Binstead.

IT WAS now approaching the hour when it was Sir Gregory's custom to go and pay his respects to Queen of Matchingham, and as he had finished his beer and saw no prospect of ever solving the mystery of that large Australian bird, he rose, lit a fresh cigar with a debonair flourish, and made his way to the sty.

The first thing he beheld on arrival was George Cyril Wellbeloved propped up against a tree, obviously in the grip of one of those hang-overs that mark epochs. So repellent was his aspect that after a brief "Good morning"—and even that caused the pigman to quiver like a smitten blancmange—Sir Gregory averted his gaze and transferred it to the occupant of the sty.

And as he did so, he suddenly stiffened, blinked, dropped his cigar, and stood staring.

"What?" Sir Gregory stammered. "What? What? What?"

The next moment, it seemed to George Cyril Wellbeloved that the end of the world had come and Judgment Day set in with unusual severity.

"What's been going on here?"

"Sir?" George Cyril whispered feebly, clutching his temples.

"Don't stand there bleating like a sheep, you loathsome excrescence. Where's my pig? This isn't my pig. What's become of Queen of Matchingham, and what's this damned animal doing here?"

Except for Lord Emsworth, on whose capabilities in that direction we have already touched, there was not in all Shropshire a more gifted exponent of stout denial than George Cyril Wellbeloved, and in this moment of peril a special effort might have been expected from him. But, in order to deny with the adequate measure of stoutness, a man has to be feeling at the top of his form, and we have been strangely remiss if we have left our public with the impression that George Cyril was at the top of his.

George Cyril Wellbeloved cracked beneath the strain, and soon he was telling all. His story went considerably better than he had anticipated. True, his audience punctuated the narrative by calling him a number of derogatory names, but he was not torn limb from limb, as at one point had seemed likely. Encouraged, he became fluent, and the story went better than ever. As he told of his journey to Blandings Castle and the theft of the Empress, something like a faint smile of approval seemed to flicker across his employer's face.

AND, indeed, Sir Gregory was not ill pleased. It seemed to him that the position of affairs was somewhat similar to that which would have prevailed in the Malemute saloon if Dangerous Dan McGrew and one of his friends had got the drop on each other simultaneously. And on such occasions compromise and bargaining become possible. Moreover, if he now dispatched this pigman to scout around in the grounds of Blandings Castle, it might be possible to ascertain where the opposition had hidden the Queen. That knowledge acquired, what simpler than to send an expeditionary force to the rescue?

A few minutes later, accordingly, George Cyril Wellbeloved was bicycling once more along the old familiar road, while Sir Gregory went to the garage to get out his car. It was his intention to beard Lord Emsworth and that old image, his brother Galahad, in their lair, and tell them one or two things.

"Lord Emsworth in?" he asked, having reached journey's end.

Beach was courtly, but distant. "His lordship has gone to Wolverhampton."

"Where's Mr. Threepwood?"

"Mr. Galahad is also absent."

At that moment Lady Constance came through the hall. "Why, good morning, Sir Gregory. I'm sorry my brothers are out. But won't you stay to lunch?"

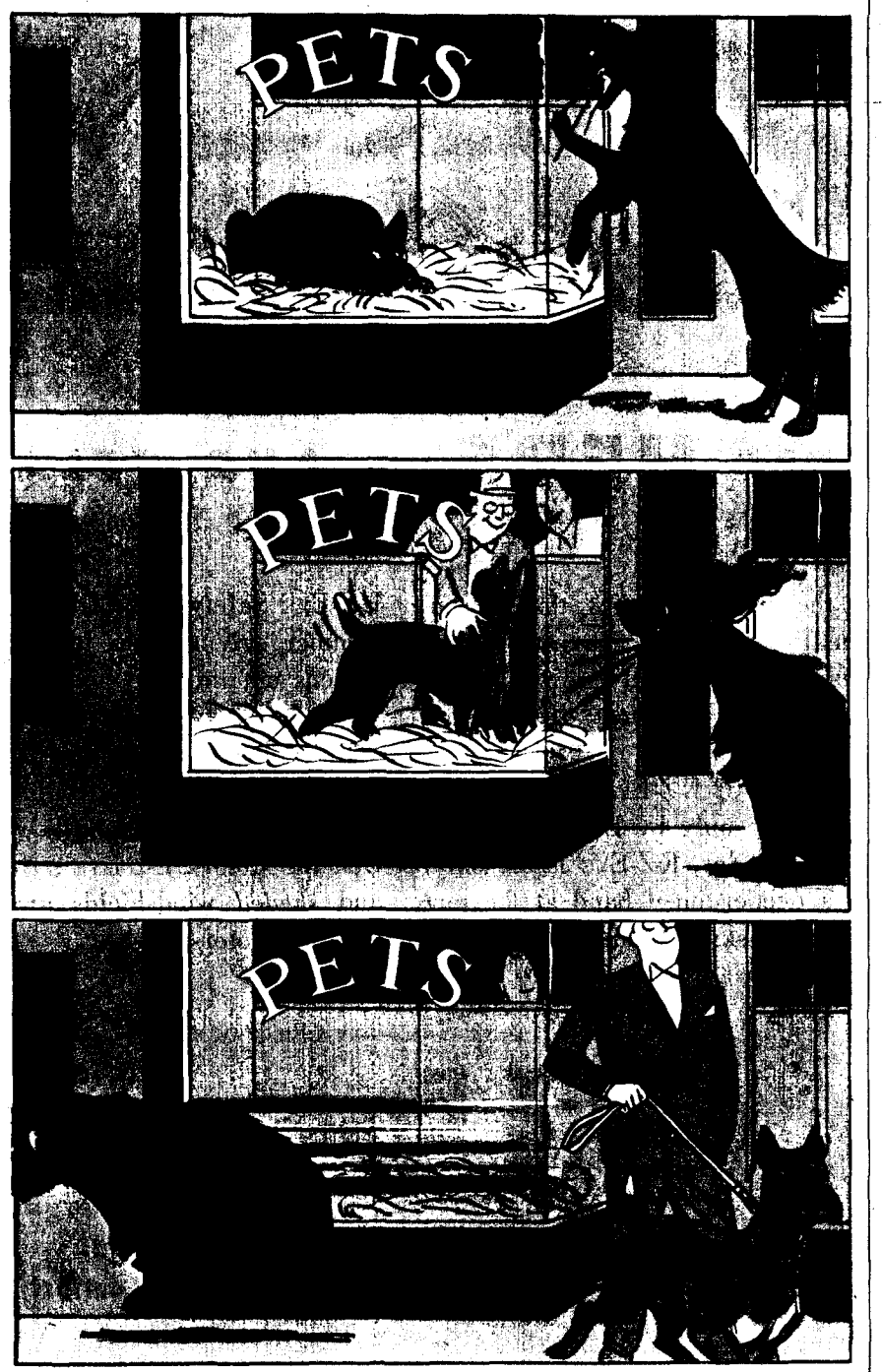
Sir Gregory considered. He had a solid respect for the artistry of the castle cook, and now that Gloria Salt had given him the old heave-ho, there was no obstacle to his enjoyment of it.

"Kind of you," he said. "Delighted."

He looked forward to filling himself to the brim under Gloria's eyes and generally raising hell with the calories. That, in his opinion, would show her she wasn't everybody. . . .

When Gally had left Lord Vosper so abruptly in the middle of their conver-

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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sation on the terrace, it was with the intention of hastening to Matchingham Hall and confronting its proprietor, and such was his agitation of spirit that he was halfway there before he realized that a sensible man would have taken the car instead of walking. It being too late to turn back then, he completed the journey on foot and reached his destination in a state of warmth.

BINSTEAD'S manner, as he imparted the information that Sir Gregory was not at home, should have cooled him, for it was frigid in the extreme. It was impossible for so young a butler to be as glacial as Beach would have been in similar circumstances, but he was as glacial as he knew how to be, and it disappointed him that this visiting pig stealer appeared quite oblivious of his chilliness.

"I'll come in and wait," Gally said, and Binstead did not see what he could do to prevent the intrusion. Reluctantly he conducted Gally to the study, and Gally, making for the sofa, put his feet up with a contented sigh. He then outraged Binstead's feelings still further by asking for a whisky and soda.

"A good strong one," said Gally, and such was the magic of his personality that the butler, who had stiffened from head to foot, relaxed with a meek "Yes, sir."

When he returned with the restorative, Gally had settled down to the Times crossword puzzle. "Thanks," he said. "You don't know what a large Australian bird in three letters beginning with E is, do you?"

"I do not, sir," Binstead said icily, and withdrew.

For some minutes after he was alone, Gally gave himself up to the crossword puzzle, concentrating tensely. But crossword puzzles are only a palliative. They do not really cure the aching heart. Soon his mind was straying back to the burden that weighed on it, and he put the paper down with a weary sigh and gave himself up to thought.

A superficial thinker would have said that the thing was a stand-off. If Empress of Blandings had been removed from circulation, he would have reasoned, so had Queen of Matchingham. Here, in other words, were two pigs, both missing, and these two pigs canceled each other out.

But Gally saw more deeply into the matter, and shuddered at what he saw. What the superficial thinker was overlooking was the fact that while the Empress was the solitary jewel in Lord Emsworth's crown, the man Parsloe had another pig up his sleeve which he could thrust into the arena at a moment's notice. In the whirl of recent events, Monarch of Matchingham, the original Parsloe entry, had rather receded into the background, but it was still there, a unit in the Parsloe stable, and if necessary it could do its stuff.

And with what hideous effectiveness! For two years Monarch of Matchingham had been runner-up in the contest, and in the absence of the Empress its triumph was assured. In other words, all the man Parsloe had to do was to hang on to the Empress, and he would flourish like a green bay tree. If there was a bitterer thought than that, Gally would have been interested to learn what it was.

For a long time the study remained hushed and still. Then the telephone rang, and Gally sat up with a jerk. He lifted the receiver. Somebody at the other end of the wire was saying "Sir," huskily, like a voice speaking from the tomb.

"Who's that?"

"Wellbeloved, Sir Gregory."

Gally was a man of the world, and he knew that pigmen do not call their employers on the telephone unless they have something urgent to say. Plainly this Wellbeloved was about to plot. "Where are you?"

"I'm phoning from the Beetle and Wedge, Sir Gregory. And I was wondering, Sir Gregory," proceeded George Cyril Wellbeloved, a pleading note creeping into his voice, "if under the circs, it being such a warm day and me all worn out from toiling in your interests, I might have a glass of beer."

"Certainly, certainly," Gally answered heartily. "Have all you want and tell them to charge it to me."

There was a silence. It seemed for a moment that the pigman had swooned. When he resumed, it was plain from the new animation with which he spoke that he was feeling that there had been a great improvement in his employer since they had last met. "Well, sir," he said, sunnily, "I've found her."

"Eh?"

"The Queen, sir."

Gally reeled. He had been so sure that his secret was safe from the world, and here he was, unmasked by a pigman. For a long instant he stood speechless. Then he managed to utter. "Good God!"

"Yes, sir, it took a bit of doing, but I did it, and I came along here to the Beetle and Wedge to apprise you of her whereabouts. Well, sir, as I was saying, I proceeded to Blandings Castle and proceeded to lurk unseen. What had occurred to me, thinking it over, was that if the Queen was being held in durance vile somebody would have to be feeding her pretty soon, and this, I presumed, would be done by an underling, if you understand the word, effecting an egress through the back door. So I lurked near the back door, and sure enough out came Mr. Beach, the butler, carrying in his hand a substantial pail and glancing very nervous from side to side as much as to say 'Am I observed?' Well, sir, to cut a long story short, he proceeded to proceed to what is known as the west wood, and there fetched up at an edifice which I assumed to have been at one time the residence of one of the gamekeepers. He effected an entrance. I crope up secretly and looked in through the window, and there was the Queen, sir, as large as life. And then I took my departure and proceeded here and rang you up on the telephone so as to apprise you of what had transpired and leave it to you to take what steps you may consider germane to the issue, trusting I have given satisfaction as is my constant endeavor. And, now, sir, with your permission, I will be ringing off and going and securing the beer you have so kindly donated. Thank you, sir."

"Hey!" shouted Gally.

"Sir?"

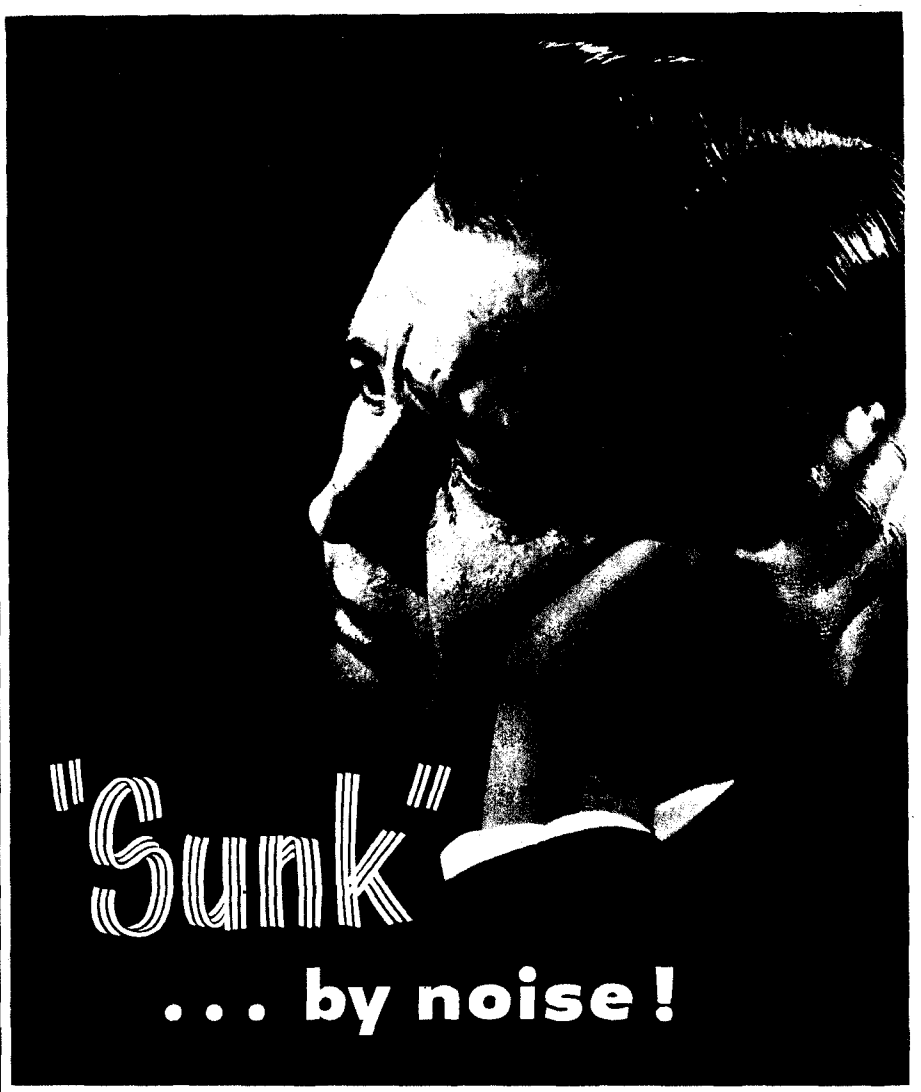
"Where's the Empress?"

"Why, just where we left her, sir," said George Cyril Wellbeloved, surprised, and hung up.

GALLY replaced the receiver, and stood dazed and numb. He was thinking hard thoughts of George Cyril Wellbeloved and wondering a little that such men were permitted to roam at large in a civilized country.

But men of the stamp of the Honorable Galahad Threepwood do not remain dazed and numb for long. Another moment, and he was lifting the receiver and asking for the number of Blandings Castle. And presently Beach's voice came over the wire.

"Beach," said Gally, wasting no time in courteous preliminaries, "pick up those flat feet of yours and race like a mustang to the west wood and remove that pig. That blasted Wellbeloved was tailing you when you went to feed the animal, and has just been making his report to me, thinking that I was the man Parsloe. We've got to find another resting place for the pig before he realizes his error, and most fortunately I



Study this face closely. Note the brow lined with anxiety. The eyes, wan and haggard. The mouth tensed with worry. Remind you of anyone? Someone in your office? *Yourself*, perhaps?

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know of one that will be ideal. Do you remember Fruity Biffen? Don't be an ass, Beach, of course you remember my friend Admiral Biffen. Until a few days ago he was living in a house on the Shrewsbury Road. You can't mistake it. It's got a red roof, and it's called Sunnybrae. Take this pig there and deposit it in the kitchen. What do you mean, what will Admiral Biffen say? He isn't there. He went back to London, leaving the place empty. So put the pig—What's that? *How?* Use a wheelbarrow, man, use a wheelbarrow." . . .

In his office in Long Island City, New York, Mr. Donaldson of Donaldson's Dog Joy was dictating a cable to his secretary.

"Lady Constance Keeble, Blandings Castle, Shropshire, England." Mr. Donaldson thought for a moment. The divine afflatus descended on him, and he spoke rapidly. "Cannot understand your letter just received saying you find my old friend Mrs. Bunbury so charming. Stop. I never had an old friend Mrs. Bunbury. Stop. If person calling self Mrs. Bunbury has insinuated self into Blandings Castle claiming to be old friend of mine comma she is a goshdarned impostor and strongly advocate throwing her out on her—What's the word, Miss Phillips?"

"Keister, Mr. Donaldson."

"Thank you, Miss Phillips. Strongly advocate throwing her out on her keister or calling police reserves. Stop. Old friend of mine forsooth. Stop. The idea. Never heard of such a thing. Stop."

"Shall I add 'Hoity-toity,' Mr. Donaldson?"

"No. Just kindest regards."

THE annual binge or jamboree of the Shropshire, Herefordshire, and South Wales Pig Breeders' Association is always rather a long time breaking up. Pig breeders are of an affectionate nature and hate to tear themselves away from other pig breeders. Consequently, it was not till late in the afternoon that the car which had taken Lord Emsworth and Maudie to Wolverhampton—Alfred Voules, chauffeur, at the wheel—began its return journey.

The conscientious historian is compelled to keep plodding steadily along the dusty highroad of his story, and so the chronicler does not at this point diverge from his tale to give a word-for-word transcript of Lord Emsworth's speech. It would have been a congenial task, calling out all the best in him, but it cannot be done. Fortunately the loss to literature is not irreparable. A full report will be found in the Bridgnorth, Shifnal, and Albrighton Argus (with which is incorporated the Wheat Growers' Intelligencer and Stock Breeders' Gazetteer), which is in every home.

Nor is he able to reveal the details of the conversation in the car, because there was no conversation in the car. It was Lord Emsworth's custom, when traveling, to fall asleep at the start of the journey and remain asleep throughout. Possibly on a special occasion like this a strong man's passion might have kept him awake, at least for the first mile or two, but the cold from which Clarence was suffering lowered his resistance and he had had a tiring day trying to keep his top hat balanced on his head. So nature took its toll, and Maudie, watching him, was well pleased, for his insensibility fitted in neatly with her plans.

As the car neared the homestretch, Alfred Voules heard the glass panel slide back behind him and heard a hushed voice say, "Hey!"

"Listen," whispered Maudie, "do you know a place called Matchingham Hall? And don't yell, or you'll wake Lord Emsworth."

Alfred Voules replied in a hoarse undertone that Matchingham Hall was just round the next bend.

"Stop there, will you. I want to see Sir Gregory Parsloe about something."

"Shall I wait, ma'am?"

"No, don't wait. I don't know how long I shall be," said Maudie, feeling that hours—nay days—might well elapse before she had finished saying to Tubby Parsloe all the things which had been accumulating inside her through the years.

The car slowed to a halt outside massive iron gates. Beyond were opulent-looking grounds and at the end of the long driveway a home of England so stately that Maudie drew her breath in with a quick "Coo!" of awe. Tubby, it was plain, had struck it rich and come a long way since the old Criterion days when he used to plead with her to chalk the price of his modest refreshment up on the slate.

"This'll do," she said. "Drop me here."

SIR GREGORY had just sat down at the dinner table when the doorbell rang. He had had three excellent cocktails and was looking forward with bright anticipation to a meal of the sort that sticks to the ribs and brings beads of perspiration to the forehead. He had ordered it specially that morning, taking

COLLIER'S "We ought to be able to find a full deck in here someplace" BOB SCHROETER

no little trouble over his selections. Freed from the thrall of Gloria Salt, he intended to make up for past privations.

Le Dîner
Smoked Salmon
Mushroom Soup
Filet of Sole
Hungarian Goulash
Mashed Potatoes
Buttered Beets
Buttered Beans
Asparagus with French Dressing
Ambrosia Chiffon Pie
Cheese
Fruit
Petits Fours

He had unfastened the lower buttons of his waistcoat and was in the act of squeezing lemon juice over his smoked salmon, when the door flew open and Maudie burst in, Binstead fluttering in her wake.

The butler's manner seemed to say he had done his best to keep her out but what could one do when a woman was really determined? "Mrs. Stubbs," he announced aloofly and went off, leaving his employer to deal with the situation as he thought best.

Sir Gregory stood staring, the smoked salmon frozen on his fork. It is always disconcerting when an unexpected guest arrives at dinnertime, and particularly so when such a guest is a specter from the dead past. The historic instance, of course, of this sort of thing is the occasion when the ghost of Banquo dropped in to take potluck with Macbeth. It gave Macbeth a start, and it was plain from Sir Gregory's demeanor that he also had had one.

"What? What? What? What? What?" he gasped, for he was a confirmed what-whatter in times of emotion.

Maudie's blue eyes were burning with a dangerous light. "So there you are!" she said. "I wonder you can look me in the face, Tubby Parsloe."

Sir Gregory blinked. "Me?"

"Yes, you."

Maudie, having achieved the meeting for which she had been waiting for ten years, wasted no time beating about the bush. She got down to the *res* without preamble. "A nice thing that was you did to me, Tubby Parsloe," she said, speaking like the voice of Conscience. "Leaving me waiting at the church like *that*!"

Once more Sir Gregory had to fight down a suspicion that his mind was darkening. "*I* left *you* waiting at the church? I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't try that stuff on me. Did you or did you not write me a letter ten years ago telling me to come and get married at St. Saviour's, Pimlico, at two o'clock sharp on June the seventh?"

"June the what?"

"You heard."

"I did nothing of the sort. You're crazy."

Maudie laughed a hard, bitter laugh. She had been expecting some such attitude as this. Trust Tubby Parsloe to try to wriggle out of it. Fortunately she had come armed with indisputable evidence, and she now produced it from her bag. "You didn't, eh? Well, here's the letter. I kept it all these years in case I ever ran into you. Here you are. Look for yourself."

Sir Gregory studied the document dazedly.

"Is that your handwriting?"

"Yes, that's my handwriting."

"Well, read what it says."

" 'Darling Maudie—' "

"Not that. Over the page."

Sir Gregory turned the page.

"There you are. 'Two o'clock sharp, June seven.' "

Sir Gregory uttered a cry. "You're cockeyed, old girl. That's not a seven."

"What's not a seven?"

"That thing there. It's a four. June 4, as plain as a pikestaff. Anyone who could take it for a—Lord love a duck! You don't mean you went to that church on June seventh?"

"Certainly I went to that church on June seventh."

With a hollow groan, Sir Gregory took another forkful of smoked salmon. A blinding light had shone upon him, and he realized how unjustified had been those hard thoughts he had been thinking about this woman all these years. He had supposed that she had betrayed him with a cold, mocking callousness which had shaken his faith in the female sex to its foundations. He saw now that what had happened had been one of those unfortunate misunderstandings which are so apt to sunder hearts, the sort of thing Thomas Hardy used to write about.

"I was there on June the fourth," he told her.

"What!"

Sir Gregory nodded somberly. He was not a man of great sensibility, but he could appreciate the terrific drama of the thing. "In a top hat," he went on, his voice trembling, "and, what's more, a top hat which I couldn't possibly afford. And when you didn't show up and after about a couple of hours it suddenly struck me that you weren't going to show up, I took that hat off and jumped on it. I mean to say, when a man tells a girl to meet a fellow at two o'clock sharp on June the fourth at St. Saviour's, Pimlico, and marry him and so on, and he gets there and there isn't a sign of her, can a chap be blamed for feeling a bit upset? Well, as I was saying, I jumped on the hat, and went off to Paris on one of the tickets I'd bought for the honeymoon. I was luckily able to get a refund on the other. I had quite a good time in Paris. Missed you, of course," Sir Gregory said gallantly.

Maudie was staring, round-eyed. "Is this true?"

"Of course it's true. Dash it all, you don't suppose I could make up a story like that on the spur of the moment? You don't think I'm a ruddy novelist or something, do you?"

This was so reasonable that Maudie's last doubts were resolved. She gulped, her eyes wet with unshed tears, and when he offered her a piece of smoked salmon, waved it away with a broken cry. "Oh, Tubby! How awful!"

"Yes. Unfortunate, the whole thing."

THERE was a silence. Maudie, like Gloria Salt, was thinking of what might have been, and Sir Gregory, his mind back in the days of his solitary honeymoon, was trying to remember the name of that little restaurant behind the Madeleine, where he had had the most amazingly good dinner one night. The first time, he recalled, that he had ever tasted bouillabaisse.

Binstead, who had at last succeeded in restoring his aplomb, now entered, bearing a tureen, and Sir Gregory was recalled with a start to a sense of his obligations as a host.

"What ho, the soup!" he said, welcoming it with a bright smile. "I say, now you're here, you'll stay and have a bite of dinner, old girl, what? Eh? Got to be getting along? Don't be silly. We've got to have a long talk about all sorts of things. My chauffeur can take you back to wherever you're staying. Where are you staying, by the way?"

"I'm at Blandings Castle."

"How the devil did you get there?"

"Gally Threepwood invited me."

Sir Gregory drew his breath in sharply. "That gumboil!"

"Why, Tubby, he's nice."

"Nice, my foot! He's a louse in human shape. Well, come along and sit down," said Sir Gregory, abandoning the distasteful subject. "There's a Hungarian goulash due at any moment which I think you'll appreciate, and I stake my all on the ambrosia chiffon pie. It's made of whipped cream, white

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of egg, powdered sugar, seeded grapes, spongecake, shredded coconut and orange gelatin, and I shall be vastly surprised if it doesn't melt in the mouth."

The presence of Binstead, hovering in the background, obviously hoping to hear something worth including in his memoirs, prevented anything in the nature of intimate exchanges during the meal. But when he had served the coffee and retired, Sir Gregory, heaving a sentimental sigh, struck the tender note.

"Dashed good, that goulash," he said. "I wonder, old girl, if you remember me taking you one evening years ago—or, rather, you taking me, as it turned out, because I was compelled to stick you with the bill—to a little place in Soho where they dished up a perfectly astounding Hungarian goulash?"

"I remember. It was in the spring."

"Yes. A lovely spring evening, with the twilight falling and a new moon glimmering in the sky. And we went to this restaurant and there was the goulash."

"You had three helpings."

"And you the same, if memory serves me right. With a jam omelette to follow. That's what I always admired about you, Maudie; you never went in for this dieting nonsense. You enjoyed your food, and to hell with what it did to your hips. Too many girls nowadays are mad about athletics and keeping themselves fit and all that, and if you ask me, they're a worse menace to the peaceful life of the countryside than bots, glanders, and foot-and-mouth disease. An example of this type of feminine pestilence is my late fiancée, Gloria Salt."

"Aren't you still engaged to Miss Salt?"

"Not any more. She sent me round a note last night telling me to go and boil my head. And a very good thing, too. I should never have asked her to marry me. A rash act. One does these foolish things."

"Didn't you love her?"

"Don't be silly. Of course I didn't love her. There was some slight feeling of attraction, possibly due to her lissom figure, but you couldn't call it love, not by a jugful. I've never loved anyone but you, Maudie."

"Oh, Tubby!"

"You ought to know that. I told you often enough."

"But that was years ago."

"Years don't make any difference when a fellow really bestows his bally heart. Yes, dash it, I love you, old girl. I fought against it, mark you. Thinking you had let me down, I tried to blot your image from my mind, if you follow what I mean. But when you came in at that door, looking as beautiful as ever, I knew it was no good struggling any longer. And later, when I watched you wading into that ambrosia chiffon pie, obviously enjoying it, I mean to say *understanding* it, plainly getting its inner meaning and all that, I said to myself, 'My mate!' I realized that we were twin souls and that was all there was about it."

"Oh, Tubby!"

SIR GREGORY took a moody salted almond, frowning as he ate it. "You keep saying 'Oh, Tubby!' but a fat lot of use that is. I said we were twin souls, and we are twin souls, but under prevailing conditions what the hell's the *good* of our being twin souls? I mean, you can't get away from the fundamental fact that you're married."

"No, I'm not."

"Pardon me. You must have forgotten. I distinctly heard Binstead announce you as 'Mrs. Stubbs.' "

"But Cedric's dead."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Sir Gregory said politely. "Here today and gone tomorrow, what? Who is Cedric?"

"My husband."

Sir Gregory, who had taken another salted almond, held it poised in air. He looked at her with a wild surmise. "Your husband? He's *dead?*"

"He died five years ago."

Sir Gregory was so moved that he returned the salted almond to its dish untasted.

"Let's get this straight," he said, his voice and chins shaking a little. "You say your husband is no longer with us? He has handed in his dinner pail? Then, as I see it, this means that you're at a loose end, like me."

"Yes."

"Nothing in the world to stop us getting married any dashed moment we care to."

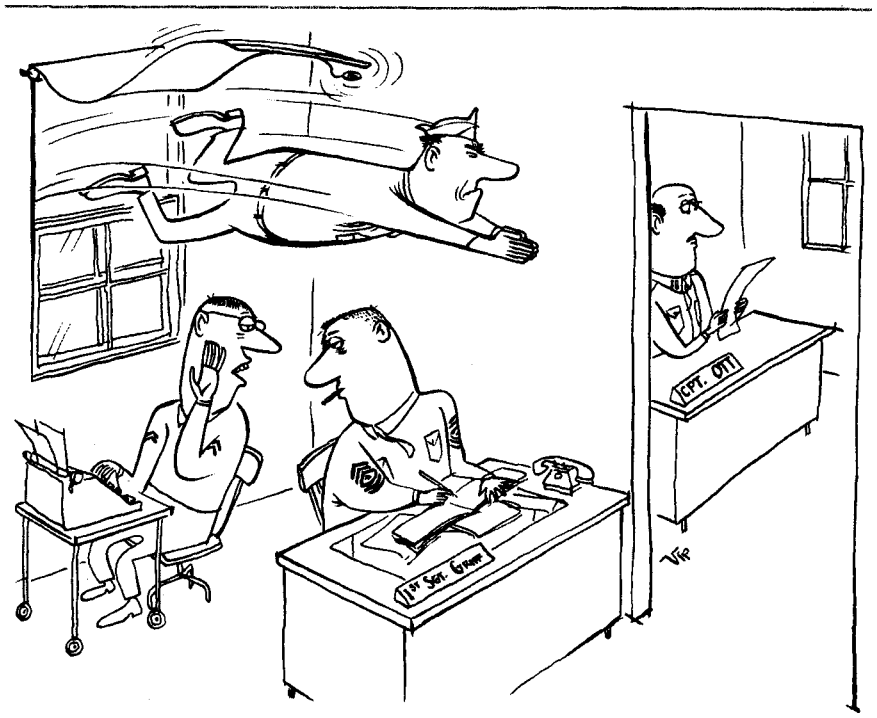
"No."

Sir Gregory reached out for her hand as if it had been a portion of ambrosia chiffon pie. "Then how about it, old girl?"

"Oh, Tubby!" said Maudie.

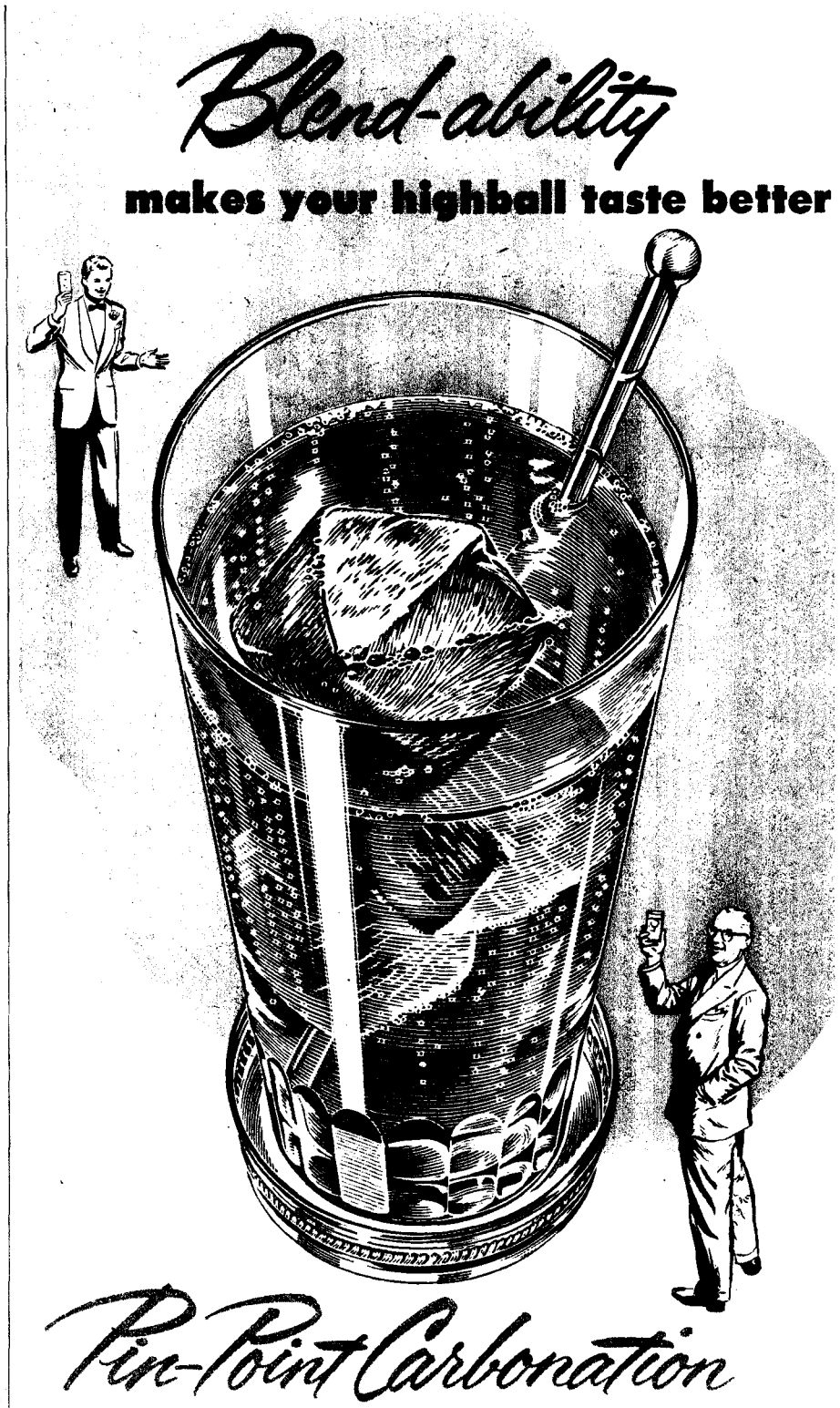
(To be continued next week)

VIP'S WAR



"Don't look now, but Filstrup's going over your head to see the old man"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH



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BASEBALL'S BIGGEST

Brooklyn's Dodgers are valued at $2,000,000 on the hoof. Yet they cost only $120,000

BROOKLYN'S Dodgers have developed a remarkable talent for being on the outside looking in when the World Series starts. They're a Cinderella story in reverse—the coach-and-four turns into a pumpkin *before* the ball starts. Dick Sisler's home run for the Phils in the tenth inning of the final game, with the Brooks, put Philadelphia into the Series in 1950; and Bobby Thomson's homer, in the ninth inning of the third game of the 1951 play-offs, took all the marbles for the Giants from the stunned Dodger crew. But, despite their successive frustrations, sound baseball opinion holds that the Dodgers—pound for pound, franc for franc and dollar for dollar—are the most valuable team in the majors.

And if the current Brooklyn squad is the most valuable in the majors cashwise, it also was one of the cheapest to assemble costwise. A face value of $2,000,000 is a solid estimate of the worth of the 26 players now on the Brooklyn roster, according to baseball executives of other clubs. (The Dodgers are permitted one over the regular limit of 25 because Pitcher Billy Loes, as a returning serviceman, does not count against the total.)

The cost of assembling this squad has been remarkably low, less perhaps than it costs to amass a college football squad which has a chance of getting a bowl bid. In round figures, the price of building this $2,000,000 baseball machine ran to about $120,000. This sum is, of course, merely the amount the Dodgers paid to get the players into the Brooklyn organization; it does not take into account the salaries of scouts, or the maintenance of the minor-league clubs through which they are eventually siphoned to Brooklyn.

Some of the Dodgers are remarkable bargains. Pitcher Ralph Branca, who today would represent $50,000 on the open baseball market, came to the Dodgers for exactly nothing. Another player who didn't cost the Dodgers a penny is Rocky Bridges, the utility infielder. And, when some clubs were nosing around last spring seeking to buy Bridges, the asking price was $75,000.

Branca became a Dodger for free merely because his older brother, John, wanted company. John, who pitched for Mount Vernon (New York) High where Ralph also was on the squad, believed he had big-league possibilities and attended major-league tryout camps run by the Yankees at the Stadium, by the Giants at the Polo Grounds and finally one at Celtic Oval, in the Sheepshead Bay section of Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Dodgers.

At each camp, it was Ralph, rather than John, who impressed. The Yankees felt Ralph was too young and told him they would get in touch with him later, which they never did. The Giants never even gave him a chance to throw a ball. But at

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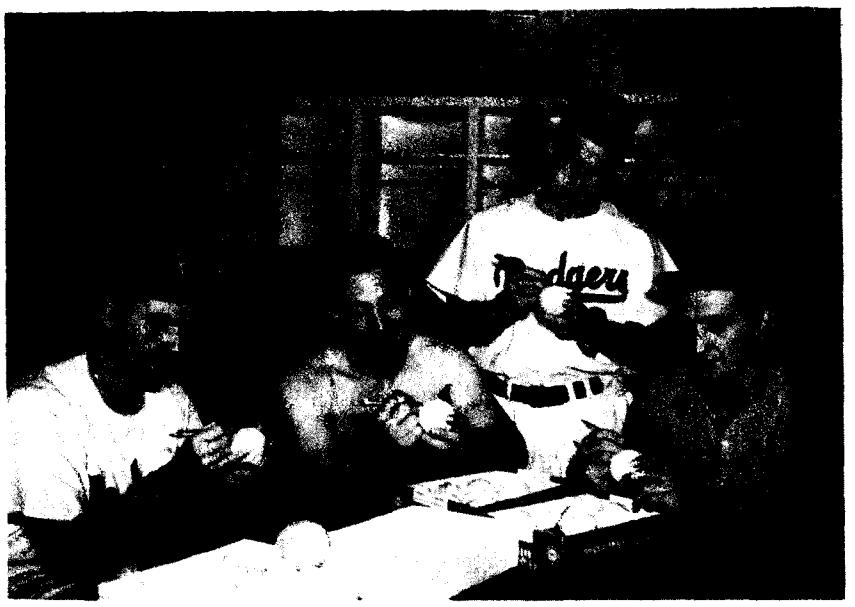
Duke Snider, and pitcher Preacher Roe. The 8 players, now worth $1,000,000, cost $46,300 cash; some arrived in deals

Cost $29,500, worth $300,000: Left fielder Andy Pafko, pitcher Billy Loes, Rocky Bridges, hurler Carl Erskine



All for Nothing: They didn't cost a dime. Tommy Holmes (l.), star Carl Furillo, Rocky Bridges and Ralph Branca

BARGAIN

By TOM MEANY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HUGH BRODERICK

For example, the price tag on Roy Campanella was $300 and he is now worth $250,000

Celtic Oval, Joe Labate of the Dodger staff thought the big fellow had a big-league future and persuaded him to sign with the Dodgers for free.

Tom Downey, who formerly scouted the California area for the Dodgers, was responsible for obtaining Rocky Bridges at no cost. He saw Bridges playing for Long Beach High and quickly offered him a contract, with no bonus, to play for Santa Barbara, a Dodger farm.

In a questionnaire which the Dodgers distribute to their players, Bridges wasted no words in answering the question, "Explain the circumstances of your first becoming connected with the Brooklyn organization?"

"They offered me a contract and I signed it," Rocky wrote forthrightly.

The Dodger with the highest price tag is Roy Campanella, the Negro catcher who was the National League's Most Valuable Player last season.

Collier's for September 6, 1952

Roy, who has caught every inning of every All-Star game for the National League since Billy Southworth sent him in to relieve Andy Seminick in the fourth inning of the 1949 game, is valued at $250,000. And, with the current lack of good-hitting, first-flight receivers, there are those who think that figure conservative.

Campanella Calls on Branch Rickey

Campanella came to the Dodgers for practically nothing. When he went for his first interview with Branch Rickey, then Brooklyn's resident genius, he had a slip of paper which Charley Dressen had given him, reading: "Take the 'A' train. Get off at Jay Street, Boro Hall." Dressen, then a coach under Leo Durocher with the Dodgers, had told Campy that Rickey wanted to see him. Roy had an idea that Branch wanted him to catch for the Brown Dodgers, a Negro team playing in a newly formed league which Brooklyn was supposed to be subsidizing. Roy wound up with a contract for Nashua, New Hampshire, in the Class B New England League at $1,000 a year and a bonus of $300.

On a contract-cost comparison with his price tag, Campanella is the greatest of all the Dodger bargains—$250,000 for a $300 investment. But if the big catcher is the most profitable of all the Brooklyn ventures into the ivory market, Carl Furillo is the strangest Dodger bargain.

Furillo, the right fielder with the machine-gun arm, would bring $100,000—if the Dodgers wanted to sell him to another club. Carl represents a cash outlay of $5,000. However, the Dodgers found Furillo in a grab-bag deal worth much more than their five G's. Let Fresco Thompson, vice-president in charge of the Dodger farm clubs, explain the deal:

"There was a Pennsylvania chicken farmer

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For $5,000, the Dodgers got a bus, 40 uniforms and 18 players. One was Carl Furillo

named Robert Eddington, who thought he'd like to get into baseball," says Thompson. "He purchased the Reading, Pennsylvania, franchise for one year, couldn't draw any fans, got a bellyful and decided to sell it. The Dodgers bought it for $5,000 and here's what we got: the franchise, a bus worth about $3,500, 40 sets of uniforms, Furillo and 17 other ballplayers! We were even able to sell a couple of the other players to other major-league clubs."

Rickey is generally credited with giving the Dodgers their tremendous backlog of ballplayers, although Larry MacPhail was the boss man in Brooklyn when the Furillo-Reading deal was negotiated. After MacPhail went into the Army at the end of the 1942 season and Rickey replaced him as the club's general manager, the Mahatma went on a nation-wide man hunt—or rather, boy hunt. Tryout camps were set up all over the country and letters were written to over 5,000 high-school coaches asking them to recommend local prospects who were still under eighteen and not yet eligible for the draft.

Cornering the Rookie Market

Of the thousands of players Dodger scouts looked at, it was inevitable that some should have big-league possibilities. And, even though the vast majority of those with talent soon wound up with Uncle Sam, the important point was that they were under contract to the Dodgers.

In the spring of 1946 when the war clouds rolled away, or seemed to, the Dodgers and Rickey had cornered the market on young talent. Other clubs had to come to the Dodgers for the man power with which to stock their farm systems. Thus it is no accident that, today, many of the players scattered throughout both major leagues were originally brought into organized baseball via Rickey's wartime dragnet. No fewer than 14 of the Chicago Cubs once were in the Brooklyn organization, as was Irv Noren, the outfielder whom the Yankees obtained from Washington early this season in exchange for Jackie Jensen, Spec Shea and Archie Wilson.

President Walter F. O'Malley of the Dodgers, whose fine legal mind sometimes reels when it contemplates the tortuous processes of baseball, makes it plain that the valuable talent on display at Ebbets Field wasn't mined without a certain amount of expense.

"It costs us about $600,000 annually to operate our farm system," he says. "That includes scouts' salaries, and scouts' expense accounts—no small item when you consider the amount of territory they cover.

"You can reasonably expect the farm system to produce about four players annually who are capable of joining the parent club. They won't be four stars, of course, but they'll be four players of sufficient ability to keep them in the majors.

"If you balance these players against the cost of operating the farm system, you can see that comes to about $150,000 each. That's expensive even in these inflated times. As a matter of fact, it's *too* expensive. To balance the books, you therefore have to be sure that the farms develop players whose contracts can be sold to other major-league clubs."

The value of players fluctuates with their performance. Pitcher Clyde King, for instance, who won 14 games for the Dodgers last season, probably had a $40,000 price tag at the end of the season. It dropped considerably when he got off to a bad start this year. King received $5,000 when the Dodgers signed him out of the University of North Carolina. And you couldn't have purchased Clem Labine for less than $50,000 after he shut out the Giants in the second play-off game last year. Pitcher Labine cost the Dodgers $1,000. After a few early thumpings this season, the price dropped to $35,000. He's now ticketed at $50,000 again.

Duke Snider, Brooklyn's brilliant center fielder, is priced at $150,000. There certainly isn't anything the Duke can't do on a ball field, and there are sage baseball men, Rickey among them for one, who believe Snider still hasn't cashed in 100 per cent on his potential. If he does, they claim he might be rated in the quarter-million-dollar class with Campanella. Regardless, Duke still must be considered one of Brooklyn's better bargains. He cost $1,000. Again Tom Downey was the bloodhound who tracked down the piece of diamond talent for the Dodgers—not too difficult a task either, for the Duke was a riot at Compton (California) High School, where he won sixteen letters, pitched a no-hitter and batted spectacularly.

Player	Estimated Value	Cost of Contract
BLACK, JOE	$ 40,000	$ 5,000
BRANCA, RALPH	50,000	0
BRIDGES, ROCKY	75,000	0
CAMPANELLA, ROY	250,000	300
COX, BILLY	100,000	Trade (a)
ERSKINE, CARL	75,000	8,500
FURILLO, CARL	100,000	5,000 (b)
HODGES, GIL	150,000	1,500
HOLMES, TOMMY	10,000	0
KING, CLYDE	25,000	5,000
LABINE, CLEM	50,000	1,000
LANDRUM, JOSEPH	50,000	3,000
LOES, BILLY	75,000	21,000
MORGAN, BOBBY	50,000	500
NELSON, ROCKY	10,000	10,000
PAFKO, ANDY	75,000	Trade (c)
REESE, PEE WEE	100,000	35,000
ROBINSON, JACKIE	150,000	3,500
ROE, PREACHER	100,000	Trade (a)
RUTHERFORD, JOHN	40,000	500
SHUBA, GEORGE	50,000	300
SNIDER, DUKE	150,000	1,000
VAN CUYK, CHRIS	50,000	3,000
WADE, BEN	50,000	Trade (d)
WALKER, RUBE	40,000	Trade (c)
WILLIAMS, DICK	40,000	1,500

(a) Billy Cox, Preacher Roe and Gene Mauch came from Pittsburgh for Dixie Walker, Vic Lombardi and Hal Gregg

(b) Obtained with 17 other players, bus and 40 uniforms when Reading franchise was purchased for $5,000

(c) Pafko, Walker, Schmitz and Terwilliger obtained from Cubs in exchange for Hatten, Hermanski, Edwards and Miksis

(d) Obtained from Cubs' organization in exchange for Preston Ward

More Six-Figure Ballplayers

In addition to Campanella, Furillo and Snider, the six-figure ballplayers on the Dodgers are second baseman Jackie Robinson and first baseman Gil Hodges, at $150,000 each; and shortstop Pee Wee Reese, third baseman Billy Cox and pitcher Preacher Roe, who are rated at $100,000 apiece. The ninth regular, outfielder Andy Pafko, is a "steal" at $75,000. The line-up puts a face value of $1,175,000 on the Dodger starting team any day that Roe is the pitcher.

It is difficult to put an actual estimate on what Roe and Cox cost the Dodgers, since they came to Brooklyn from Pittsburgh in a deal for Dixie Walker, Hal Gregg and Vic Lombardi. Pafko represents a trade which sent Gene Hermanski, Joe Hatten, Eddie Miksis and Bruce Edwards to the Cubs last year in exchange for Pafko, catcher Al Walker, infielder Wayne Terwilliger and pitcher Johnny Schmitz. Hermanski, Pafko's opposite number, cost the Dodgers $1,500.

Hodges was such a prodigy in American Legion ball in Indiana that Brooklyn scouts rushed him East so Rickey could personally give him the once-over. Gil worked out at Ebbets Field under the Mahatma's eagle eye as a catcher, at first base and at third. And his talents pleased Rickey to the extent that he parted with $1,500 to get Gil's signature on a contract.

The two most expensive players on the Dodgers are Billy Loes, a bonus pitcher, and Reese, the club's captain, who was purchased from Louisville in the American Association for $35,000. After a dozen years with Brooklyn, Pee Wee is valued at nearly three times his original purchase price.

When still a high-school kid, Loes received a bonus of $21,000 to sign with the Dodgers and he is valued at $75,000 today. If that seems a high figure for a boy who is getting his first trial in the majors, consider that the Boston Red Sox a couple of months ago paid out the astounding total of $476,000 for six kids who never played an inning of professional baseball!

Like any other baseball club, the Dodgers make their number of bad guesses. There was the celebrated case of Joe Tepsic, the twenty-three-year-old graduate of Penn State. Hearing glowing reports on the young collegian, Rickey invited him to work out at Ebbets Field after his graduation in 1946. The team was on the road and Bill Boylan, the press club steward and a former pitcher, was asked to serve them up to him. After watching Tepsic belt several of Boylan's slants into the stands, Rickey paid Joe $17,500 to sign a contract and promised him that he wouldn't be shipped down to the minors for the balance of the year, unless he gave his consent.

The Dodgers were in a mad struggle with the Cardinals for the pennant that year, and they wound up in a play-off. Leo Durocher, then the Brooklyn pilot, asked Tepsic to step down to the minors. Joe hadn't been able to hit major-league pitching and his departure would have made room on the roster to bring up an experienced pitcher. But Joe refused. The Dodgers, as second-place team in the league, however, in dividing their World Series purse, voted the stubborn Mr. Tepsic only one eighth of a share. Though it was the team's way of rebuffing Joe for his refusal to co-operate, sports writers described Tepsic's percentage of the purse as "the most improper fraction in the history of mathematics."

Boylan personally felt bad about Tepsic's batting average of .000—almost as bad as Rickey did.

"Mr. Rickey gave me 20 bucks to pitch against the kid," said Bill, "and I almost felt like giving it back."

Since Bill didn't allow his conscience to overpower him to the extent of returning the double sawbuck, Tepsic actually cost the Dodgers $17,520. All they were able to salvage of this sum was $1,500 when they sold Joe to a Class B club in Texas.

Profit in Breaking Color Line

The Dodgers were the first club to break the color line in baseball. As a result, they obtained several players from the Negro leagues cheaply. There was the $300 they paid Campanella for signing. Robinson, the first Negro to play in the majors, received $3,500. But pitcher Joe Black, who came to the Dodgers from Montreal this season, was purchased for $5,000. Black, whose relief work for the Dodgers has been superb, is now valued at $40,000.

Perhaps the most complicated contract deal the Dodgers ever negotiated was in signing Carl Erskine, their no-hit hurling hero. Carl got not one, but two bonuses to become a Dodger. He received $3,500 to sign with the Dodgers in July, 1946, while he was still in the Navy. Since signing a player still in service was a violation of baseball law, Erskine was made a free agent by Commissioner A. B. (Happy) Chandler at the end of 1946. Brooklyn promptly gave him another bonus, $5,000 this time, and signed him all over again. After his no-hitter against the Cubs last June, you couldn't have purchased Carl for less than $75,000.

The bargains the Dodgers have found may make baseball seem an extremely attractive business speculation. Yet, as the Congressional Committee headed by Representative Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.) discovered last year when it investigated baseball, the financial prospect isn't all beer and skittles. Fewer than half the 16 major-league clubs have shown a profit over a five-year period. One bad year can wipe out the profits of four or five good ones.

Brooklyn, with the most valuable collection of players in either league, is unlikely to show a profit this year unless it gets into a World Series.

As a matter of fact, the one way a baseball club would be sure of making money in this business would be to go out of business. If O'Malley and his associates sold all the players on their roster, they could show a nice profit. But they would, of course, have no ball club. ▲▲▲

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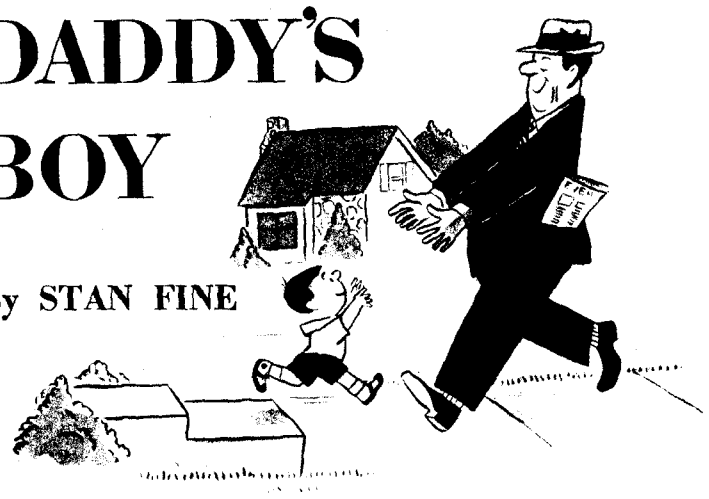
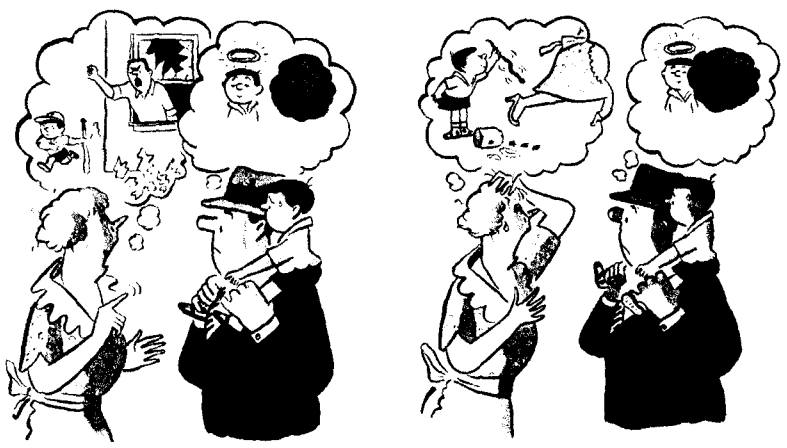
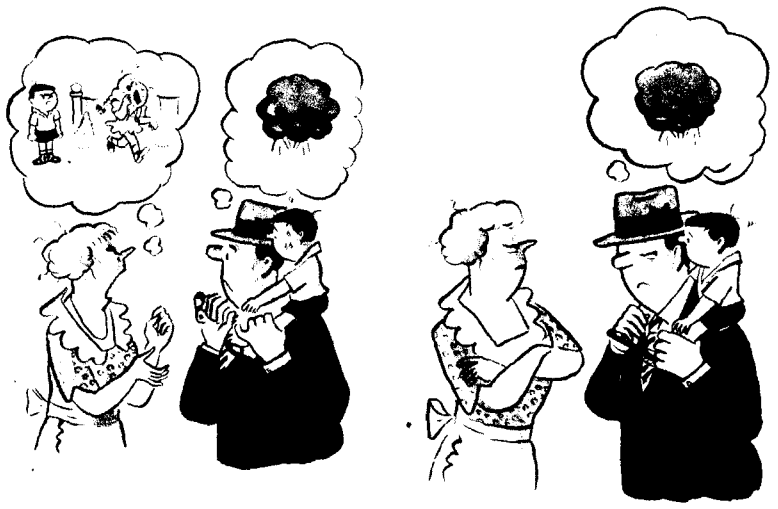
DADDY'S BOY

By STAN FINE







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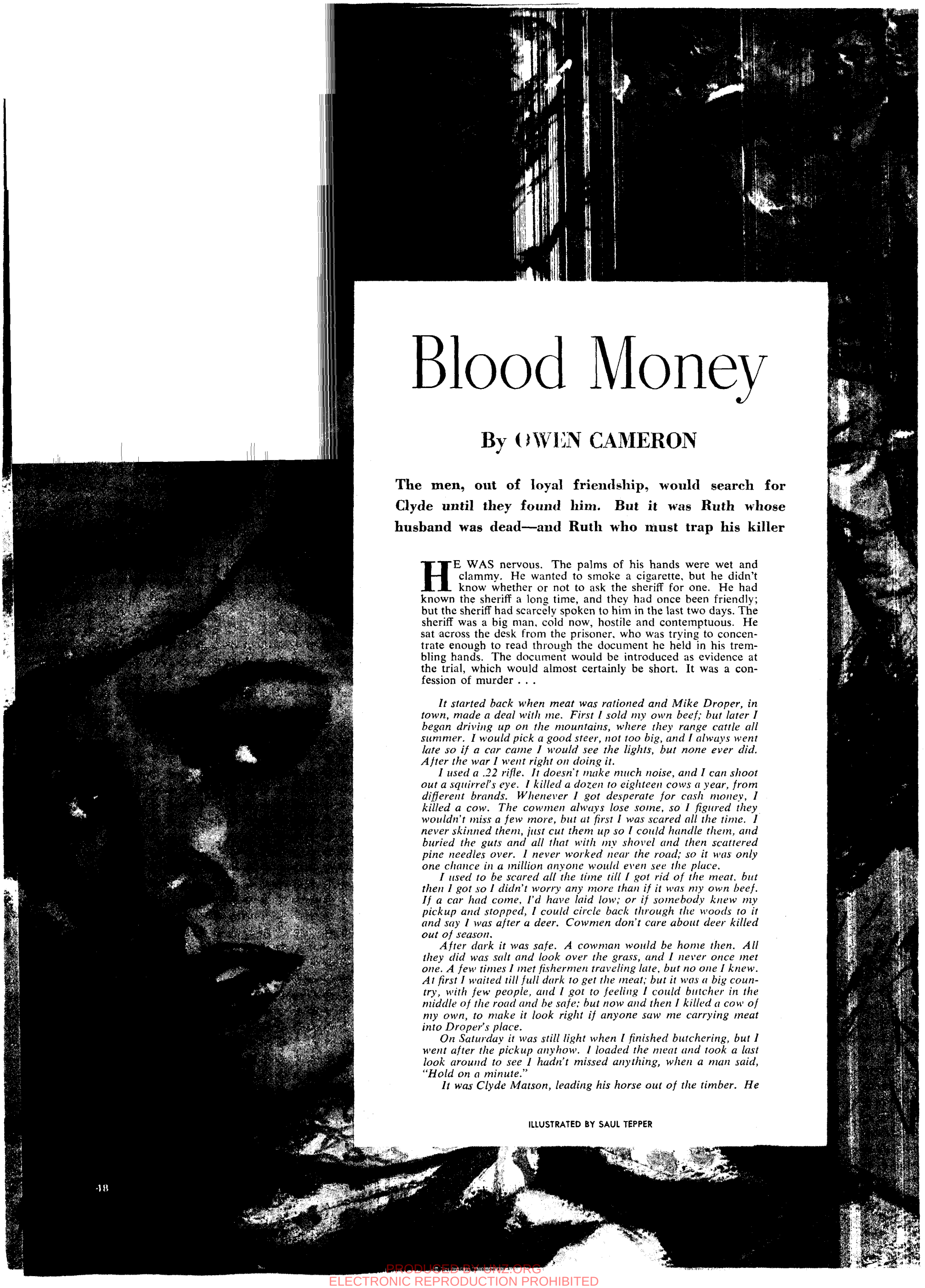

Blood Money

By OWEN CAMERON

The men, out of loyal friendship, would search for Clyde *until they found him. But it was Ruth whose* husband was dead—and Ruth who must trap his killer

HE WAS nervous. The palms of his hands were wet and clammy. He wanted to smoke a cigarette, but he didn't know whether or not to ask the sheriff for one. He had known the sheriff a long time, and they had once been friendly; but the sheriff had scarcely spoken to him in the last two days. The sheriff was a big man, cold now, hostile and contemptuous. He sat across the desk from the prisoner, who was trying to concentrate enough to read through the document he held in his trembling hands. The document would be introduced as evidence at the trial, which would almost certainly be short. It was a confession of murder . . .

It started back when meat was rationed and Mike Droper, in town, made a deal with me. First I sold my own beef; but later I began driving up on the mountains, where they range cattle all summer. I would pick a good steer, not too big, and I always went late so if a car came I would see the lights, but none ever did. After the war I went right on doing it.

I used a .22 rifle. It doesn't make much noise, and I can shoot out a squirrel's eye. I killed a dozen to eighteen cows a year, from different brands. Whenever I got desperate for cash money, I killed a cow. The cowmen always lose some, so I figured they wouldn't miss a few more, but at first I was scared all the time. I never skinned them, just cut them up so I could handle them, and buried the guts and all that with my shovel and then scattered pine needles over. I never worked near the road; so it was only one chance in a million anyone would even see the place.

I used to be scared all the time till I got rid of the meat, but then I got so I didn't worry any more than if it was my own beef. If a car had come, I'd have laid low; or if somebody knew my pickup and stopped, I could circle back through the woods to it and say I was after a deer. Cowmen don't care about deer killed out of season.

After dark it was safe. A cowman would be home then. All they did was salt and look over the grass, and I never once met one. A few times I met fishermen traveling late, but no one I knew. At first I waited till full dark to get the meat; but it was a big country, with few people, and I got to feeling I could butcher in the middle of the road and be safe; but now and then I killed a cow of my own, to make it look right if anyone saw me carrying meat into Droper's place.

On Saturday it was still light when I finished butchering, but I went after the pickup anyhow. I loaded the meat and took a last look around to see I hadn't missed anything, when a man said, "Hold on a minute."

It was Clyde Matson, leading his horse out of the timber. He

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

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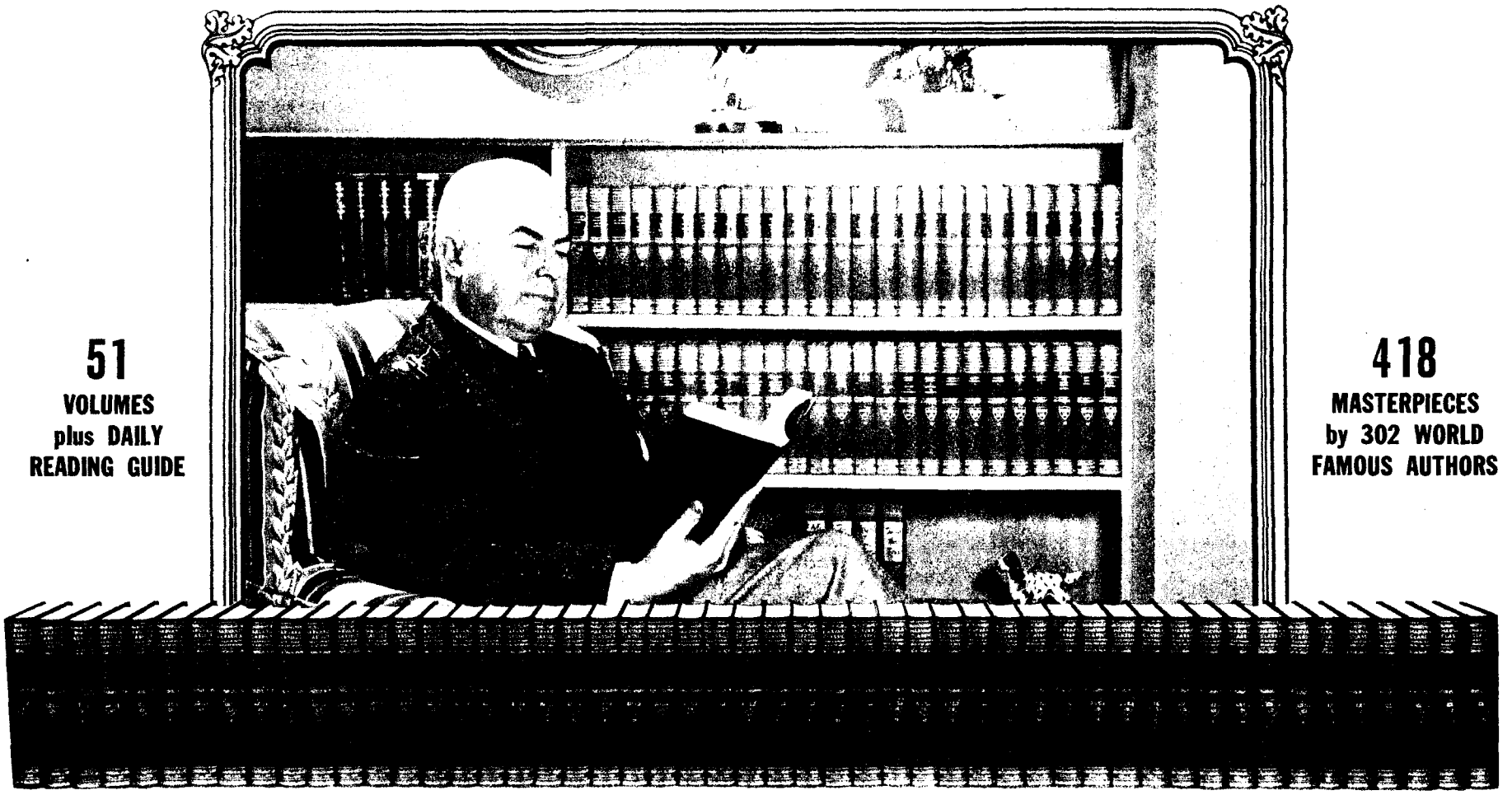

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went over to where I'd buried the mess and said, "I've been watching you. You're in a fix, my friend."

He looked at me and got into the saddle and started off, and I tried to call him back, but I couldn't. I don't know what I thought. Not so much jail, I guess, but neighbors looking at me like Clyde did. He was about sixty feet off when I reached into the pickup, and got my rifle and shot him. In the head. I didn't think, just pulled the trigger; and he kind of jerked and laid over the saddle horn and stayed like that a minute and then slid sideways without ever saying a word. The horse kept walking till Clyde fell out of the saddle. One foot hung in the stirrup, and the horse kind of shied around and stopped. I jumped in my car and started it, and then I jammed on the brakes and leaned out and hollered, "Hey, Clyde!" I couldn't believe he was dead till I got out and looked at him. Then I knew I had to do something.

My hands shook so I couldn't roll a cigarette, but after a while I lifted Clyde in back with the meat and covered him with the canvas. I tied the horse to the tail gate and drove slow down the road. The horse led all right. I kept looking ahead and back for car lights. I knew it was best to go a long ways from where I'd shot him, but I was too jumpy. After about a mile, I turned the horse loose and ran it off and took Clyde and . . .

CLYDE'S horse might have gone lame. Clyde might have crippled a bear and tried to trail it; or he might have stopped the night at a friend's house. There were a dozen possible explanations; but by noon Sunday, Ruth Matson was badly worried and drove in the pickup to question neighbors, who turned out to help, as neighbors will.

Ruth knew approximately where her husband had been riding, and they found fresh salt at three licks and fresh horse tracks on the road. In the timber, dry pine needles held no tracks, but the searchers knew the shape of the land and knew how a man or horse would move through it; so it was not all luck that, just at dusk, Joe Gruber found Clyde's horse not far from the Matsons' fence.

Early next morning, Ruth met the sheriff and two deputies at the store. The news had spread, and there was a small crowd on the long porch—Lloyd Fells, Hap Powell, Adam Burns, Jake Metterman, Gruber and half a dozen others.

Ruth hadn't slept, and she felt a little hysterical, though she forced an appearance of calmness. Clyde had been out for two nights, and on the mountain it was cold enough so that a man badly hurt . . . She pushed the thought away, but another leaped in. If he wasn't badly hurt, why hadn't he made a signal fire?

The sheriff was annoyed that people were already searching for Clyde. Any chance for tracking had been spoiled, he complained.

Lloyd Fells growled, "You can't track, this time of year. I tried. Thing is to find him quick, so if he's alive . . ."

His voice trailed off. No one looked at Ruth, but Jake Metterman said, too loudly, "One time I was throwed and laid unconscious three days."

Ruth spoke with quiet conviction. "That horse never threw Clyde."

"Steadiest little mare I ever saw," Adam Burns said.

The sheriff asked if Clyde had carried a rifle; it had been found in the saddle boot, unfired. Then a deputy said vaguely that Clyde might have dismounted for something and turned his ankle—or something.

None of them said anything Ruth had not thought of a dozen times. If only they would do something! But if she attempted to hurry them, she would only antagonize them. A woman should listen while men settled what was to be done. She felt as if they had turned their backs on her; and, in a way, they had.

Not only was she a woman, she was an outsider, and these hillmen were clannish. Although she had been Clyde's wife for a year, she still wasn't accepted. She was treated courteously, but courtesy wasn't friendliness. Clyde had told her that would come; the friendship of these men was not given lightly.

Lloyd Fells was a near neighbor, a man whose old friendship with Clyde included her only on the surface. Dark, saturnine Joe Gruber had a trick of not seeing her at all. Jake Metterman watched her with furtive desire when he thought she wasn't looking, but Ruth had the feeling that even if he made advances he wouldn't drop the formal "Mrs. Matson." Clyde had said to give them time, but there was no more time.

The sheriff asked a question that she answered mechanically. More people arrived, and others left. A deputy went off with Gruber and Hap Powell. There was endless talk . . .

Ruth glanced around the circle of faces again, and her eyes stayed on Adam Burns, a big, fair man with a hunter's shyness, nearer her own age than Clyde or most of Clyde's friends. She wanted to scream at them to stop talking and look for Clyde, but instead she spoke quietly to Adam Burns.

"We're going up to the last lick Clyde salted. You'll come, Adam?"

He blushed. "Sure, ma'am."

"You might see something they missed. Clyde said you were a fine hunter."

"Only in season." Adam glanced at the sheriff. "I don't kill any illegal venison."

Jake Metterman said, "Who does?"

Lloyd Fells growled that Ruth had better go home; there was nothing she could do. But Ruth insisted, and rode with Lloyd. The sheriff drove his own car, and in Adam's old machine rode Hap Powell and a man named Parker.

THEY turned from the graveled highway on a dusty track called the East Pass road. Narrow and rough, it wound through the timber, climbing erratically toward the high peaks. To the south, in the foothills, was the Matson ranch, and Ruth had glimpses of the green meadows. Clyde had been somewhere up here on Saturday, and perhaps had looked down on the ranch and thought of her. She felt as though she would cry, and her breath caught.

Lloyd glanced at her sharply, and she composed herself. Crying would only irritate Lloyd, who hadn't wanted her along. But she couldn't wait at home with folded hands!

Small groups of cattle moved away from the rush of traffic, and here and there beside the road were parked cars, and trucks and jeeps. People Ruth had never met were in the woods, searching, but the thought did not warm her.

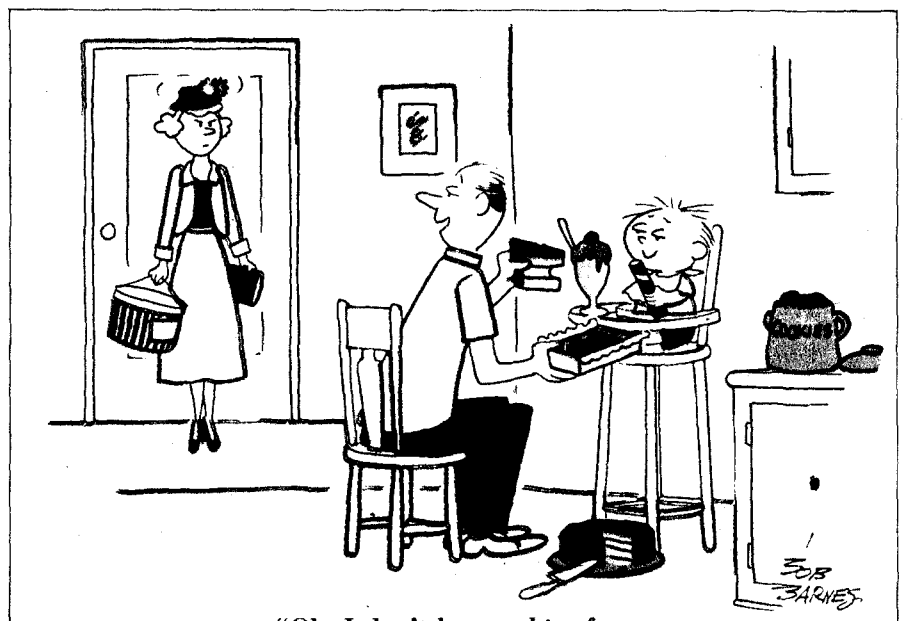
She glanced at Lloyd's set face. "Lloyd, you don't think Clyde is . . . is . . . ?" She could not say the word "dead." "Do you think he was thrown?"

"What else? Like the song says . . . never was a rider couldn't be throwed, never was a horse that couldn't be rode."

Ruth closed her eyes, and they jolted on in silence. On a timbered flat, Lloyd parked beside the pickups of Metterman and Gruber. Adam and the others arrived, and there was more talk.

"Down in the draw is where he salted last, we figure," Lloyd said. "Tracks of a shod horse on the road turned south—home. Could've been made Saturday, though there's been a car along to drift dust over the tracks."

Talk, talk! Ruth wanted to scream, but instead walked across the road, staring blindly at the trees. When she turned back, Lloyd was watching her; and she made herself smile at him. The others pretended she wasn't there at all, but home, where a woman belonged.



COLLIER'S **"Oh, I don't have a bit of trouble getting him to eat"** BOB BARNES

The men went off downhill and she was truly alone, struggling against the quicksands of hysteria. Clyde had always bragged about her brains; but now she couldn't think at all, like a child lost among strangers that is too swamped by panic to recall its own name.

Two years ago, she had come to this mountain country to teach school, and a year later had married Clyde. Money was no part of her reason for marrying a man so much older, although there were people who hinted it was. In every way that mattered, Clyde was young, and no marriage could have been better. Men like Lloyd and Joe Gruber believed a woman's place was in the home, but she and Clyde had been closer than that. As a rule, she rode with him, and if she had been with him Saturday . . .

She forced away the thought; blaming herself was not helping Clyde. Looking at the cars and trucks, she made herself think of the men who owned them . . . Clyde's friends. No two alike, yet all alike in that there was nothing important enough to keep them from coming to aid Clyde. Jake Metterman might gossip slyly about her and Clyde, but he was here. Gruber was miserly of time and money, yet he would grudge neither.

Lloyd Fells returned alone, hurrying. A woman in trouble got notional, he had told the others.

"I'll take you home now," he said. "My old lady will be there to look after you, and Milly Powell's coming over."

"I'd rather stay, Lloyd."

"This ain't no place for you."

Ruth seemed not to hear. Rubbing her hand over the metal box of his pickup, she said, "Do you ever think how different men are? Jake's truck is new as yours, but it's full of junk—canvas, tools, even manure from the last time he hauled a calf. Yours is swept clean, like Clyde keeps ours, and Adam's washed his, but Gruber's is filthy.

"Man with no woman to pick up after him is always neat," Lloyd said curtly. "And Adam's no better tracker than some others. Get in the car."

His roughness made her blink. "Oh, I see. I shouldn't be noticing things about other men now, is that it? I was just trying not to think of—of Clyde."

"Get in," Lloyd repeated, without looking at her. "I'm taking you home, so's I can get back and help."

RUTH climbed into the cab meekly, and they rolled downgrade. Lloyd was always a silent man, but now he was an utter stranger, and Ruth had nothing to say until they reached the graveled road. Then she spoke in a dull voice.

"Clyde's dead. I feel it."

"Don't talk like that."

"Don't talk," she whispered. "Don't think. Don't do anything."

Lloyd started to speak, but checked himself, and no more words passed until he stopped the pickup in the Matson's yard. Ruth said drearily, "Thanks," without looking at him, and went indoors. He sat scowling after her for a long minute before he drove back to the East Pass road to search for Clyde.

The hopes of the searchers sank with the sun. The gunshots that would announce that Clyde had been found were never fired, and at the end of the day the men tramped out of the forest, weary and depressed. To Lloyd went the job of telling Ruth her husband had not been found. She just nodded, dry-eyed.

On Tuesday, the hunt spread over a wider area. Men who had not seen the horse tracks had no faith in them; besides, the tracks might have been a week old. How often did a car travel the East Pass road? Joe Gruber, Lloyd, Adam Burns, Metterman and a few others continued to search the area between the road and the spot where the horse had been found, but at the end of the day the result was nothing—not a trace.

When they trooped wearily back to the road, Ruth was waiting, near the parked cars and trucks, in the Matsons' pickup. The other men passed with brief, uneasy nods, but Lloyd stopped. Gruber and Adam were still out, he told her, but would have signaled if they had found anything.

Ruth's face was drawn and pale, but her voice was steady. "Do you think you will find him?"

Lloyd avoided her eyes. "Tomorrow."

"The sheriff was back this morning. Very polite, but wondering if Clyde and I had quarreled, or why didn't I ride with him Saturday. The whispering had started."

Lloyd squinted at his cigarette and licked the paper. "Sheriff's bound to ask fool questions."

"You don't think it's odd Clyde hasn't been found?"

"We'll find him," Lloyd said stiffly. "Why'n't you stay home? You ought to be where other women can do for you, ma'am."

She looked at him bleakly. "Ma'am? It's been Ruth until now. When are you going back to calling me Mrs. Matson, Lloyd?"

He did not react to the jab, but waited, wooden-faced, until it was clear that Ruth was through speaking, then moved away to his pickup and drove homeward.

It was dark when Joe Gruber came out of the woods to his pickup, which was parked beside Adam's. Gruber drove off, apparently without seeing Ruth, though she wondered.

Sitting in the darkness, she thought

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about Clyde, so fine, so simple and good. Joe Gruber did his own riding because he was too stingy to pay a hired hand; but Clyde loved the smells and sights and sounds of the natural world, as she did. And now, out there in the dark forest . . .

She hadn't known Adam was near until he spoke. "You waiting all alone, ma'am?"

Ruth was startled, but recovered at once and switched on the dome light. "I couldn't leave until last. You stay late, Adam."

"I got no chores. I'll go over every foot of this country, if I got to."

"Do you think you'll find him?"

"I'll find him," Adam said; and blurted, "If he's here."

So Adam had heard the whispers, too. She told him good night, and waited for the bobbing lights of his old machine to lead the way downgrade, homeward.

Hap Powell's daughter was staying with Ruth, doing the housework and the shopping. The store took the place of a local newspaper, and Milly Powell dutifully reported Ruth's words and actions. Ruth hated the girl's prying questions, masked by sympathy, and went to bed early, though not to sleep.

Wednesday was not another day, but the same day over again. The discouraged searchers cast and recast through the forest, and Ruth was on the East Pass road when the first man arrived at dawn, and was waiting at night near the parked cars to follow the last—Adam's again—down the narrow road.

"Just sets and watches," Jake Metterman said at the store that night. "Well, maybe Clyde knew what he was doing when he married a young girl like her. She gets the ranch, I hear."

No one now doubted that Clyde was dead. The question had changed to where—and how.

ON THURSDAY, the more distant neighbors stayed away, and the others were discouraged and said it was a mighty queer thing. At dusk, when Lloyd came out of the woods with Metterman, the two of them stopped at the pickup where Ruth waited.

"Still no trace," Lloyd muttered.

Metterman glanced at Ruth. "Mrs. Matson, what do you think?"

"Does it matter what I think?"

"Just curious," Metterman said, busying himself with making a cigarette, though his quick little eyes flicked at Ruth. "Like Gruber says, we ought to've found him, if he's on top of the ground. Gruber says—"

Lloyd cut him off: "Joe talks too much."

Metterman shrugged, smiled at Ruth, and turned away to his car.

Ruth spoke through stiff lips: "The sheriff was back again last night, wanting to know if Clyde had made a will. Now you're all sure he wasn't thrown by the mare, aren't you? Now the question is, who killed him?"

"Where'd you get the idea he's been killed, all of a sudden?"

"Don't you think so?"

Lloyd growled, "You better quit such talk, Mrs.—Ruth."

"Why?" she asked, bitterly. "Because people will say I'm trying to turn suspicion from myself? So that when he's found, I can claim someone else killed him? Do *you* think that? Do *you* think I come here to watch, like children play hide-the-button? Getting warm, getting warmer!" Her voice went suddenly shrill. "But if I'm not 'it'?"

Lloyd said heavily, "You're talking like a crazy woman."

A minute later, the dust of his going was settling on the road, and Ruth was alone. She covered her face with her hands, shivering like a lost child; but when Adam came from the woods, she had a smile for him. He went to his pickup without stopping to speak. . . .

That night at the store, Jake Metterman remarked, "She don't behave natural. Who's seen her carry on or cry?"

"She looks worried enough," said Adam Burns.

Jake's glance slid from man to man. "Thing is, what's she worrying about?"

The others were silent until Hap Powell said grimly, "I aim to find Clyde, if it takes a hundred years."

Adam Burns murmured, "We all do."

THE next day was Friday. The searchers had no hope, only stubbornness. They were fewer, but grimly determined to find Clyde's body.

That morning, Milly Powell made her daily trip to the store early. Milly's gossip was usually thin, but today she was bursting with news. Mrs. Matson believed her husband was alive! If she didn't say so right out, at least she plainly hinted Clyde had left the country, maybe with another woman.

The storekeeper said that Matson woman must be crazy. Clyde never was that sort; besides, what other woman?

Milly shrugged. "I never said I believed it. But maybe she'd like folks to. She says what made her suspicious was the money. Clyde had two thousand dollars in a money belt."

Many cattlemen distrusted banks, but neither the storekeeper nor anyone else would believe Clyde had run off. However, Milly's report was passed on.

Lloyd Fells heard it late, after supper. When he arrived at the store, a little group of men was rehashing the gossip on the dim-lit porch. Lloyd listened, and then said angrily that it wasn't even a reasonable lie. Furthermore, this was the first he'd heard of a money belt, in all the years he had known Clyde.

"Not a thing he'd talk about," said Hap Powell. "Clyde always did have ready cash. But the point is—"

"When we find him, there won't be money or belt!"

"I believe it," Metterman put in.

"Point is," persisted Hap, "why'd she say Clyde run off? She think we'll stop hunting him? Anybody could use that much, and if the belt's gone, maybe we're supposed to blame a robber. If it turns out he's been killed . . ."

"If?" sneered Metterman.

Lloyd cried, "By God, it's time this was settled! I'm going to get the truth, or— She home?"

"Followed me down, like always," Adam said. "I'll believe in a money belt when I see it. The job now is to find Clyde, and it's a tough job. Time I headed home for bed."

The group broke up, the others bound homeward, Lloyd driving straight to the Matson ranch. Ruth was not there; she hadn't come home at all, Milly told him, and added, "It's so late, I thought she'd had car trouble."

"Soon find out," Lloyd said.

He drove fast, far along the East Pass road, but the headlights did not show him Ruth's pickup, and he at last turned back. Rounding a turn a quarter of a mile below, he all but smashed into a pickup that was stopped in the road without lights. As he stamped toward it, the lights came on, blindingly.

Ruth's voice reached him. "What are you doing here?"

Now he could see inside the cab. "Me? Where *you* going?"

"Waiting for him. Maybe he'll be in a different car. He's cunning enough to—"

Lloyd interrupted roughly: "Why'd you tell Milly that lie about the money?"

Her hesitation was barely perceptible. "I had to help myself. None of you would. Only one of you doesn't think I killed my husband—the man who did."

"You can look as guilty as you like now"
COLLIER'S CHON DAY

"First Clyde's run off, now he's killed! By who?"

Again Ruth hesitated briefly. "No. I won't tell you his name. You'd go to him, man to man, and you'd never get the truth out of him. He'll show me where he's hidden Clyde's—where Clyde is."

"Crazy talk! You'll go home and stay there!"

Ruth made a quick movement, and Lloyd stepped hastily back as the twin muzzle of a shotgun poked out of the cab. Her expression made his scalp tingle, and he said soothingly, "Here, now, don't get excited."

"I won't let you spoil it. And we can't stay here; he'll see us. It happened close by, that's why he's back every day. I was parked down the road. We'll go back there and wait."

Starting the motor, she backed around and drove off. Lloyd was forced to follow. When he stopped his pickup beside hers, well back in the timber and facing the East Pass road, Ruth climbed into the cab with him, placing the shotgun and a flashlight between them.

"I'm glad you came," she said. "I began to be afraid, waiting in the dark."

Lloyd had his hand on the shotgun, but he hesitated. "Waiting for what?"

"Do you think I killed Clyde?"

"No. But it's— No!"

"But it's odd he hasn't been found? And you'd wonder more and more about that. Even to you, I'm the outsider who must be guilty, because none of you could be; and if I accused—accused the man who did it, I'd be lying."

"Who?" Lloyd demanded. "Put a name to him!"

"No. He might not come tonight, and tomorrow you'd spoil it. He's brass; he can even smile at *me*. You'd only frighten him, and we'd never find Clyde. There's no way but this, Lloyd!"

"Still, you found him out?"

RUTH said simply, "It was there for anyone to see, but not enough to prove he did it. I almost missed it; but, lying awake at night, I remembered, and I watched, but he's cunning. I had to make him come back, make him show where he'd bur—where Clyde is, and what else would he come back for but a lot of money?"

"When did Clyde start wearing a money belt?"

"Clyde never did. But even if—if *he* looked through Clyde's pockets, he'd hardly look for a belt. And if the rest of you thought my saying Clyde had gone away with the money was a lie I'd made up to protect myself, *he* knew better. He'll come for the money; he'll show us where Clyde is. Believe me!"

Lloyd almost did. His eyes had adjusted to the faint moonlight, and he peered toward the East Pass road as if expecting Murder to stalk by.

"And you figured to catch him by yourself?"

"Who could I ask to help me? You, Lloyd?"

For a moment, he was silent, and then he said slowly, "Things must have been pretty bad, if you couldn't even come to me. Maybe I doubted you, Ruth, and maybe I listened to whispering I shouldn't have; and I still don't know about this. But Clyde done himself proud when he got you."

Just when he thought she wasn't going to answer, she said softly, "Thank you, Lloyd. That helps a lot."

"Even if you're right, no smart man would come back. Tell me his name, and if it's true, I'll get it out of him."

"He's just coming," she said. "Clyde used to tell me about the cunning coyotes, so wary of traps, so bold when they feel safe. This won't look like a trap. It's something everyone knows, but only he can use. I think—I pray he'll come tonight. He'll go home, and sneak back late, after the store is closed."

"Plenty late now. There has to be a reason, Ruth. Who had anything against Clyde?"

"I don't know why, I only know—*Listen!*"

They heard the car before they saw its lights. As it rolled past, Lloyd muttered incredulously, "Him? I've known him since he was a little— I can't believe it!"

"No. But hurry! Don't lose him now!"

LLOYD drove without lights, and too fast for safety. Now and then he glimpsed lights ahead or heard the laboring motor over the smooth hum of his own. Strain made his eyes water, and once the pickup raked its length along a tree. Ruth leaned from the window. Suddenly she drew back, her whisper frantic: "Stop! I can't hear him."

Lloyd shut off the motor, and they both listened, hearing no sound, seeing no lights ahead.

The other man was listening, too, but heard only his own hoarse breathing and the clink of his shovel on rocks, until the flashlight trapped him and a dreadful voice grated, "I hope to God you'll make a break! Stay back, Ruth—don't look."

The light moved closer and flickered down into the shallow grave, and Lloyd said, like the echo of Clyde's dead voice, "You're in a fix, friend."

But he didn't turn his back on Adam Burns.

. . . and buried him there and covered the place extra good, but I couldn't stay away and drove past every day to watch the place, pretending to hunt Clyde. Mrs. Matson says she knew it was me did it, but they wouldn't have caught me if I'd stayed away. Nobody could have found the place, even if she did guess why I was first to come in the morning and last away at night. I knew I made that slip at the store, saying Clyde had been riding a gentle mare, when I claimed I hadn't seen him for a week; but I didn't think anybody noticed, or that she'd noticed I'd washed my pickup. Clyde didn't bleed much, but the meat made a mess. I sold it next morning.

A couple of times I thought Mrs. Matson was watching me, but I figured it was just my nerves and she just hung around because she was worried. I didn't plan to kill Clyde; it just happened, and I'm glad it's over. I make this statement of my own free will.

Adam pretended to read the statement the deputy had typed, then signed his name. The signature didn't look like his, but his hand wouldn't hold the pen right. It kept jerking. ▲▲▲

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Ninety Saddles For Kengtu

By EDMUND G. LOVE

It was as unorthodox an engagement as any ever fought by the United States Navy—one of the finest cavalry charges ever launched at sea

MY NAME is Sam McHale. On April 6, 1944, I assumed command of a naval weather detachment unofficially known as Argos Six. At the time, I was less than a year out of the University of Nebraska. The only job I had ever had in my life was as a checker in the Omaha stockyards, which wasn't much help to a seafaring man. The Navy had tried to remedy this by giving me ninety days' training in the Naval ROTC at the University of Michigan before commissioning me an ensign. Then, evidently skeptical, they had piled on a sixty-day education in meteorology at the Naval Observatory in Washington, D.C., before turning me loose on Argos Six. The lack of a salty background didn't seem to make much difference to the ten enlisted men in the detachment. To begin with, seven of them were no further advanced than I was, being sailors only by virtue of their uniform, boot training and considerable time at various specialists' schools. Two of the others, Chief Radioman Stanley Adams and Radioman First Class Horace Jones, had spent most of their combined twenty-five years of service in radio rooms, either ashore or afloat, and an anchor was something academic, to be translated into Morse code. As for Casimir Czernowski, Boatswain's Mate Third Class—to him an ensign of my caliber was a humorous object. A huge, good-natured man, with big handle-bar mustaches, Czernowski had once forfeited a chief's rating in favor of San Diego beer. He had been either at sea or to sea for eleven years.

I don't suppose the Navy itself really cared how much I knew about the sea, either, for Argos Six was scheduled for duty in the Gobi Desert. The important thing seemed to be that I could either read a barometer correctly or see that others did so. Someone had to see to it that weather information was properly recorded and transmitted to the right place at the right time, and I was considered responsible enough to entrust with the mission. At the same time, I was considered unimportant enough to lose in the desert for six months without any fear of losing the war. All of us were to be isolated above the China wall for that period in a camp that had been in existence since 1942. Our only contact with the outside world was to be through our powerful radios. Once a month we would be supplied by air drop. If we weren't, we were to be consoled by the fact that there was an extensive dump at the camp site with enough materials in it to keep us going indefinitely.

As I look back on it now, it seems to me I had no more than finished reading the roll of the detachment for the first time when we were placed aboard a plane and flown to China, eventually ending up at a small air base in the extreme northern part of the country. There a four-striper greeted us good-naturedly and explained that this was the headquarters base, known as Top Argos. From here would come our supplies. To this point we would transmit our weather data four times a day. We also learned that we weren't as important as we thought we were. There were nine other detachments, just like ours, somewhere out in the desert. Then, two at a time, we climbed into a helicopter and were flown north to Chengwan Oasis, along with a lot of batteries, radio tubes, and other instruments too delicate to be dropped.

I relieved my predecessor at Chengwan on April 21st. I was quite surprised at the conditions at the camp, having been brought up on movies which always seemed to picture deserts as one big wind-rippled sand dune after another. Oases, in the same medium, always had pleasant groves of date palms rising beside a spring. Chengwan was nothing like that. It was merely a large grassy area, four miles wide and ten miles long, with a stream that emerged from the ground and ducked back in again. There were a few stunted trees that seemed to have no function at all as they had no dates on them and no foliage for shade. The surrounding desert was hard-baked, clean-swept, yellowish-red earth, devoid of vegetation. We hadn't been at Chengwan two days when we learned the reason for these physical aspects. There was a strong, determined wind that blew back and forth across Inner Mongolia most of the time. Each time it passed your way it drove sand through your clenched teeth, wedged sand through your closed eyelids and deposited substantial amounts of sand between the covers of your bed. It never dropped any sand on the desert where sand belonged and never allowed any leaves to stay on trees. The temperature at Chengwan was always unpleasant. On days when the wind blew, we all had to wear pea jackets. If the wind didn't blow, we had the feeling we were living on an electric hot plate. At night, no matter what the wind did, the weather was bitter cold.

FOR the first two months we were at Chengwan it wouldn't have made any difference whether we were members of the United States Navy or the Women's Club of Pawnee City, Nebraska. We were bored to death. Each hour, on the hour, we checked meteorological instruments and recorded the data. Three men were on duty in the pyramidal headquarters tent all the time, monitoring the radio, making up reports for transmittal, or repairing equipment. On a nice day the rest of us would be outside, working on the camp chores or our personal well-being. On a bad day we might be asleep in one of the three squad tents that served as our living quarters or we might spend our time in the recreational tent. We ate Army C rations three times a day, and we gathered around the

The ponies, five abreast, jumped ahead, cleared the rail with ease, and reared, their riders twirling their rifles like batons. The Japanese soldiers scattered in all directions

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

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radio each evening to hear the news broadcast from Chungking. After dark we'd write letters that we couldn't mail. And before we went to bed we'd count the days till October 20th, the day we were to be relieved.

The 27th of June was an especially dirty day. The sand had been blowing through the oasis all day, and all of us had adopted our bad-weather behavior. No one went outside unless he was on duty and had to read the instruments. Chief Adams was in the headquarters tent in the late afternoon, along with Walter Landers, the enlisted meteorologist, and Paul Hubley, a yeoman. The other yeoman, Bob Fox, was asleep in his tent. All the rest of us were in the recreational tent. I was sitting under the Coleman lantern, my chair leaning back against the center pole. I had my legs crossed and propped up on one of the two long tables with which the tent was equipped. I was about halfway through A Tree Grows in Brooklyn, which had been included in the last monthly air drop. On the other side of the pole, Horace Jones was sitting, hunched over in his chair, reading a comic book. Abe Goldman, our medical corpsman, was sitting on the other side of the table, trying to compose a letter to his wife. Czernowski and Al Otis, the storekeeper, were playing pinochle with the two radio technicians, Sabatello and Reagan, on the other table. No one had been outside since the last instrument check, fifty minutes before.

NO ONE paid any attention when the entrance flap of the tent was raised and someone entered. I caught the movement out of the corner of my eye, but I thought it was one of the men from headquarters who had come in with a question. I waited until I finished the paragraph I was reading before I looked up. My immediate reaction was to freeze, because the man standing there was a stranger, a very unusual and menacing stranger, it seemed to me. To begin with, he had brought a horse into the tent with him. Both he and the horse were short and shaggy. The man stood a little over five feet tall and seemed to be almost as big around as he was high. His face was Oriental in cast, round and solemn, and was adorned by a stringy beard that hung from his lower lip. His head was covered by a peaked fur cap, and the rest of his body was wrapped in a long, well-worn, coarse fur coat. Crisscrossed on his chest were two bandoleers of ammunition for the long rifle he held in his left hand. He was looking the tent and its occupants over with a calculating eye. I managed to get my feet untangled and on the ground, then struggled to my feet and held out my hand. "My name's McHale," I told him, "Sam McHale. Ensign, United States Navy."

"Me Kengtu," he said, without blinking. "You missionary?"

"No," I said, "Navy." I made motions like rowing a boat, then grabbed Jones's hat and held it up. "Navy," I said again.

He looked blank. "No missionary?"

I shook my head. "No," I said.

"Use grass?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"Better if missionary, but if no use grass, welcome my country anyway." He turned, mounted his horse, and rode out into the storm. All the others in the tent, who had been sitting with their mouths open, made a dive for the entrance to look outside. There was a long procession of people and animals trudging through the camp. Here and there an armed and mounted outrider moved restlessly up and down the line.

"Jeez," Czernowski said. "I'll bet this is something the Navy didn't figure on."

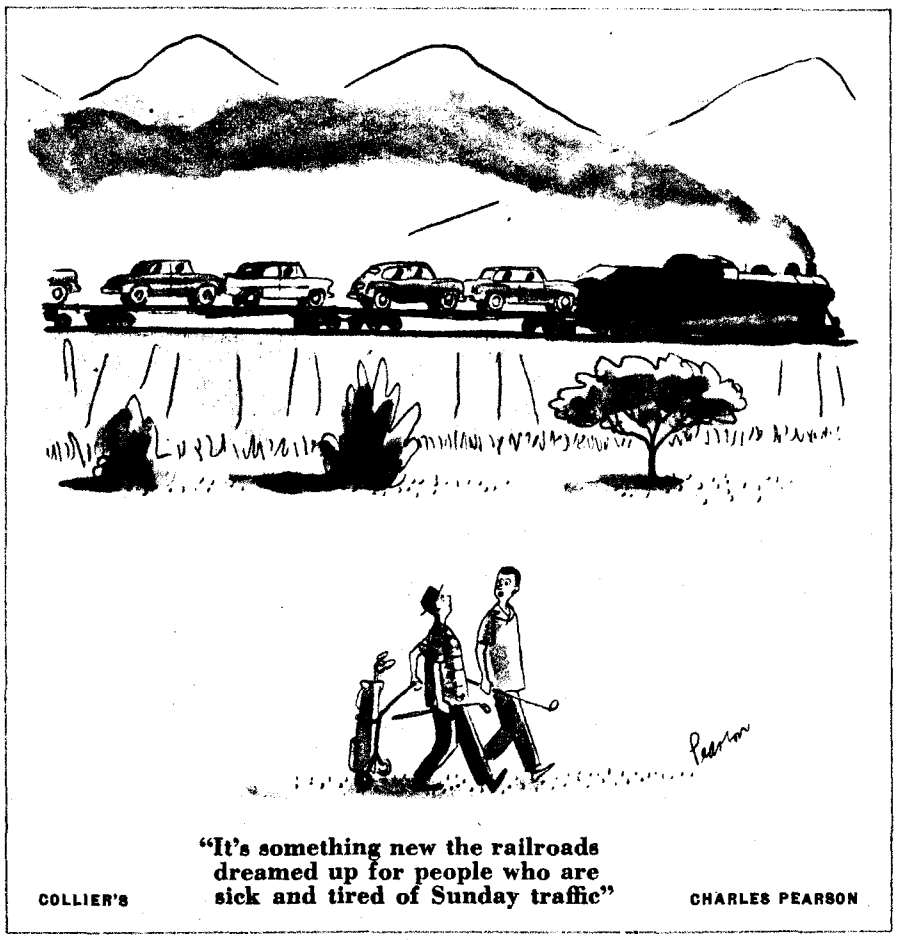
"See them rifles?" Horace Jones said. "And us with nothin' but barometers to defend ourselves with."

"They don't seem to be bothering anything," I finally said. "Guess the thing to do is sit tight. The man said we were welcome if we didn't use any grass."

"Hear that, you guys?" Horace Jones said. "Just don't none of you eat any grass."

When I reported the presence of the Mongolians to Top Argos, I was simply advised not to worry about it. The four-striper was reassuring. I guessed that this had happened before, so I made up my mind to ignore the whole thing. The Mongolians themselves seemed determined to stay off in another part of the oasis. Sometimes it seemed as though they were concerned about not bothering us. Every once in a while an animal would stray down into our camp site. As soon as it was discovered, one of the little men would come down on a horse and drive it back to the nomad settlement, bowing apologetically to me as he rode off. These little evidences of thoughtfulness deserved similar treatment, I thought. Every blade of grass seemed to be important to the tribe, and our camp site encompassed a lot of grazing area which had been voluntarily placed out of bounds by the regard for our privacy shown by Kengtu's people. I finally walked up to the other camp and told the little chieftain that he was more than welcome to bring the animals down into our part of the oasis to feed. He accepted my offer without expression; then, a few days later, he invited us to a ceremonial feast as a gesture of thanks. The barbecued mutton served at that affair was the first taste of anything but C rations we had enjoyed in more than three months. One might say that it was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. Everyone started doing things for the Mongolians so that we'd get invited to dinner again. Otis and Czernowski began breaking out salvaged tents from the dump. The canvas was used to make the nomads' huts more livable. Abe Goldman asked permission to hold a daily sick call in the nomads' camp area. Walter Landers, who was tall and skinny and scholarly, gave up reading from the big thick scientific volumes that he requested in the air drop each month, and organized something that he called the Boy Scouts of Mongolia. He held meetings every week and gave learned lectures on the radio sets, shaving equipment, phonograph, books and clouds. He used big words that had even Jones and Czernowski baffled and talked in the precise, correct manner of a college professor. To anyone but the Mongolian children he would have been a total loss but the fact that he could make music come out of a black box was wonderful. The little boys and girls would gladly have sat all day watching him lather his face. Reagan accidentally discovered that the Mongolians considered C rations delicious, so we actually gave a banquet ourselves, serving it out of tin cans. Of course, subsequent invitations to dine at Kengtu's camp did not always turn out as well as that first feast. The Mongolians considered any animal a meal, and on a few occasions we were served roast dog. All of us managed to stuff it down.

By the time the trouble began, the Mongolians had become our good friends. The trouble arose from the first B-29 raids on the Japanese homeland. They were flown from Chinese bases in June and the enemy reacted to them like hornets whose nest has been prodded by a stick. The war on the Asiatic mainland had been conducted in a somewhat leisurely fashion for several years, but it was now speeded up. Japanese field armies began spreading out over China in drives designed to eliminate the B-29 bases. It was inevitable that other operations of our armed forces in the area would be caught in the sweep.



COLLIER'S

"It's something new the railroads dreamed up for people who are sick and tired of Sunday traffic"

CHARLES PEARSON

EARLY in August, Chief Adams came hurrying out of the headquarters tent to tell me that Top Argos himself wanted me on the radio.

"Mac," he said to me, "we think the Japs have a direction finder on our stations. We're going to switch to emergency broadcast schedule Baker at midnight. In the meantime, keep a sharp lookout for enemy planes."

"Sounds bad," I said.

"It is bad," he said. "Argos Three reported a spotter plane yesterday morning. It circled all day. This morning the station reported horsemen approaching at 0900. We haven't been able to raise them since. Now, about an hour ago, Argos Nine has a spotter."

I promised I'd keep my eyes open. Two days later Argos Nine went silent after reporting briefly that it was under attack by Japanese cavalry. Less than a week later, both Argos Five and Argos Ten reported spotter planes. On the afternoon of August 12th our whole detachment was ordered to stand by for an important voice broadcast from Top Argos. I think we were all hoping, as we assembled, that the Navy was going to give up and evacuate us.

"I know what all you men are thinking, so I want to tell you right now that the operation on which you are engaged will not be abandoned. The submarine, surface, and air warfare that we are now conducting in the enemy's home waters and in his own air would not be one tenth as successful if we didn't have accurate weather information. The data which you are collecting enables us to predict accurately what the weather will be tomorrow in Japan and in the China Sea. As long as there is one detachment still in the desert, we will continue. I think you can see why you have to stick it out. Sure, I'd like to send up a battalion of Marines to help you, but I can't. Now, you fellows all have a few weapons. I know as well as you do that they probably aren't enough. In order to give you a chance to defend yourselves, I have secured the promise of the Chief of Naval Operations that you can have anything within reason to help. We have two planes standing by in the States. Of course you can't have a sixteen-inch gun, but you can have weapons. I want each detachment to look over its place with an eye to defense. Tomorrow morning let me know what you can use."

WE WENT over every foot of the camp site and several hundred yards beyond, trying to imagine where we'd put machine guns, antitank guns, and a lot of other guns that probably hadn't even been invented yet. When we'd finished, late that night, we all sat around in the recreation tent to decide what we'd ask for. We had just about decided on ten machine guns when Horace Jones came up with his idea.

"I been thinkin' about this thing," he said, "and I think we ought to fight fire with fire. If the Japs use cavalry, why can't we? We got a whole lot of it right here in the oasis."

"You mean these Mongolians with the Shetland ponies?" Sabatello said, holding his fingers up to pinch his nose.

"Look, Sabatello," Jones said, "my old man was in the U.S. Cavalry for thirty years and I grew up at Fort Bliss, Texas. I know a cavalryman when I see one and these guys are cavalrymen."

"If I may be permitted to say so, Sabatello," Landers said, "you ought to read about Genghis Khan sometime."

"Who is Genghis Khan?" Sabatello asked.

"He was, not is. He was a Mongolian and he conquered just about all the known world from the quarter-deck of one of these ponies you hold your nose about," Landers said.

"Look," I said, "let's not argue. The idea is a good one, but it has one flaw. I don't think these nomads would want to fight for us. They're friendly, but not that friendly."

"I been thinkin' about that, too, Skipper. I never saw a horseman yet that wouldn't do just about anything for a saddle," Jones said. "Maybe they'd fight Japs for a handful of saddles."

"It would take months to get saddles for all of them," I said.

"Oh, no it wouldn't, either. I been watchin' them get rid of the cavalry ever since 1916 and I know right where they store the saddles when they get an outfit all liquidated. I know the warehouse numbers, even. If they really want to have a going concern here, they can simply send out the saddles for us."

"You know," Landers said, "I think

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we ought to try it. Those saddles aren't doing anyone any good where they are."

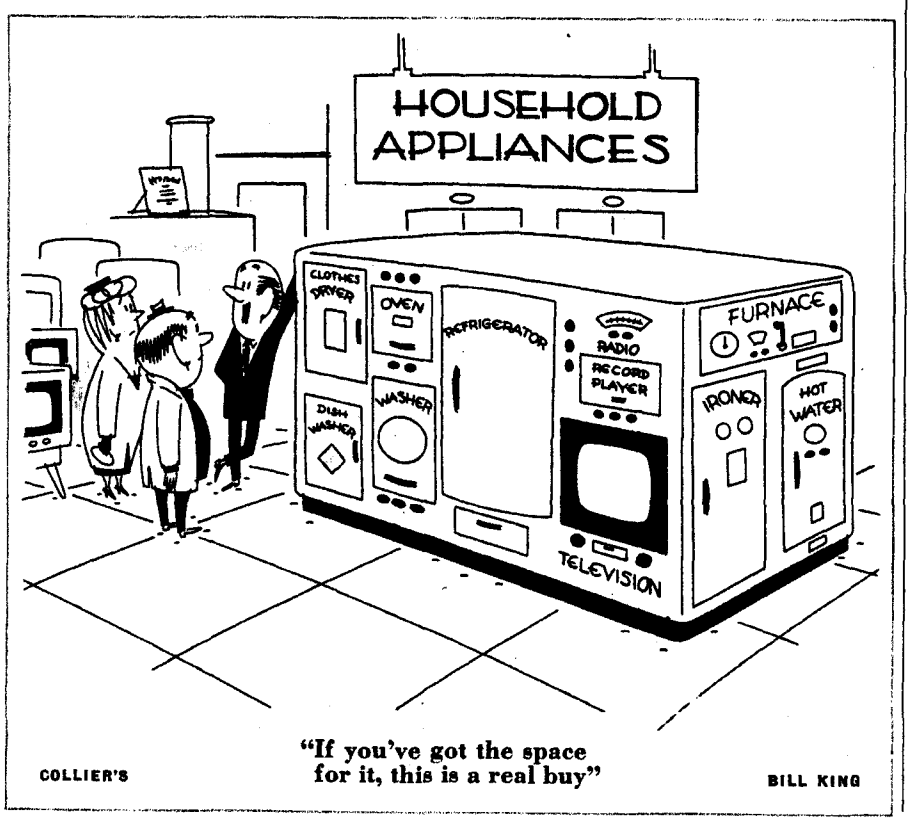
Whatever it was that Top Argos expected us to ask for, it wasn't ninety cavalry saddles. He raised all kinds of objections, and each time I answered one I became more convinced that the plan was a good one. At the end, when Top Argos finally agreed to give us what we wanted, I reminded him that we couldn't wait very long and that there was a lot of red tape to be cut. He must have acted fast, because in less than two weeks we were notified that the saddles were at the central base and would be dropped to us on August 29th. On that day, just before noon, a four-engined transport appeared and circled the oasis while crewmen shoved the saddles overboard into the desert. It took us a day of steady work to collect them and carry them back to our camp, where we lined them all up in a row. Then, for the next three days, we polished all the leather and shined the metal. Up until then I had carefully refrained from saying anything at all to Kengtu about our plan, as I wanted to be sure that our offer would be concrete and attractive enough to tempt him. When it was, I just walked up the oasis to the nomads' camp and had a talk with the little chieftain. I explained our situation and asked for his help, then told him about the saddles. He nodded solemnly, but said nothing. When I left him I didn't know whether he was receptive or hostile to the idea. I didn't learn until next morning, when he came riding into our camp with all his men. Without speaking, he dismounted and walked along the line of saddles, prodding this one and rubbing that one. When he had completed his inspection he walked over and faced me.

"We do," he said simply. Then he walked back to the saddles, carefully selected one, and carried it to his horse. One by one, the other Mongolians stepped up and claimed the saddles.

We named the group the First Mongolian Cavalry, United States Navy. I reported its formation to Top Argos and requested that Horace Jones be promoted to the rating of Chief Cavalryman's Mate because he was to have charge of training, such as it was, and tactical employment, in case we had to use them. I probably should have kept quiet about the whole thing because my report and Jones's promotion got me involved with headquarters in a long argument by radio. Some personnel clerk seemed to think that we had enlisted ninety men in the Navy and wanted the complete roster of the new unit. He also informed me very curtly that there was no such thing as a Chief Cavalryman's Mate in the Navy so I changed the rating to Chief Boatswain's Mate. That didn't work either, because there was only one chief authorized for our detachment.

THE organizing of the First Mongolian Cavalry, as it turned out, made unofficial allies of Mongolians all over the Gobi Desert. A rider came to the oasis early in September with word that a Japanese Cavalry squadron was heading for Argos Two. I called Top Argos, who sent helicopters to move the detachment even before the enemy spotter plane arrived. Unfortunately, Top Argos itself was the next victim of the enemy and there was nothing we could do about it. On September 19th, I received a call from headquarters which reported that a Japanese field army had driven to within one hundred miles of the central base. Three days later Top Argos informed us that the base was moving and that, until further notice, all radio transmission would be handled by Radio Chungking. Two attempts were made to anchor Top Argos somewhere in North China, but each new base was soon forced out of business by advancing enemy soldiers. By the end of October all Navy weather operations were permanently based at the Chinese capital. This made little difference as far as radio communications were concerned, but it changed everything else for us.

In the first place, there wasn't a helicopter with sufficient range to negotiate the distance between Chungking and Chengwan, so our October 20th relief was impossible. Furthermore, resupply had to be conducted over a vastly extended route, infested by enemy interceptors. The November drop, scheduled for the 12th, was six days late. The December flight was made three weeks after it was supposed to have been, and the January plane was shot down. On February 20th, we received our last air drop. We were absolutely on our own from that moment on. We had nothing but the radio to remind us that there was an outside world. Even that became more unsatisfactory as time progressed. Sabatello and Reagan, the technicians, improvised when vital parts began giving out, but there simply wasn't anything they could do to keep the batteries alive longer than their normal span. I cut down reception and transmission as much as I could. The last news broad-



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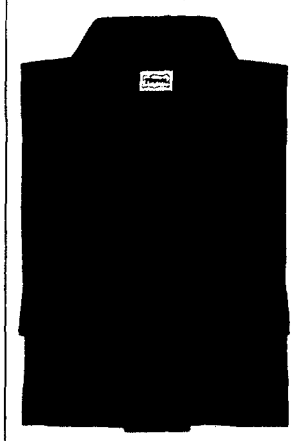

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cast we heard was on May 7th. We kept on sending until July 27th, which was the day our batteries went dead. I found out later that Radio Chungking had picked up our last coherent signal on June 8th. We were carried as missing in action from then on.

As can be imagined, we weren't happy at having to stay in the desert beyond our relief date. Six of the men were married, Abe Goldman having reported to us directly from his honeymoon. Reagan's wife had been pregnant when we left the States and he never did find out how his wife came out. The boys used to kid him about how many children he'd have when he got home. The fact that the B-29's were hitting Japan regularly helped keep our morale up because we thought that our work was a big factor in making the raids possible. The biggest boost, however, came from the presence of our cavalry. Nothing had been said in the beginning about the duration of Kengtu's service. Somehow I always thought of it as a problem for my successor at the oasis. By the time it became evident that there wasn't going to be any next commander, I was too busy to worry about it. Early in December, Horace Jones, who had been riding with the Mongolians in the desert for four or five hours a day, came to me and reported that the nomads were preparing to move. The grass had run out. The next day, Kengtu came to see me.

"Grass gone. People move," he said. "Kengtu come back."

For three indescribably lonely days we had Chengwan completely to ourselves; then the ninety riders who made up the First Mongolian Cavalry reappeared. The tribe had moved about seventy-five miles north. For more than a month the Mongolians alternated between their new home and our oasis.

WITH the help of Chief Adams, a rotation system was worked out by means of which one third of the riders were absent each week. We couldn't do much to repay this loyalty, but Abe Goldman volunteered to ride to the new camp once every two weeks to hold his sick call and Walter Landers made the long trip on the alternate weeks to have his Boy Scout meeting. By this time, Kengtu and his men had come to represent even more important things to us than mere protection. Our ration dump was disappearing fast, and the riders began to furnish us food. Each time a group came back from up north they'd bring along an animal or two. In April I gave Horace Jones permission to take some of the men and go hunting. The party was gone two weeks and returned with three deer, two bears, and two wild pigs. There were two more hunting expeditions before we abandoned Chengwan.

Our usefulness ended the day our batteries went dead. I'd talked it over with the men several times; we all were agreed that once this day came we'd better try to get out of the desert. By a process of elimination, we had decided to try and reach Okinawa. Before we stopped receiving the news broadcasts, we had heard of a successful American landing there. Although it meant crossing the enemy's line of communication to his armies in China, it looked as though it might be feasible to get to the coast somewhere above Peiping, capture a small boat, and sail across the East China Sea. It seemed to me that there would be few, if any, large Japanese forces north of China proper. To make such an expedition, of course, we required horses. Early in July, I went to Kengtu and told him our plans, at the same time asking him to lend us the necessary mounts. He refused.

"Kengtu no lend horse," he said. "Kengtu been to water many times. Know way. Kengtu get saddles to protect Navy. Now Kengtu take Navy to water so no get hurt. Navy soft. Ride horse till hard, then Kengtu take."

COLLIER'S GEO. H. GREEN

That was the final word in the matter. The day the radios gave out, we began dismantling the camp, giving such things to the Mongolians as we thought they could use and caching the rest for future reclamation. While the dismantling process was going on, we spent increasingly long hours aboard the horses, getting toughened to the saddle.

We left Chengwan at dawn on the morning of July 30th. The eleven of us were accompanied by sixty-two members of the First Mongolian Cavalry. We had seven hundred miles to go. Rest periods were brief and infrequent. Kengtu seemed to know exactly how fast to go and how far he could push the tough little ponies. When we left Chengwan, the little leader set his course in a straight line and never deviated from it. Just before dark we came to an oasis. Most of us in Argos Six literally dropped from our mounts and went to sleep where we dropped. The night was short. Long before dawn we had been shaken awake and ordered to remount. As on the first day, we seemed to be following an unerring course. And, as on the first day, we rode to the limit of our endurance. Again we arrived at an oasis just before nightfall. The third day was the same, and so was the fourth, but on the fourth night we reached an oasis on which was camped a large tribe of Mongolians. Before we dropped off to sleep, Kengtu announced that we would not travel the next day. I learned later that he was negotiating for fresh horses with our hosts. He worked out a deal whereby we traded in our ponies for new ones. On the way back to Chengwan he would return the borrowed ponies and take back his own. Another exchange of horses was made on the ninth day, just before we entered the mountains. As before, we stopped for the day with another tribe of nomads. After leaving this last resting place, we traveled only at night. Kengtu picked his way unerringly through the mountain passes, sometimes using the roads, sometimes splashing along through a stream for four or five hours. He always halted just before daylight in a sheltered place. While the majority of the men slept, half a dozen riders would range out along the route to be covered the next night, searching for Japanese sentries and trading for food in the villages.

We reached the coastal plain and crossed it on the night of August 30th, camping at dawn in a woods about three miles from the little port village of Sangchien. I had only a battered old map I had torn from a National Geographic magazine, but by studying it I figured that we were a little less than a hundred miles north and east of Peiping. Up until that moment, incidentally, I hadn't seen a single Japanese soldier.

"Go back to your ship and get a note from your mother"

COLLIER'S LAFE LOCKE

ON THE morning of August 31st I sent Kengtu and two of his men into the village, disguised as peasants. I wanted him to see what types of ships, if any, were moored in the port, where the Japanese garrison was located, and how the streets were laid out. When he returned, just before dark, he brought news that a junk was loading rice at the municipal wharf, which was beside the stream that emptied into the sea not far away. He also brought a crude map of the town. Unfortunately, he hadn't been able to find a single enemy soldier. He hadn't wanted to ask any questions, because his dialect might have drawn attention to him. I was worried about not knowing where the enemy were, but, with Kengtu's help, I drew up a plan which I hoped would draw any garrison as far away from the junk as possible. I assigned each of my men a specific duty and we got together such water and food as we thought we would need.

An hour after dark we left our temporary camp in two groups. Kengtu, with fifty-five of his men, was to circle the village on the inland side and come in from the opposite direction. My group, guided by one of the Mongolians who had been in the town, rode to the coastal road and followed it to the outer limits of the settlement. There we waited until we heard the large party. Kengtu's primary mission was to raise as much commotion as possible, firing into the air and shouting. As soon as the noise began, we started moving into town, following our guide as he ducked down a narrow side street. By the time we reached the end of this narrow thoroughfare our ponies were at a full gallop. We turned a corner to the left and found ourselves on the wharves, only a few yards from our destination. The junk lay just ahead. One solitary street lamp flickered dimly just astern. Underneath it stood two Chinese, conversing, apparently oblivious of the tremendous noise across town. Both looked up as we rounded the corner, but they had time for nothing but surprise. The lead Mongolian simply galloped his horse up to them and gently brushed them back off the wharf and into the water. At almost the same time, my men dismounted and ran for the junk.

As I scrambled to the poop deck, I saw two crewmen emerge from the forecastle. Czernowski and Goldman had both jumped down into the well of the vessel, however, and I saw the big boatswain grab one of the Chinese, lift him high overhead, carry him to the rail, and drop him overboard. The other crewman stopped and watched this performance, then turned and ran, clambering up to the wharf and disappearing in the darkness. Chief Adams and Otis had quickly reached the forward mooring line and now slipped it

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easily. The bow of the ship began to swing out into the current. Sabatello and Jones were having some trouble with the aft line, so I shouted to the others to go back and help. It was while they were running aft that we heard the commotion from down the street. A moment later several horsemen came riding into the circle of light. One of them was Kengtu. At the end of a long rope he was dragging a cannon of the type commonly used in the Japanese army. It had big wooden wheels and a long steel trail. Four of the other horsemen were carrying cased shells for the gun. Kengtu seemed to sense that time was short. He could see the men struggling with the mooring line, so, evidently trying to save as much time as possible, he turned his horse and rode it right out onto the poop deck, dragging the cannon after him. The other horsemen followed. In that moment, when all five ponies were aboard, the aft line came loose. My four men jumped for the vessel's stern. Then we were adrift in the current in the darkness.

IN THE excitement of boarding and getting under way, I hadn't had much chance to get a really good look at the ship. I had noticed only that it was about eighty feet long, with one mast, which ran up through the forward deck. The sail was a large square one that hung down rigidly from the spar. The after, or poop deck, measured about thirty feet from the stern to the well. Ten of those feet were dominated by a huge wooden rudder sweep, which I now held. The well deck, perhaps three feet below the level of the forward and poop decks, was also about thirty feet across. It had an extremely low rail. I don't suppose it would have made much difference if I'd had a set of blueprints; I would have been no better off. I had nothing more than a theoretical knowledge of navigation, my battered old Geographic map, and a small pocket compass. If I'd been in command of a frigate of the line, I couldn't have done anything much different from what I did, which was to set a course of approximately 115 degrees and pray for an offshore wind. I can remember thinking, too, that I had another problem to solve. That was the unexpected presence of Kengtu and four Mongolian horsemen. While the current was carrying us away from land, they had led their ponies down to the well deck and remounted. There they were, sitting and looking out into the blackness.

The ship reached open water about twenty minutes after it drifted away from the wharf. A few moments later the sail bellied out and we began to move. By morning, when I turned the rudder sweep over to Chief Adams, we were already out of sight of land.

The first day at sea was a busy one. I gave Czernowski the job of keeping the vessel shipshape and he turned everyone to scrubbing down decks at dawn with some old brushes he had found in the forecastle. Chief Adams took charge of the cannon, rolling it into position on the poop deck so that it aimed to starboard. By tearing up some of the planking on the forward deck, he was able to build a crude set of tracks for the wheels and trail. He also constructed a heavy recoil bumper along the port rail. The only people who didn't get in a good day's work that first day were the Mongolians, still sitting stolidly on their horses in the well deck.

The second day brought no important change in our basic situation. The breeze remained fresh, and, although the sea was somewhat rougher, we made good progress. Toward evening a plane, flying very high and very fast toward the south, passed almost directly overhead. I hadn't thought much about identification until that moment. There might be some trouble from American planes when we entered Okinawan waters. A junk was not exactly a friendly type of ship. We'd heard reports on the radio about suicide ships attacking the invasion fleet, and if those reports were true, our pilots might shoot first and ask questions afterward. We had no flags aboard, of course, and no paint. Sabatello eventually suggested that we all tear our undershirts into strips and nail them to the deck to form a word visible from the air. We had a long argument about the choice of a word, but that part of the argument wasn't solved until Czernowski came up with an idea in the middle of the night. He started to describe a dream he had just had about a nice cold can of beer. In the middle of a sentence he stopped and snapped his fingers.

"Cripes," he said, "I know a *real* American word that no Jap would ever think of. It's Schlitz. S-C-H-L-I-T-Z." The next morning we had a christening ceremony at which I named the ship the USS Schlitz.

ON THE third day, I shifted course a little more to the south and ran right smack dab into a south wind. Up to that time the only thing I knew about tacking was something I had read in Robert Louis Stevenson, but I got away with it without even Czernowski suspecting I was just guessing. By the time Czernowski shinnied up the mast at dawn of the fourth day for his usual look-see with the glasses, I had begun to feel like a real sailor. I didn't have much time to pat myself on the back.

"Sail ho!" I heard Czernowski yell. "Off the starboard bow. Range 6000. Course approximately east-northeast."

I looked where he was pointing. "What do you make her out?" I shouted.

"She's a junk. Like this one."

"Any identification?" I asked him.

"No, sir," he said.

I motioned for him to come aft where I could talk to him. "What do you think she is?" I asked him.

"Jap."

"Why?"

"Nobody but a Jap would be found dead on one of those tubs in an open sea," he said.

"We're on one of those tubs in an open sea and we're not Japs," Horace Jones said from his position at the rudder sweep.

"At least we're not headed for Japan, and they are," Czernowski said. "Nobody'd head for Japan but Japs."

I looked at the other ship again. I figured it would cross our bow at 1500 yards.

"Get a gun crew together," I told Chief Adams. "We'll fire a round across her bow when we get within range, and see what happens."

We held course until we were less than a mile away. The other junk kept plugging away, too, as though it were determined to ignore us. I finally took over the rudder sweep from Jones and swung around to port.

"Fire when you're ready," I told Chief Adams.

I suppose I should have been prepared for what happened when the chief pulled the lanyard on the gun. There was a terrific explosion that knocked me completely off my feet and stunned me so that I did not know, for a moment, whether I was alive or dead. The whole poop deck was covered with a cloud of thick blue smoke. When I finally regained my senses, after a moment or so, I was still not entirely certain what had happened. As the smoke cleared and I was able to look around, however, I was sure of one thing. That one round we had fired had caused more damage than if a battleship had scored a direct hit on us with a sixteen-inch shell. The recoiling trail of the gun, instead of sliding along the track provided for it, had plowed into the deck planking and *then* gone back. The entire poop deck was in splinters. The recoil block, along the port rail, was smashed to bits, but it had held. Before I had a chance to assess any further damage, there was trouble in a new quarter. A shell came whistling overhead. I looked across the water in time to see a little puff of smoke rising above the other junk.

"Boy, did we bite off something!" Chief Adams said.

"Can you get that gun back in position again?" I asked him.

"I'm taking up a little office collection, Martin; I've been hit pretty hard by all the office collections here lately"

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE

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OLLIE REESE

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Indian Factory

FRANK WHITE EAGLE, a forty-three-year-old Winnebago Indian, is a man dedicated to restoring the wooden image of the vanishing American (Indus americanus woodensis) to our country's scene. Turned loose on a pine log, he is considered a pretty handy man with a tomahawk. And combining the two, White Eagle has come up with a sure-fire system for separating the paleface tourist from his wampum. But the tourist gets his money's worth—up to five feet of solid pine, chopped, chiseled and painted in the form of a cigar-store Indian handsome enough to pass for Hiawatha himself.

The chips fall where they may in White Eagle's one-man factory in the Wisconsin Dells, ancestral home of his tribe in the south-central part of the state. Starting with a log of the right size that is free of knots (a knot-hole leaves a gaping pockmark), White Eagle goes to work with a razor-edged ax, then progresses to smaller and smaller tools as finer details are evolved. It takes him about eight weeks to whip up a full-size brave or squaw. The large ones are strictly carriage-trade items selling for $300 and up. For the run-of-the-mill tourists, White Eagle—whose American name is Frank Storm—carves out smaller statues such as buck-toothed braves with morning-after heads, which sell for about $75.

But while White Eagle is the red-skin Michelangelo in those parts, there are other artisans in the Dells. Nancy Bearskin, a Sioux squaw, has set up shop with her family. Their biggest line is tepees. Nancy directs the measuring and cutting of the canvas (there's been a shortage of buffalo hides for some time now), then runs the whole affair up on the sewing machine. At that point, son Swift Arrow takes over and paints on the authentic Sioux symbols taught him by his mother. At about $35 apiece—plus the cost of canvas—there is a lively market for tepees. Many are sold in response to calls from other Indians who need a tepee for a ceremonial, then find there isn't anybody handy who knows how to make one.

White Eagle, though, remains the idol of the tribe, perhaps because he may well be the first real Indian ever to sculpt a cigar-store Indian. The tribesmen who stood guard outside thousands of cigar stores during the 1800s were the creations of pale-faces. Few of them had ever seen a real Indian. "But me," says White Eagle, "all I have to do is step out the front door." ▲▲▲

White Eagle outside his Wisconsin Dells workshop applies touch-up job to totem pole. Large statues run $300 and up

"Yes, sir," he said.

"This time, aim *at* them. I guess I'd better zig and zag a little until you're ready," I told him. "Let me know when you're ready to fire."

The enemy fired again. The shot was short, but close.

"We're outgunned, Cap'n," the chief said over his shoulder, as he worked the wheels of the weapon to get it back into position. "They have a high-velocity gun, with a recoil mechanism, and they can move it around easily."

"Get a good bead," I told him, swinging the ship to port to bring our starboard broadside to bear.

OUR second round was fired at almost the same moment the enemy got off their third. The next second or two were the busiest I have ever experienced in my life. The recoil from our gun kicked it back across the poop deck, through the rail, and into the sea. It took the port rail and a large portion of the deck planking with it. The explosion of the discharge flipped me over the stern rail, where I hung onto the rudder sweep, trying to collect my wits. There was a huge cloud of smoke, as usual, and a jar that went through the whole ship. I knew that the jar came from our having been hit. I worked as fast as I could to climb back over the rail onto the poop deck to see what had actually happened. I was just in time to hear Chief Adams laugh aloud, something his efficiency usually didn't allow him to do.

"I'll be damned," he said. "That isn't what I aimed at."

I turned to look at the other junk. Its mast was hanging over the side. I looked back to the forward part of my own ship. Czernowski was bending far out over the bow.

"Is that where we were hit?" I shouted at him. "How much damage do we have?"

"You got the damage back there, Cap'n," he said. "All we got up here is a little hole above the water line."

At that moment the enemy fired again. This time the shell landed close aboard, sending up a huge waterspout that drenched everyone aboard.

"We've got the sail, but they've got the gun," Chief Adams said. "We better do something quick."

I looked at the chief. "We'll board her," I said, feeling a little like John Paul Jones. "Pass the word along. We've all got pistols so I want everyone to fire at their well deck as we come in. It'll keep them away from that gun." I glanced along the ship and saw the Mongolians, still sitting on their horses. "Jones, you go and tell Kengtu what we're going to do. He might just as well do a little shooting for us. Czernowski, I don't care how you do it, but I want these two junks lashed together the minute we make contact.

"Aye, aye, sir," everyone said at once.

I decided that the thing I had to give my attention to for the moment was navigation. We were already upwind and I felt that if we came in from the port quarter they might not be able to get off another shot at us because it would mean firing across at least a part of their own poop deck. I had no opportunity to test the actual drift, so I had to guess as best I could and hope that I wouldn't have to come in more than once. All the time I was bringing the junk in close I could see my own men out of the corner of my eye. They were all firing their guns with their right hands, under Chief Adams' direction, while Czernowski was spotting the Japanese along the rail. The big boatswain had everyone taking off dungaree belts between shots. These were evidently to be held ready in the left hand so that they could be looped over the other junk's rail when we came alongside. Czernowski also had two or three pieces of heavy rope ready at hand in case the belts didn't hold. Meanwhile, Kengtu and his men had unslung their rifles and were also firing, from the backs of their horses.

I waited until the last possible moment, then swung the rudder sweep as quickly as I could. The bow swung slowly around and we slid toward the other vessel. The two junks met, broadside on, with a grinding jar. The impact sent everyone on both ships sprawling, including me. Because the jolt was expected, however, we recovered quickly. I could see Czernowski and the others, some still on their hands and knees, trying to loop the belts around the rails and buckle them. One or two of the men were already trying to loop and tie the ropes, too. The Japs had been lining the rail of their own junk as we approached. They were armed with clubs and knives, and now, as they recovered from the collision, they began beating and slashing at the hands of my men in an effort to prevent the lashing operation.

It was at this moment that Kengtu took charge of the battle. I'm still not quite sure whether he misunderstood what I wanted him to do, or whether he just wanted to get into the thick of things. Three of the ponies had been driven to their knees as the ships came together, but they recovered almost as quickly as the human beings. As they did so, Kengtu gave out with a war cry of some kind, shouted an order, and waved his rifle in the air. While the Japanese were still pretty badly disorganized and trying to get to the rail to beat us off, the Mongolians spurred their horses forward. What developed was a full-fledged cavalry charge. The ponies, five abreast, jumped ahead, cleared the rail with ease, and reared, their riders twirling their rifles like batons. The Japs scattered in all directions. Some ran forward, some crawled aft, and some just scrambled over to the other side of the ship and jumped overboard. Unfortunately, two of the Mongolians had gained such momentum that they kept on going and fell overboard, following the fugitive Japanese into the water.

THAT was the end of the battle. All that remained to be done was to haul the Mongolians and Japs out of the water. Unfortunately, we couldn't get the horses aboard and they were lost, the only casualties to befall Argos Six in its year and a half of existence.

There really wasn't much existence left for Argos Six after that, anyway. We found that the gun that had been firing at us was an antitank gun, unmistakably marked, in big yellow letters, USMC. When we questioned the prisoners about how they had come by it, they told us they had stolen it in Shanghai. When we asked them how come a United States Marine gun was in Shanghai, they told us that the Marines were there. In fact, they said, the whole U.S. Navy seemed to be there. The war had been over for more than two weeks. All these Japs were trying to do was get home. We talked the matter over and decided that if the Navy was in Shanghai and the Army was on Okinawa, we wanted to be in Shanghai. We'd had enough of C rations. So we rigged up a jury mast for the captured junk, solemnly christened it the USS Pabst, and started for Shanghai.

I was relieved of command of Argos Six on September 7th, 1945, after reporting aboard the flagship of the fleet, then anchored in the Yangtze River. The next day the admiral and I escorted Kengtu and his men and horses to Shanghai airport, saw them ride aboard a transport, and waved good-by as they took off for an airport in North China. I am now a rancher in Montana, an occupation for which I was trained by riding a horse across the Gobi Desert while I was a member of the United States Navy. ▲▲▲

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W. DAVID SHAW

"Number two?" Fran said. "And who, may I ask, is number *one?*" The postman pointed at the Larmons' house. "Them," he said

FIRST OR NOTHING

By CARL D. HALBAK

AT FIRST it just seemed silly, what Tim Andrews did over on Tanbark Lane. But now we've gotten sort of proud of it, and when people come out from the city to visit, we tell them the story. Every now and then somebody won't believe it, so we pile in the car and drive on over—even at night, when you have to shine a flashlight up on the Andrews' front porch so you can see the evidence. Tim and Fran don't mind.

This thing happened when Tanbark Lane finally got filled up with houses, and Mayor Feeny decided that the houses needed numbers. The city department stores were complaining. It took their deliverymen half an hour to find out where anybody lived. They used to get surly.

So Mayor Feeny dug out the proper Zoning Board map, copied down the lot numbers on a sheet of paper, and gave it to Steve, the postman. "You stop by every house," Feeny told Steve, "and give 'em their numbers. And tell 'em to put them numbers up so the drivers can see."

Next morning, Steve started out by knocking at the Andrews' door, and Fran Andrews opened it. Now, the Andrews were the first settlers on the lane, and sometimes Fran acted like she'd come there on the Mayflower. Maybe it was just natural pioneer pride, though. She and Tim had lived in little city apartments for ten years, scrimping and saving for this house. They'd built it on the corner lot right after the war, when it should have been called Mudhen Lane. It wasn't even paved then. The next year, three more families built, and by late 'fifty, the lane was filled up, all except for the lot smack across the street from the Andrews.

This lot had a hill, and a drainage problem, and so it waited till last. But finally along came a couple named Larmon, who sent in a bulldozer and built *their* nice little colonial.

So much for history.

"Well," Steve said to Fran Andrews when she opened the door, "good morning. No mail, but I got your new number for you, your house number. You heard about that, huh?"

Fran is a tall, good-looking woman about thirty-six or -seven. She has what you'd call a lot of character in her face, the result, most likely, of hard work, an easygoing husband and two kids.

"House numbers?" Fran asked.

"The drivers from the city stores can't find the houses. Say they'll stop delivering. Well, you're number two. Number two Tanbark Lane. John at the hardware's got nice numbers to put up."

Fran just stared at Steve. Her mouth opened a little, as though somebody had insulted her. "Number two?" she asked. "Number—*two?* And who, may I ask, is number *one?*"

Steve was already on his way down the walk. He pointed across the street a little apologetically, at the spanking new house the Larmons had built.

"Them," he said. . . .

When Fran had something bad to tell Tim—usually something Diane or little Tim had done—she always waited until he had finished his old-fashioned. She thought this was being considerate. In a way, Tim enjoyed these sessions. Whatever was wrong was never serious, and "having the whole thing out" was a good excuse to have one more drink. But this house-number mess was serious, he knew, silly as it sounded to him.

Fran sat clasping her hands together tight, looking as though she were going to break into tears any second. "You've got to do something," she said. "Do you hear? You've got to do something."

"Fran, you're making a lot out of—"

"Who built the first house here? We did. We discovered this place when it was a trail in the wilderness. And who built the last house? They did. I tell you, I will not be number two. I will not."

"Simmer down," said Tim.

"I will not simmer down."

It was always serious when she spoke in short, simple sentences.

AFTER dinner, she made him call up Mayor Feeny at home. "Numbers are correct," Feeny said. "Odd on the north side, even on the south side. You're on the south, in the first house, so you're number two."

"Uh—you couldn't just make a—a sort of exception for Tanbark Lane?" Tim asked, feeling like an awful fool.

"No, sir," Feeny said. Tim apologized for interrupting his dinner, and hung up.

Then Fran wanted him to call up their lawyer and insist on their legal rights, whatever she thought those were.

Tim shook his head. "No. Look, Fran, we're not going to be the laughingstock of the town. Old Feeny's going to blab it around as it is. It's gone far enough."

"It's gone nowhere!" Fran wailed. "You have to do something. I will not be number two to those—those people!"

That hurt Tim. Larmon was a nice fellow, and he liked him. And he knew Fran had been getting along all right with Mrs. Larmon. This was the kind of thing—in the same class as noisy parties and mixups over garbage pails—he had thought he'd left behind him when they moved out from the city. He looked around. Fran was gone. He stood at the stairs for a minute, and heard her moving around the bedroom. Little Tim was asleep, and Diane was having dinner at a friend's house.

He sat down heavily. Fran was efficient, as usual, he thought. She'd arranged it so he'd have perfect quiet and solitude to work the problem out in. And he had to work it out. There was no telling what Fran might do if he didn't; probably go across the street and ask the Larmons if they'd trade numbers. He shuddered.

THERE are two ways of looking at the answer Tim came up with—two schools of thought, you might say. Some people point out that Tim's an engineer, and he just worked it out using simple arithmetic. Others say it was pure inspiration, the kind that hits you only once or twice in a lifetime. Anyway, he sat there in the living room, staring at a brick in the fireplace. Along about eight, a big, slow smile came on his face. He smiled to himself for a full five minutes, scratching his head a little, and then he went out and got in the car and drove off. Fran was peeking out the upstairs window. Maybe she thought he was off to see the governor.

What he did was drive to John's Hardware Store and get John to sell him a house number.

Fran was peeking out the window again when Tim came back. She watched him fumble around in the trunk of the car. He went around to the front door, and she heard him hammering.

"Only logical thing," he muttered. "Can't beat it." He undressed in the bathroom, humming. In the bedroom, he found Fran whimpering.

"I won't stand for it," she wailed into her pillow. "I'm going to tear that number down first thing tomorrow morning."

And next morning, when the children were off to school, and Tim off to the station, she took a claw hammer and opened the front door. But she didn't touch the number Tim had tacked up. She just stood and looked at it—shocked at first, then curious, and then with a strange smile on her face.

She began to think how it would look printed on her stationery, and in the telephone book, thinking it might be sort of smart, sort of chic having an address like that—0 Tanbark Lane. ▲▲▲

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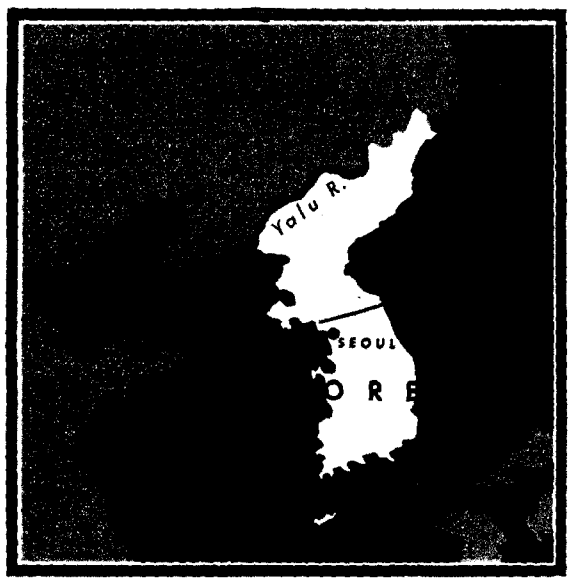
Collier's photographer Bill Stapleton took this rare color photo of Yalu when UN forces held Korean side of river briefly in winter of 1950

History Hinges on These



AL TARTER

IN TODAY'S struggle between the East and the West, two of the most sensitive, strategic water lines in the world are the Yalu and Rhine Rivers. The Yalu is on the border between the battleground of Korea and the Chinese Communist stronghold of Manchuria. The Rhine is one of Western Europe's greatest natural defense barriers.

A few months ago 500 B-29s, in the greatest bombing raid since World War II, plastered a huge $40,000,000 hydroelectric plant on the Yalu. The bombs fell just 1,000 yards from the river border. Four other plants in the area were also hit. The attack, which appeared to be the opening of a new "get tough" policy on the part of the UN, deprived industrial plants in and around Mukden in Manchuria of power. At the same time factories in North Korea lost 90 per cent of their electrical energy. This major assault on Communist power plants along the Yalu was the prelude to further bombings which have continued since then. But the Pentagon points out that UN forces are not hitting targets on the Chinese side of the Yalu, thus avoiding a war-spreading incident. Just the same, the gloves are off as far as the Yalu is concerned for the first time since the Korean war began.

At that same time, 11,000 miles away, American, British, French and Dutch patrol boats cruised along the historic Rhine. Large-scale amphibious maneuvers were also taking place. NATO (North American Treaty Organization) troops in landing barges raced from east to west across the choppy waters to disgorge men, tanks and equipment supposedly to "reinforce" beleaguered Western troops. For although the Rhine does not touch Communist territory, it would be a major defense line for the forces of the West in case of war. And nobody knows this better than the men in the Kremlin.

Of the two rivers, perhaps the Yalu is of more immediate concern, for behind its 500 miles of coursing waters stand the bulk of the Red forces under Red China chief Mao Tse-tung.

Few people had heard of the Yalu until the Korean war began in June, 1950. But it gained world-wide prominence in November, 1950, when 200,000 Chinese Reds came pouring across its bridges to aid the North Koreans as they retreated

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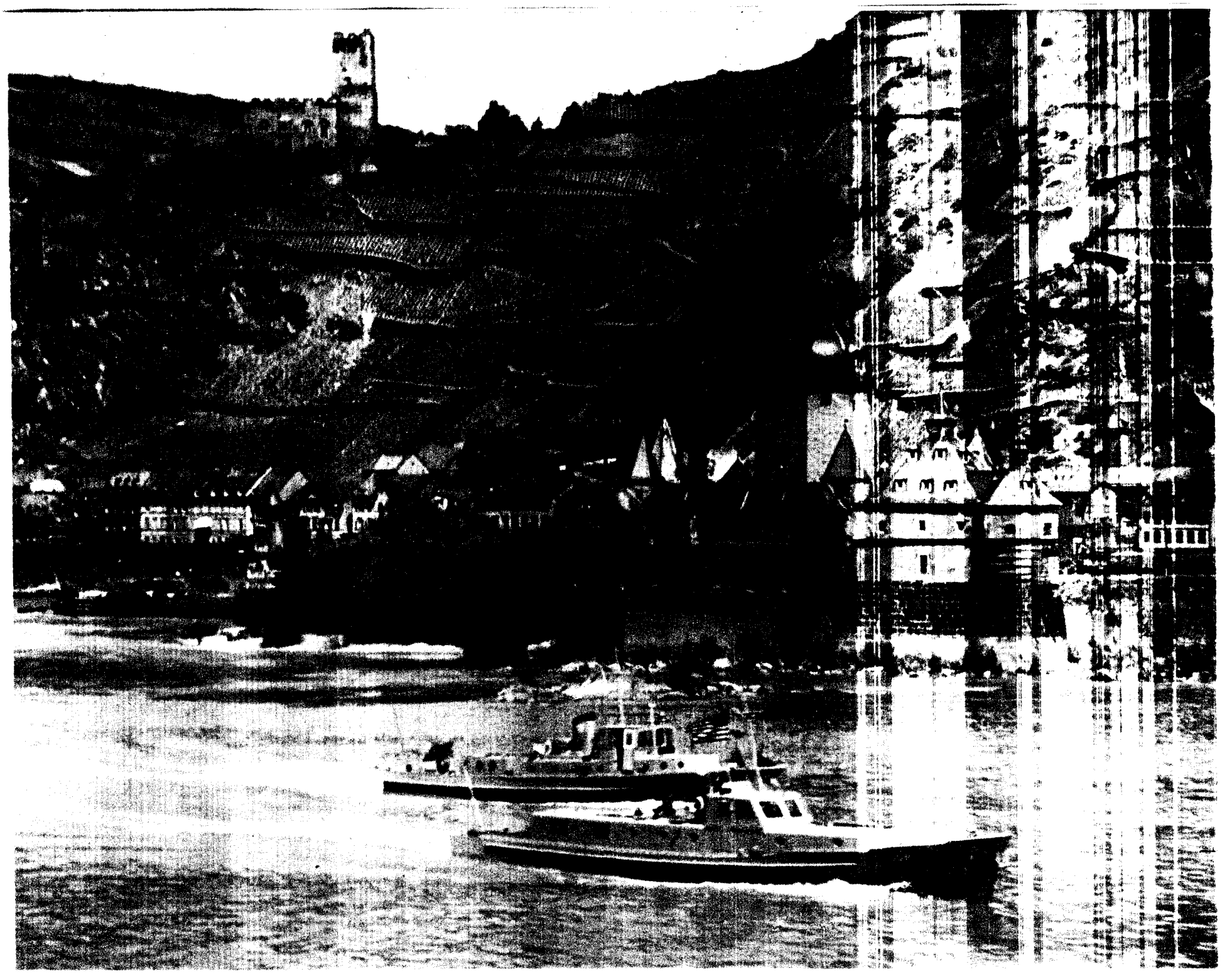


Boats of the American Rhine River Patrol cruise watchfully along the river that for generations has been strategic target in Europe's wars

Two Rivers

Two continents apart, the Yalu and [illegible] to the sea. But in the continuing [illegible] against Communism, they share the [illegible]

before UN troops who had driven to the river's bank. The Yalu then became the great question-mark to the Western World.

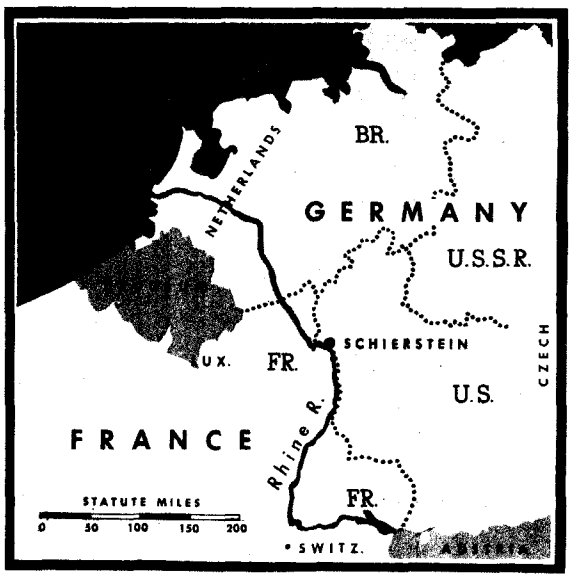
One of the reasons for the removal of General Douglas MacArthur from his command in the Far East was his advocacy of bombing Communist bases in Manchuria to "neutralize the sanctuary protection given the enemy north of the Yalu."

General MacArthur's superiors voted him down. Such action, they contended, might officially bring Red China into the war and perhaps spark a world conflagration.

In Europe, the Rhine is a challenge and source of tension of a different sort. Traditionally the symbol of German patriotism, the Rhine (from the Latin name for the river Rhenus) travels more than 820 miles from its source in Switzerland, through Germany, the Netherlands and into the North Sea. And although the Rhine does not come closer than about 90 miles to the Soviet zone of occupation, the river bustles with military activity. The number of NATO divisions stationed on its banks is a carefully guarded military secret.

To the Germans, ever since the rise of their nation as a military power in the late nineteenth century, the Rhine has always been considered a natural bulwark of defense. But in the last days of World War II, onrushing Allied troops broke through German defenses and forded the Rhine at numerous points.

"An unfordable river is a military obstacle of importance," noted the Military Review, a publication of the U.S. Army's Command and General Staff College, in analyzing the German setbacks in 1945. But, the analysis continued, a river is only an obstacle if the defenders keep it unfordable by maintaining frequent patrols and by having enough fire power and mobile reserves on hand to thwart any possible attack. The Western powers, while not by any means forgetting what happened to France's Maginot line, are determined to make the Rhine a bastion of defense. In the struggle against Communism the Yalu and the Rhine have become frontiers for the forces of the free world. And certainly history hinges on what occurs on these two rivers in the immediate future.



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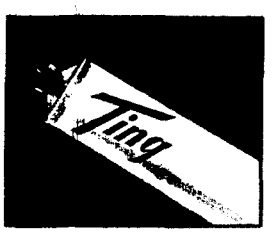

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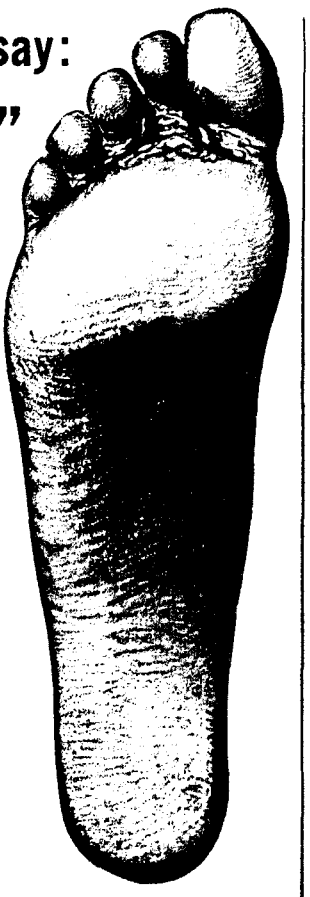

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The Navy's Watcl

AFTER World War II, an official Army report described the Rhine River the "greatest barrier of all in Western Europe." Today, if war should igr that section of the world, a tiny unit of the U.S. Navy might well decide whet that "greatest barrier" remained steadfast or fell before the might of the aggr sor. The American Rhine River Patrol, under the command of Captain S. Robbins, Jr., of Los Angeles, dominates about 100 miles of the river, while British, French and Dutch are watchful in their sectors to the north and sou

If future hostilities follow the pattern of World War II, the 384 Americ sailors and the 125 carefully screened Germans who work with them wo sweep their sector of all shipping, then go about the grim task of systematica demolishing anything that blocked the efforts of our forces or aided the ener

Thus today, while tugs and barges and excursion boats ply the swift waters the Rhine, Robbins is continually putting his force of 75-foot former Gerr torpedo recovery boats through their paces, familiarizing his men with the ri and practicing amphibious landings and evacuation operations.

"Our worry," says Robbins, "is defense, not occupation." ▲▲

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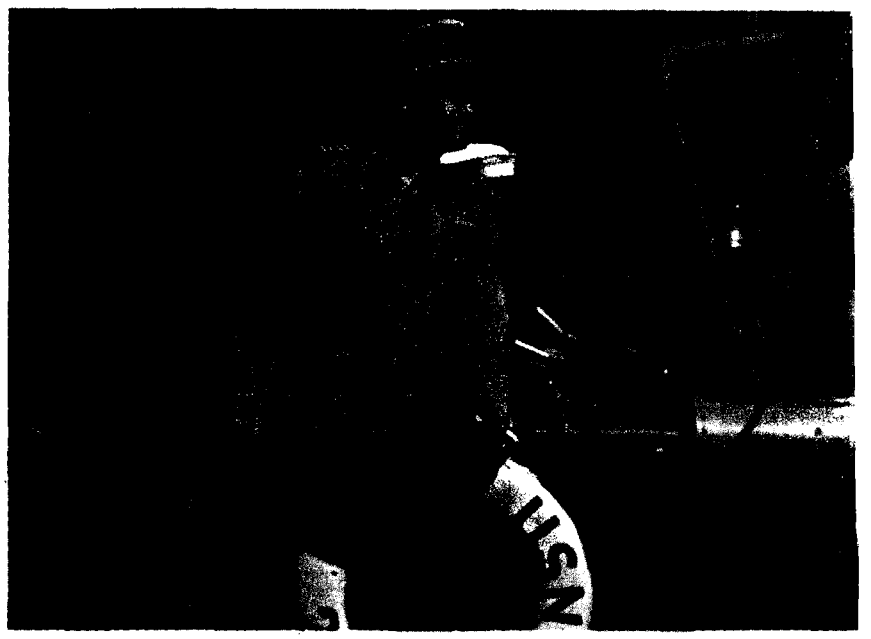
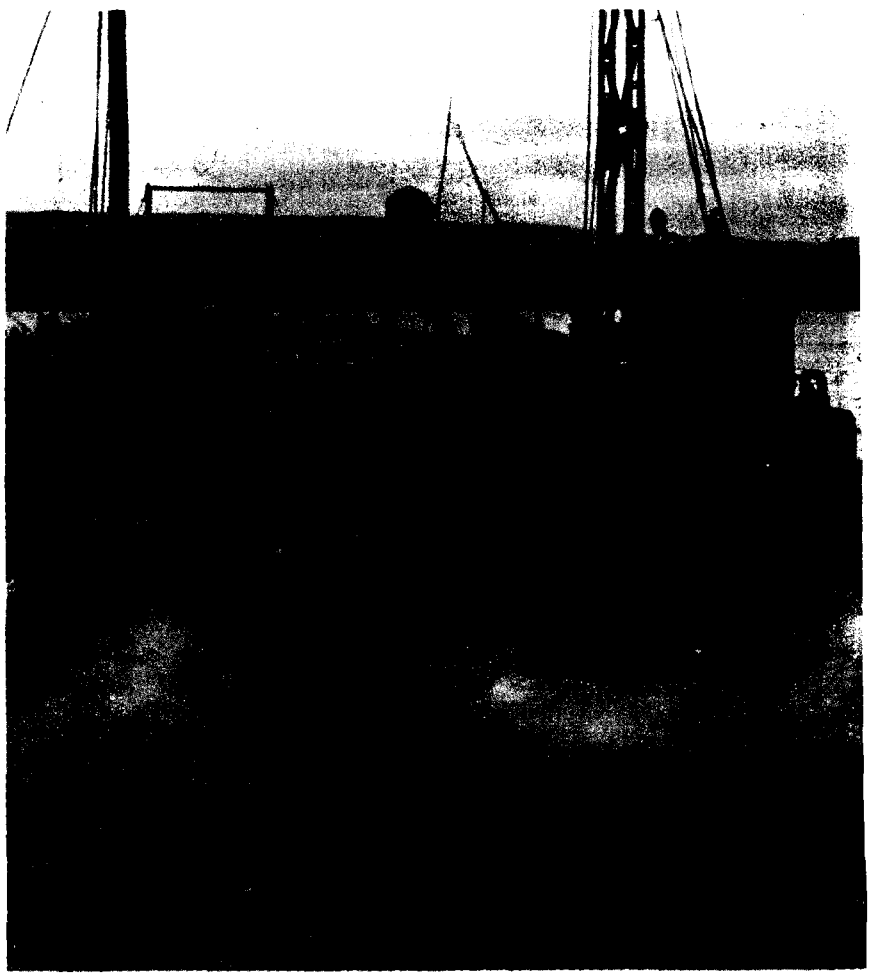


Capt. S. A. Robbins, Jr., commander of the Navy's tiny, but tactical vital Rhine River Patrol, directs maneuvers from flying bridge of bo



Medium tank splashes ashore from Landing Craft Utilities (LSU). On of patrol's top jobs is lightning-paced movement of heavy equipmer

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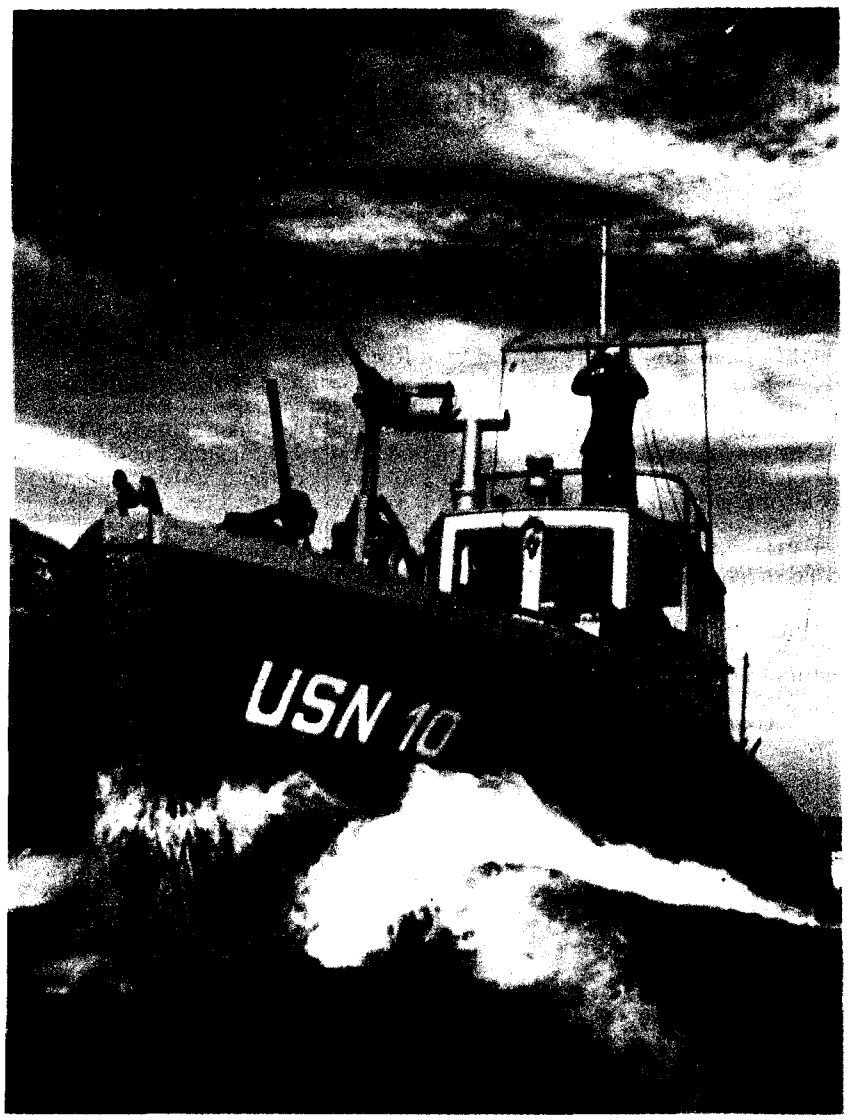
'n the Rhine



Rhine River Patrol boat knifes through the water at full speed. The S. patrols 100 miles of river; French, British, Dutch share the rest

M1 Ralph Geisendorff of Indianapolis, Indiana, watches astern as boat mes into mooring. Rhine's tricky current calls for expert seamanship

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MAX HAAS

Halfback Ike seemed headed for stardom, but a fractured knee ended his grid career early

IKE IS MY BOY

West Point's salty Old Sarge tells tales out of school, h

CASTE-SYSTEM crabbers doubt that there can be a real friendship between five stars and three stripes but I know of a former General of the Army who is the good friend and old pal of one technical sergeant. The general is Dwight David Eisenhower from Abilene, Kansas; the old sergeant is me, Martin Maher from Roscrea, County Tipperary, Ireland.

When this friendship started 40 years ago, I had only two stripes and my boy Ike was also of low rank. Being a plebe at West Point, he only ranked "the commandant's cat, the superintendent's dog, the waiters in the mess hall and all the admirals in the whole damned Navy."

As a cadet, Ike loved all sports. He still does. He amazes you with his knowledge of players in big-league baseball and with his ability to quote details of hundreds of football games. But these days his favorite game is golf, and like everything else he has taken up he worked hard at it. He has broken 80, though sometimes when he has a bad day he lands in the 90s. Whenever he could snatch the time he played nine or 18 holes on the course at Saint Germain near SHAPE, and when he got a chance he liked to try the different courses around Paris and Fontainebleau. He's pretty busy running for President, but he still gets in a few holes when he can.

Admiral Fred Reeder told me about a golf game he had with Ike at the Blind Brook Club in Rye, New York. They were playing against Philip Reed and William Robinson, two good golfers. The general and the admiral were lagging, but on the 18th hole Ike sank an important 50-foot putt to win the match. Ike has always been at his best when the chips are down.

Ike likes fishing as much as golf, and as I get it he does some of his clearest thinking while fishing. An old friend of mine told me that one day, while fishing alone with Ike, the general said, "What's your opinion about my running for President of the United States?"

My friend said, "Well, you'd make a great President, but if I were you I'd rather fish."

When West Point changed from china to plastic dishes, Marty saved a cup for Ike. He presented it in New York just before the GOP convention

BILL STAHL

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By SERGEANT MARTY MAHER
with NARDI REEDER CAMPION

ɔndly—and reveals the candidate's sports loves of today

Ike's answer was just like Ike. "Maybe I'd rather fish, too, but everything that I have and all that has happened to me—even my education—I owe to my country. If I'm needed, I shall have to run."

I well recall the first time I laid eyes on Dwight D. Eisenhower. It was a hot summer day in 1911. The football coaches were shuffling the players so as to tell the aces from the jokers and I was helping with the plebes over at the tackling-dummy pit, doing the work of six men by pulling a rope to move the dummy.

Halfback from F Company Looked Good

One vicious tackler caught my eye. This boy looked good to me—he had drive. "Who's that roughneck?" I asked.

The cadet manager was watching him, too. "That's a halfback from F Company named Eisenhower."

Cadet Eisenhower was about twenty, older than most of his classmates, but tough enough to be twenty-five. He was tall—about five feet eleven—had broad shoulders and a broad grin, even when his mouth was full of sawdust from the pit. In those days cadet football players were allowed to wear long hair for protection, but Eisenhower's blond hair was still cut plebe-short. There was a sight more of it then than there is now. It began fading on his forehead when he was a first classman.

I kept a peeper on this boy. I noticed that he took the physical punishment of plebe year without any trouble. Plebes are always marching, drilling, double-timing, calisthenicing, and you can soon tell the cream puffs from the flapjacks. One day I said to Cadet Eisenhower, "Me boy, where were you gettin' them muscles? They're as lively as rubber bands."

"Marty," says he, "I'm just a corn-fed kid from Kansas but I had five brothers to tussle with and that gave me a good start."

"And what was your P.C.S. (cadet slang for Previous Condition of Servitude) in County Kansas?" At that time I had only been in the U.S.A. 15 years and my geographics hadn't shaped up yet.

"I was night foreman in the Belle Springs Creamery—used to work from six in the night until six in the morning."

"Well," says I, "you didn't get hard like this from pushing butter around."

Ike laughed, and when he laughs other people naturally laugh with him. "I used to fire furnaces and haul ice and load wagons."

"Me boy, put her there!" I held out my handball mitt. "You and me had the same kind of trainin'. Those are the very jobs I did in the old Service Detachment."

I was able to watch the cadets grow up as I had a job in the cadet gymnasium teaching swimming, a job I enjoyed for 30 years without getting wet. I also did odd jobs around the gym and worked in the training room helping to condition the athletes. I did so much—well, it's in my book. Like baseball clown Al Schacht says, "If you want to find out how my story comes out buy my book." *My* book is called Bringing Up the Brass, and it has a foreword by General Eisenhower.

This is Ike's story:

When Ike came to West Point he was already grown up in some ways. He had been earning his own living entirely for two years. He was religious, didn't smoke, was handsome and friendly and had a very strong face. His good co-ordination helped him do well on the gym apparatus.

After he had been at the Academy a while it was clear as an Irish sunrise that Eisenhower, D.D., was no plaster saint. He didn't earn the nickname Dare Devil Dwight for praying. He liked to take chances and sometimes he got caught.

Ike and Tom the Lark (Lieutenant General Thomas B. Larkin) pulled one stunt and got away with it. These two plebes had been ordered by some upperclassman who wanted to be important to report after taps in full dress coats and cross belts. They appeared after taps all right, and wore the uniform exactly as ordered—but without pants.

Fooling upperclassmen is part of the game, but when cadets are caught not obeying the Academy's regulations they get demerits or serve punishment tours walking the area with a Springfield rifle. Cadet Eisenhower's name appeared on the "skin" sheets along with the names of his classmates Omar Bradley, Joe McNarney, George Stratemeyer, Joe Swing, Jimmy Van Fleet and all the rest. Ike got skinned for things like "late at breakfast," "shoes under bed dirty," "asleep at inspection," "talking in mess hall while battalion at attention," "tarnished brass at inspection," and he once walked eight hours on the area for "violation of orders with reference to dancing" (I think he was too vigorous for the ballroom). At graduation time he was near the bottom of his class in conduct but he stood 61 in his class of 164 in studies.

I have noticed that ambition is apt to hit different men at different times in their lives. Some men get infected during their school days, some when they get married, some when they face a crisis, and others are never visited by this bug. Ike is that one person in a million who, without ever seeming ambitious, has done great things. He has never been in any way an operator. Things just go Ike's way.

I know Cadet Eisenhower could have been brilliant in his studies (he once stood tenth in English) and he could have held a high rank in the corps of cadets, but that boy concentrated on sports. Ike was no "file-boner" but he was damned interested in boning a position on the varsity football team. He wanted to be an All-American, not just an "A" player. I never saw anyone so determined to be a great football player.

In those plebe football days Ike worked like hell but he did not make the varsity. Stars like Jeff Keyes, Shrimp Milburn and Tubby Dean had the jump on him. Dean died young, bless him. Jeff Keyes and Shrimp Milburn later proved themselves in big combat command jobs.

The Football Wisdom of Pot Graves

At this time Army had a rugged coach named Pot Graves. Pot used to say, "There are only three plays in football. The buck over guard, the slant over tackle, the end run—and the end run isn't worth a damn!"

Early in the 1912 season Ike came running into the dressing room. "Marty! The squad list has been posted and they've moved me up to the varsity!"

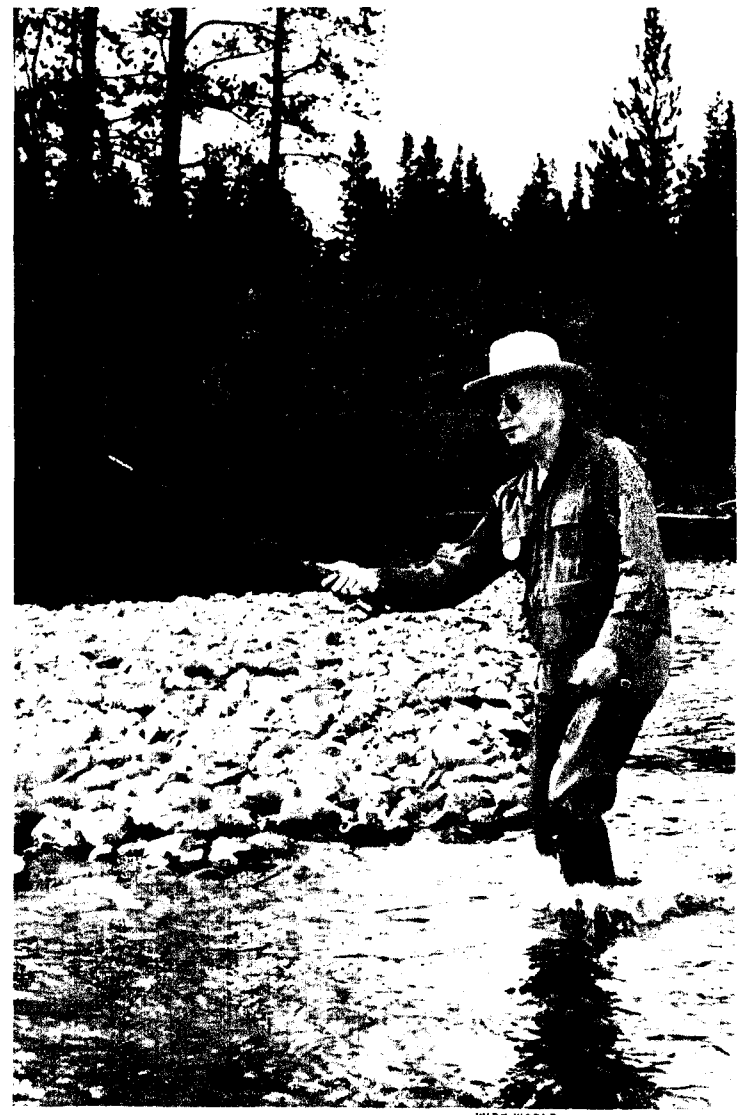
"That's grand," says I. "How I wish I had a bit of Bushmill's to celebrate it. Now you watch Jeff Keyes close and if you learn to be as good a halfback as he is, someday you'll be steppin' into his shoes."

Ike was the first out on the field for practice and the last to leave. He was a fast runner, a fast starter; he tackled hard and was a good blocker. He ran like the devil but I don't think he was too good in broken-field work. He was powerful, not shifty. I am not sure that all the standing at attention and drilling the plebes do helps them to become athletes. It tenses them up. Young Ike was like a good baseball pitcher—he knew how to relax. When an athlete can do that he is on his way.

Just before Ike's season on the varsity squad opened, something bad happened. My good friend Jeff Keyes got injured in a practice scrimmage. Pot Graves put it up to Ike. Everybody but me and Ike was wondering how the new halfback would make out in our opening game with Stevens (not the women's college). Both Ike and I knew he was

INTERNATIONAL

Ike golfs when he can find time. Here he is playing first hole at Cherry Hill, in Denver



WIDE WORLD

Ike fishing near Fraser, Colo., during July vacation as guest of Aksel Neilsen of Denver

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Golfer Ike shoots eighty on a lucky day

going to make good. We enjoyed the game 27 to 0.

The next game was with Rutgers, never an easy team. I was as proud as Paddy's pig when I went into the dressing room after that game. Ike looked to me like he was heading for Walter Camp's All-America. The next day the New York Times said, "Army rolled over Rutgers 19-0 yesterday. Dwight Eisenhower is one of the most promising backs in Eastern football."

The doctors and I got Jeff Keyes back in shape for the Yale game. Ike did get in and he reeled off 27 yards quick as a cannon ball. Ike did fine work the next week helping to demolish Colgate.

The whole post looked forward to the coming of the Carlisle Indians. Their great star, Jim Thorpe (who by the way is part Irish), was the fiddle of Pop Warner's heart. Recently I saw a movie called Jim Thorpe—All American. This movie burned me up as it only showed the Thorpe side of the case. It did not show Jeff Keyes tackling Thorpe and knocking him back 10 yards, and it did not show Ike and Charlie Benedict (God rest his soul) high-lowing Thorpe. When they gave the big Indian the old one-two, Thorpe, for once, had to take time out.

The next Saturday, in the Tufts game, Ike's knee was broken. I could have cried when they carried him off the field and out of active football. Not that Ike thought he was out of football. He never knew when he was licked. He kept deviling Dr. Charles Keller to get him in shape for the Navy game. More than anything in the world he wanted to help sink the Navy football team.

Dr. Keller said no dice and kept him in the hospital for over a month. I visited the ward often to see Ike. He was looking on the cheery side of things, being full of rejoicement because of the "slug" he got just before the Tufts game. He had been slated to walk "twenty-two punishment tours on the area in the next thirty days" and of course he couldn't do that; afterward the officers changed the wording of slugs so's not to tell exactly which days a cadet had to "court Miss Springfield."

A Fool Riding Iustructor

When my boy broke out of the hospital, Dr. Keller told him to baby his knee. Ike did pretty well until a fool riding instructor thought he was faking the injury so as to be excused from drill. This made Ike sore as hell, so he spent the whole afternoon mounting and dismounting. Afterward his roommate, Paul Hodgson, almost had to carry him back to the hospital. The knee was a mess.

For the next two and a half years I sweated over this knee. I worked with all my heart. Ike was cruelly disappointed to be out of football, and at first he talked about leaving West Point and going back to Kansas. Wouldn't that have been a helluva note for our country? I'd say, "Steady on, Ike, I'll have you playin' again, and in ragtime," but I knew in my heart that was a lot of manure.

The Army football team couldn't spare Ike. I heard Pot Graves say to him, "Damn you, you lost us the Navy game." What he should have said was damn that damned riding instructor and those damned horses.

After his knee was hurt Cadet Eisenhower did not leave football alone. He got a job helping Lieutenant Clyde Selleck coach the "Cullum Hall squad." The scrub team knocked themselves out trying to please their young cadet coach.

Ike also got a job as cheerleader and helped pep up the varsity. He could think up a lot of things to do. When he gave the signal, the cadets in the stands would spell out ARMY with black-and-gold capes against the solid gray of the corps.

Every article should have some high-class research and so I asked my old pal Bill Bennett, who came here from County Tipperary shortly after I did, to write down what he could recall about Ike's cadet days. Bill worked as a barracks policeman and in the Army Athletic Association for 40 years, and he didn't waste no time studying grammar or spelling. But he was smart as hell.

His Barracks Policeman Tells

This is what he wrote:

"for some time while Ike was a cadet I was his Barrocks Palice man. and I remember well when he came in to Berrocke from his fist class our. he allways called out. has he? that did mean has the tack. so anouther cadet would hollow out. he has. then Ike was free for some time. I have carryd manny notes to him from pretty girls. i say pretty girls for Ike woud have no other if I remember wright. Col. Hops was Iks tack officer. Bill Bennett"

Translation: "Has he?" is cadet slang for "Has the tactical officer inspected?" "He has," of course, means that the coast is clear.

When General Eisenhower returned from Europe on a surprise visit during the war he came up to West Point to see his son, Cadet Johnny Eisenhower. I knew Ike was on the post, although his visit wasn't publicized. I got orders to report to the superintendent, and for once I wasn't scared.

I got cleaned up and went to General Wilby's office. Ike was leaning over a map showing some officers the difference between what was going on in Europe then and in 1917. He dropped his pencil, came around the desk and hugged me. "Marty, you old son of a gun," he said, "how the hell are you?"

"Sir," I said, "I'm proud to know such a high-ranking officer, but you're still a roughneck."

We talked a while, and he asked, "Marty, how is your job?"

"Grand, sir," I said. "I'm custodian of the gym now. Will you walk over to the gym with me? I'd like to introduce you to my boss, Colonel John Harmony, the Master of the Sword."

"I'll be delighted," he said.

We walked over to Colonel Harmony's office, and found him busy looking at some papers. I said, "Sir, may we come in?"

Colonel Harmony, without looking up, said, "Certainly. Who is with you, Marty?"

"'Tis me old pal General Eisenhower."

Colonel Harmony came to attention like a rocket zooming into space. I did not know he could move so fast.

When Ike and I were alone again, Ike said, "Marty, how is my boy doing?" The general had written Johnny to come to see me, but he was a quiet cadet, a student, and I hadn't seen much of him; so I said, very surprised like, "Why, d'you have a boy in the corps?"

Ike jumped up and sent for Johnny and told him to report in regularly to old Marty.

I am for Ike so much that I am leaving the Democratic party to vote for him. I would like to vote for him 10 times but things are stricter here than they used to be in Ireland. If elected President, I for one could always call him Ike, and I'll go to the White House and shine his shoes for him.

Ike Eisenhower is a great man and I love him. ▲▲▲

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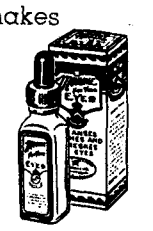

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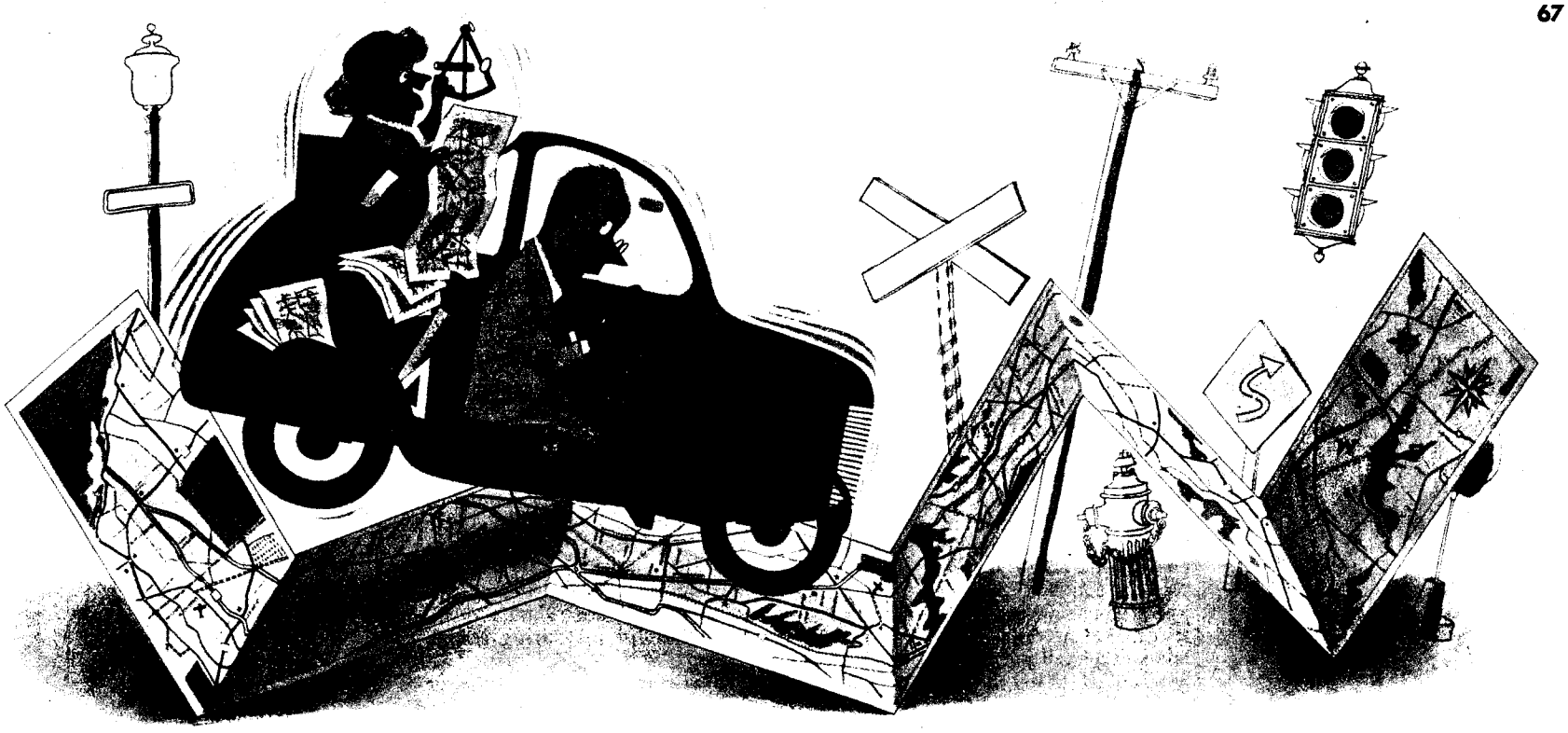

LOWELL HESS

INCH AND A HALF TO GO

By H. ALLEN SMITH

Women go to pieces at the sight of a road map. They can't tell where they are, where they're going or where they've been. And by the time they've finished explaining, neither can you

I HAD been driving pretty steadily for seven hours, and my right foot was beginning to die on the vine. Before long I spotted a large motel up ahead.

"Start looking," I said. In about ten seconds she said, "There's one right ahead that looks like it might be nice." It's always a good idea to let *her* think that *she* did the picking—saves arguments. So we pulled in, and since it wasn't yet four o'clock, they gave us a nice room with a fan as big as a Hollywood wind machine, a two-bit television set and mattresses guaranteed to throw you through the roof. I hauled in the bags, and she went to work at washing out some nylons.

I like to get out of the house on washday, so I walked over to the office and bought a newspaper. In front of the office was a small terrace with summer furniture and a striped awning to keep the sun off. I sat down in a deck chair and began reading about deadlocks at home and abroad. In a little while a thick-set man in a white linen cap and brick-red slacks came along and dumped himself into one of the chairs and went to work at the ceremony of getting a cigar going.

"Whew!" he said. "Scorcher, ain't it?"

"Hot as a witch's kneecap," I agreed.

A thin, black-haired man came out of the cottage adjoining the office and stood with his hands on his hips, looking around. He had on rope sandals and a yellow pongee shirt, and after surveying the premises, he walked over and sat down with us. The three of us talked for a while about the Jersey Turnpike and speed cops and the number of morons on the road and where we were from and where we were going. The thin man was a history professor from upstate New York and had been touring the South. The big man was from Jacksonville, on his way to New York to attend a convention.

"I'd of been the other side of Baltimore," said Jacksonville, "but I got messed up on 301 early this morning. Came through Garysburg, North Carolina, and then somewhere north of there, took a wrong turn, and next thing you know I'm on something called 195. I must've been half asleep because my wife had the map and told me to take a right, and I took it, and like to never got back on the track."

"As a general thing," said the professor, "it's always a bad idea for a man to ask his wife for directions, especially if a road map is involved."

"Know exactly what you mean," said Jacksonville. "You put a road map in front of a woman, and I'll swear she don't know sheep-dip from tree sap. Never been able to understand it."

The professor turned and glanced toward the door of his cottage.

"My wife," he said, "is equipped with an excellent mind, an analytical mind—good in mathematics, plays a fine game of chess. She can make out what Gertrude Stein is saying; she can read a blueprint, but she can't make heads or tails out of a road map. Just a few days ago we were driving in North Carolina, and she got me so upset that I told her I'd never even let her *hold* a road map again."

"What did she do?" I put in.

* * *

"Well," said the professor, "we were on 64, driving from Chapel Hill to Morganton and the map was on the seat between us. Usually I keep it in my pocket, and when I need to get my bearings, I just pull off the highway and waste a few minutes studying it myself. Over the years I've saved myself thousands of miles by keeping the maps away from her.

"But this time I was in a hurry, and there wasn't any way we could possibly go wrong, as long as we stayed on Route 64; so I let her take it. We came to a place, Statesville I think, and I followed the '64' signs and wound around through the town and stopped for a red light on the main street, and she was studying the map, and then she suddenly let out a yell. 'Wrong road!' she yelled. 'You're off the track!' I pointed to the '64' sign on a pole across the street but she said *that was some other 64!* She said that we had made three or four turns in the town whereas the map showed that the highway *ran straight through Statesville.* Did you ever hear of anything like that in all your life?"

"Certainly," said Jacksonville. "It's a common failing. You've got to expect it of a woman. You have the same kind of trouble with her out in the country too, don't you?"

"Yes," said the professor. "That's where most of the trouble lies. Curves. My wife and I even argue about the terminology of curves—whether it's a hairpin curve or a horseshoe curve."

"Women," put in Jacksonville, "always call it a horseshoe. Men call it a hairpin. It's a hairpin. But I didn't mean that kind of curve-trouble. I meant . . ."

"I know," said the professor. "Time after time I've explained to her that curves don't ordinarily show on a road map. I've explained how the map people don't have room to show every little twist and turn in the road. So she says, 'Well, don't blame *me* then if I can't understand this cockeyed map. It's the map that's wrong, not me. If they made the maps right in the first place, so they showed the road as it really is, I wouldn't have a bit of trouble.'"

Jacksonville gave his leg a hard slap. "Sounds exactly like Priscilla talking," he said. "If I've heard her say it once, I've heard her say it a hundred times. And her two sisters—it's the same with them. They're right; the maps are wrong."

"Well," said the professor, "I'm happy to hear you say it. I used to think that my wife was a woman among women—that she was the only one who could look at a map and turn me north when I wanted to go south. It looks to me as if all women suffer from some kind of a blind spot, or block, when it comes to road maps. Take the

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That short cut? It was a state line

business of locating a turn you have to make somewhere up ahead. My wife will . . ."

"Wait a minute," said Jacksonville. "Listen to this one. I'm driving on Route 20, out of Tallahassee. I already know that I want to make a right turn when I get to Route 267. So I say to Priscilla, 'Put your finger on Route 20 and find Tallahassee and then move your finger along west and . . .'

"She interrupts me and says, 'Which way is west?' So I grind my teeth a little and then say, 'Pay attention to me now, dear. Just find Tallahassee—it's got a little blue airplane alongside it—find the blue airplane and then you've got Tallahassee. It's on a red one. Put your finger on the red one and move it along till you come to a blue one marked 267 and tell me how far it is from where we are right now.' She says she doesn't know where we are right now, and I say that makes no difference. 'Just find Tallahassee,' I tell her, 'it's on the red one, marked 20, that's the one we're on now —TWENTY! A red one. Just find Tallahassee and then run your finger along the red one till you come to the blue one marked 267.'

"Well, by this time we've maybe shot past the 267 turnoff, and I've missed the sign, what with all this discussion about red ones and blue ones, and trying to keep a checkrein on my temper. But suppose 267 is still up ahead of us. If she finally *does* locate Tallahassee, and gets her finger moving in the right direction, *then she*—gentlemen, you won't believe this—then she has to turn the map around in her lap so the highway on the map is *aimed in the same direction* as the highway in front of us. She has to *aim* the map that way and then look at her hands to find out which is left and which is right, so she'll be able to find Route 267 going off to the right. How do you like *that* one?"

"She's not so unusual," said the professor, a bit testily. "You don't need to sit there and brag of her. My wife always holds the map so it's aimed in the same direction as the highway. That's one of the reasons she can't read the names of towns or the route numbers without wrenching her head around sideways. Now, you mentioned asking her about the distance to that turnoff. Step over here a moment."

* * *

We got out of our chairs and walked over to his car, which was standing in front of his cottage. He opened the door next to the driver's seat and pointed to a foot ruler stuck behind the sun visor, above the windshield.

"What do you suppose I carry that for?" the professor asked.

"It's not for measuring gas, is it?" I asked.

"That ruler," said the professor as we walked back to the chairs, "is for measuring miles. There are times when a man wants to know his precise location. Let's say we're driving along Route 17 in New York, and we pass through Deposit, and then I want to know how far we are from Binghamton. So I ask my wife how far we are from Binghamton. She says, 'Where are we now?' So I say, 'Put your finger on 17, a red one, and run it along till you come to Deposit. Go a little distance past Deposit. Then count up how many miles it is to Binghamton.'

"It usually takes her about three miles to get it figured out. When she finally locates Deposit, and then finds Binghamton, she begins to hum—she always hums when she's feeling good about something—and she says, 'It's about an

Next Week

WHY THE DRAFT MAKES OUR YOUNG MEN ANGRY

By Howard Whitman

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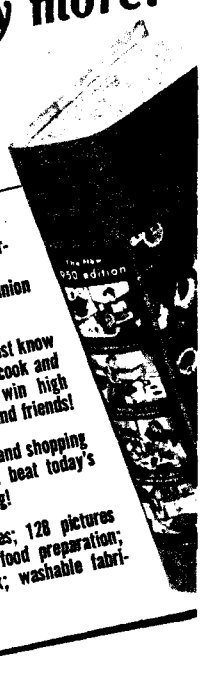
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BUTCH

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

inch and a half.' So then I have to calculate it in my mind. I already know that an inch, on the New York State map, is slightly over sixteen miles, because I measured it with the ruler before we started.

"Now an inch and a half would be, roughly, twenty-four miles. But *her* inch and a half is a straight line from Deposit to Binghamton, and I've got to make allowance for the twisting and turning of the road.

"On a highway like 17 you've got to add about three-tenths of a mile to each straight-line mile to make up the difference. I've learned to work it out in my head. Three times twenty-four is seventy-two. That's seventy-two tenths, or about seven miles. Seven added to twenty-four is thirty-one. So I know it's thirty-one miles from Deposit to Binghamton. Take off two miles that we traveled out of Deposit before I asked her how far it was to Binghamton. That gives us twenty-nine miles. But I've also got to subtract the three miles we traveled while she was trying to find Deposit and then trying to find Binghamton and then make up her mind that it was an inch and a half to Binghamton. Three from twenty-nine is twenty-six; so I know it's twenty-six miles to Binghamton. Is this clear to you?"

"Clear as a bell," I said.

"The important thing," said the professor, "is that by the time I've got it all figured out, I don't give a damn one way or another—I don't care how far it is to Binghamton; I don't care if I ever get there, and I wonder why I ever wanted to know the distance in the first place."

* * *

Jacksonville had been sitting through this last recital with a slight smile on his lips.

"I think," he said, addressing the professor, "that you're a little behind the times. You don't need that foot ruler. The better road maps you get nowadays give you the information you want. They print the regular scale and then right above that they tell you how many miles in an inch."

"That's a new one on me," said the professor. He stared off at the sky, thinking about it. "It must be," the professor finally said, "that all wives do the same thing—measure the mileage in inches. I can't think of any other reason why the map people should print the two different scales. Funny I hadn't noticed it on any of my maps."

* * *

Having contributed next to nothing to the seminar thus far, I now spoke up.

"I know a woman who can read a road map better than a man."

"A married woman?" asked the professor.

"Yes," I said. "She's an actress."

"Oh, well," said Jacksonville, "that wouldn't count. An actress is not hardly the same thing as a woman. What I mean is, we've been talking about wives—housewives."

"Your wife traveling with you?" asked the professor.

"Yes."

"Can *she* read a road map?"

"She doesn't try to, much," I said. "She's about the same as the others. I remember once we drove out of Indianapolis, heading west, and she was studying the map. Suddenly she announced that she had found a marvelous short cut to Chicago. She said it looked to her like it was only paved in spots, but it was a direct route and would save us time. She said we could get on it near a place called Dana, Indiana. Well, I pulled up and took the map and she pointed it out to me. She was talking about the state line between Indiana and Illinois."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Jacksonville. "That's one for the books."

"I didn't finish," I said. "The main point is . . . we weren't even *going* to Chicago!"

Both men were now staring at me admiringly.

"You're not only a member of the club," said the professor, "you can be president if you want the job. By the way"—he glanced at Jacksonville and then back at me—"there's a little roadhouse I noticed just down the highway. You men be interested in a little refreshment?"

"How far is it?" I asked.

"About an eighth of an inch," he said.

"Let's walk it," said Jacksonville.

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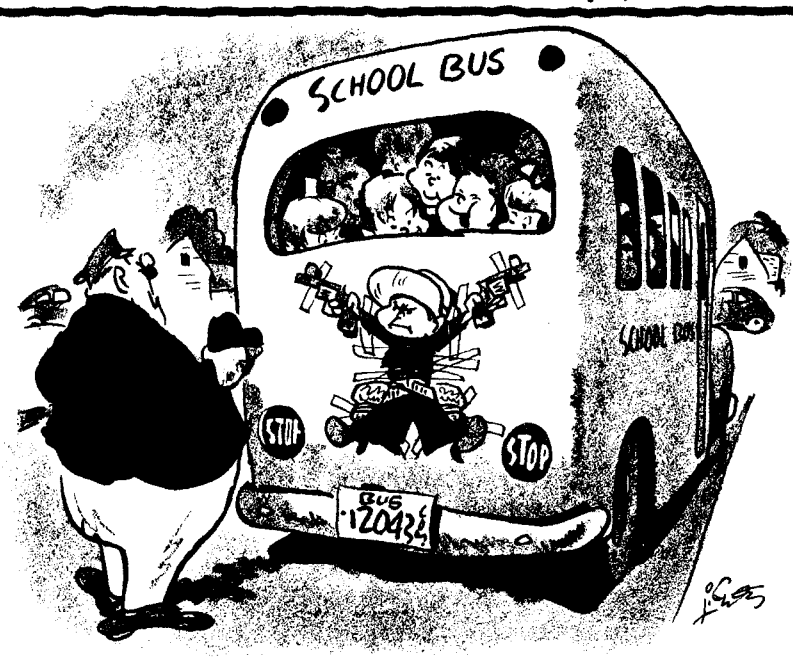

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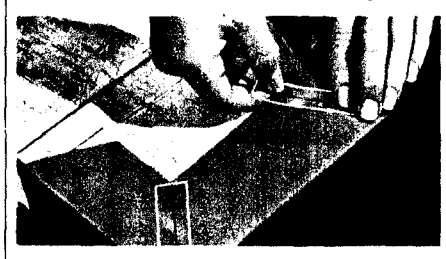

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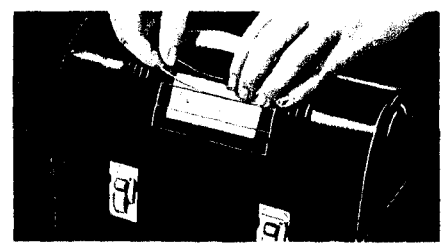

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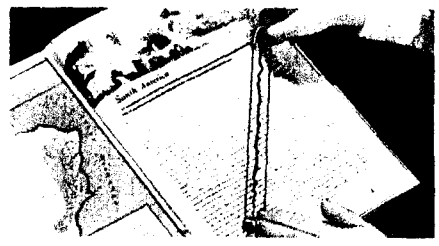

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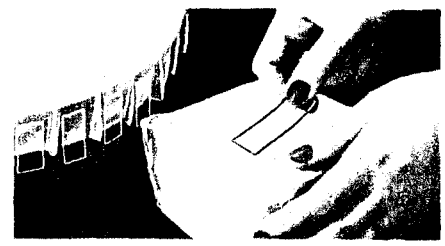

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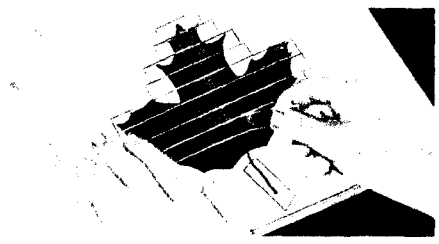

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JOHN FISCHETTI

Quit Blocking That Road

THIS WEEK WE PRESENT the slightly incredible story of the "small" businessman who didn't want to be saved from the big, bad monopoly. His name is Walter H. Simson, and he is president of the Duro-Test Corporation, which makes incandescent light bulbs and fluorescent tubes. That is a field of manufacturing allegedly monopolized by three companies, General Electric, Westinghouse and Sylvania. Yet Duro-Test did more than $8,000,000 worth of business last year. That is why we thought it best to put "small" inside quotation marks in our opening sentence.

Of course, Duro-Test *is* small compared with the three other companies mentioned above. Yet it has competed with them, and with increasing success, from a shoestring start 23 years ago. Its history is a success story that many people are inclined to associate only with the "good old days." The Duro-Test Corporation was formed on October 1, 1929. The stock market crashed within the month, and a few weeks later all the new company's salesmen had quit. But Mr. Simson recruited a new sales staff and has been going strong ever since. His 1951 sales, for instance, were about double those of the year before.

When Duro-Test started, it was one of several small, independent firms which had 2 per cent of the country's total lamp business. By 1941 the little fellows had gained 12 per cent of the total business. In that year the federal government moved in to dissolve the alleged monopoly which the independents seemed to be eroding fairly effectively themselves. The Department of Justice effected a separate settlement with Westinghouse, then brought an antitrust action against General Electric.

About that time the United States entered the war. General Electric was one of the many big corporations whose very bigness was vitally necessary if this country and its allies were to be provided with the tools of victory. So, at the request of the armed forces, the Justice boys postponed their action against General Electric for the duration so that the miscreant "monopoly" could concentrate on production for the armed forces.

However, the antitrust action was reopened after the shooting stopped. And finally in 1949 an opinion was delivered against General Electric. (As this is written, the court has not announced a final judgment.)

In the meantime Duro-Test, through its initiative, had forged to the front of the independent group of lamp makers and had increased its business by 1,000 per cent between 1941 and 1951. When Mr. Simson learned that the Justice Department had asked that G.E. be made to share with its competitors all its technical know-how and specially developed machinery—a windfall of knowledge and procedure in which Duro-Test, of course, would share—he sent this telegram of protest to the Department's antitrust lawyers:

"We have developed our own know-how, and we have developed and built our own machinery, and other companies can do the same if they have the gumption."

Mr. Simson explained later to the somewhat flabbergasted attorneys that he wasn't trying to protect his big competition. He was glad, he said, to have the government enforce the strict rules of the game. But he didn't want the government to set about changing the rules, even with the kindest of intentions, if the change wound up by doing more harm than good.

The rules he was talking about were the fundamental rules by which small businesses can at least hope to become bigger businesses, and by their own efforts. They involved such things as imagination, initiative and the courage to compete, which were important elements of Mr. Simson's own success. But he had noted that, during the course of the General Electric antitrust suit and the war, his small competitors' share of the lamp business had dropped from 12 per cent to 4 per cent. And he could find only one explanation: they were sitting around and waiting for the government to drop something in their laps.

Mr. Simson was of the opinion that this pie-in-the-sky theory was hardly an effective way of encouraging small businesses to expand with an expanding economy. We agree. And we're also sympathetic to another gripe which he has expressed.

During the war Mr. Simson tried to get a government contract. He didn't succeed. He found that government officials were buying exclusively from the companies that the government had tagged as monopolists. Finally last year he got the promise of a small order. But it didn't come through until he had written a letter to the Justice Department which said: "While your department is taking measures to end monopoly in the lamp industry, the other arm (Procurement) appears to be doing its best to perpetuate the monopoly in its worst form."

After hearing Mr. Simson's story, we couldn't help feeling that his big competitors must have been less trouble to him than those official forces in Washington who proclaim so loudly their devotion and concern for small business. We don't say that the government is deliberately tossing monkey wrenches among the gears. But we do say that the regulations, red tape, contradictions and confusion which seem to constitute normal operation under the present administration are fouling up all business, small as well as large.

Instead of breaking up big corporations as a matter of theoretical principle, the government might better aid small business by lowering taxes and reducing costly red tape.

But this is only a partial solution of the big and continuing problem in our national economic life. That problem arises from the fact that the federal government today has no consistent policy toward business of any size. And it will not be solved until the country's antitrust laws are re-examined, reinterpreted and, if necessary, rewritten to provide the American economy with the necessary protection from predatory abuses without stifling its health and growth for the sake of somebody's academic notions about the evils of bigness.

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